RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER

25 CTS.

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by E. S. Dellinger

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4 True Tales of the Rails

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Contest Rules

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employees and their relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out. The prize will be awarded to the one sending the name we choose from among those submitted. Contest closes December 20, 1930. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

To win the promptness prize of a free trip to Hollywood, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

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Name.....

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FA

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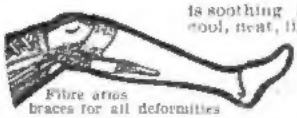

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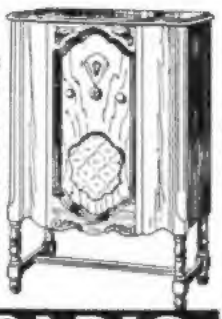

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ROY BARTON WHITE, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW JERSEY CENTRAL
Began His Railroad Career as a Brakeman Forty Years Ago

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. III — OCTOBER, 1930 — No. 3

Chief of the C. N. J.

R. B. White Covered Lots of Jobs and Territory in His Course from "Op" to President

By John Adams

A YOUNG lad, reared in a railroad atmosphere, son of a railroad man, sat in the telegraph shack at a gravel pit on one of the midwestern roads. His duties were not onerous. But he had a job. He was a full-fledged brass pounder. He was happy.

Recently out of high school at Dana, Ind. The station agent there, C. H. Peters, a man of the old stamp, had taught him to handle a telegraph key. In exchange for the instruction, the boy had filled the water cooler, swept out the station and trundled baggage up and down the platform.

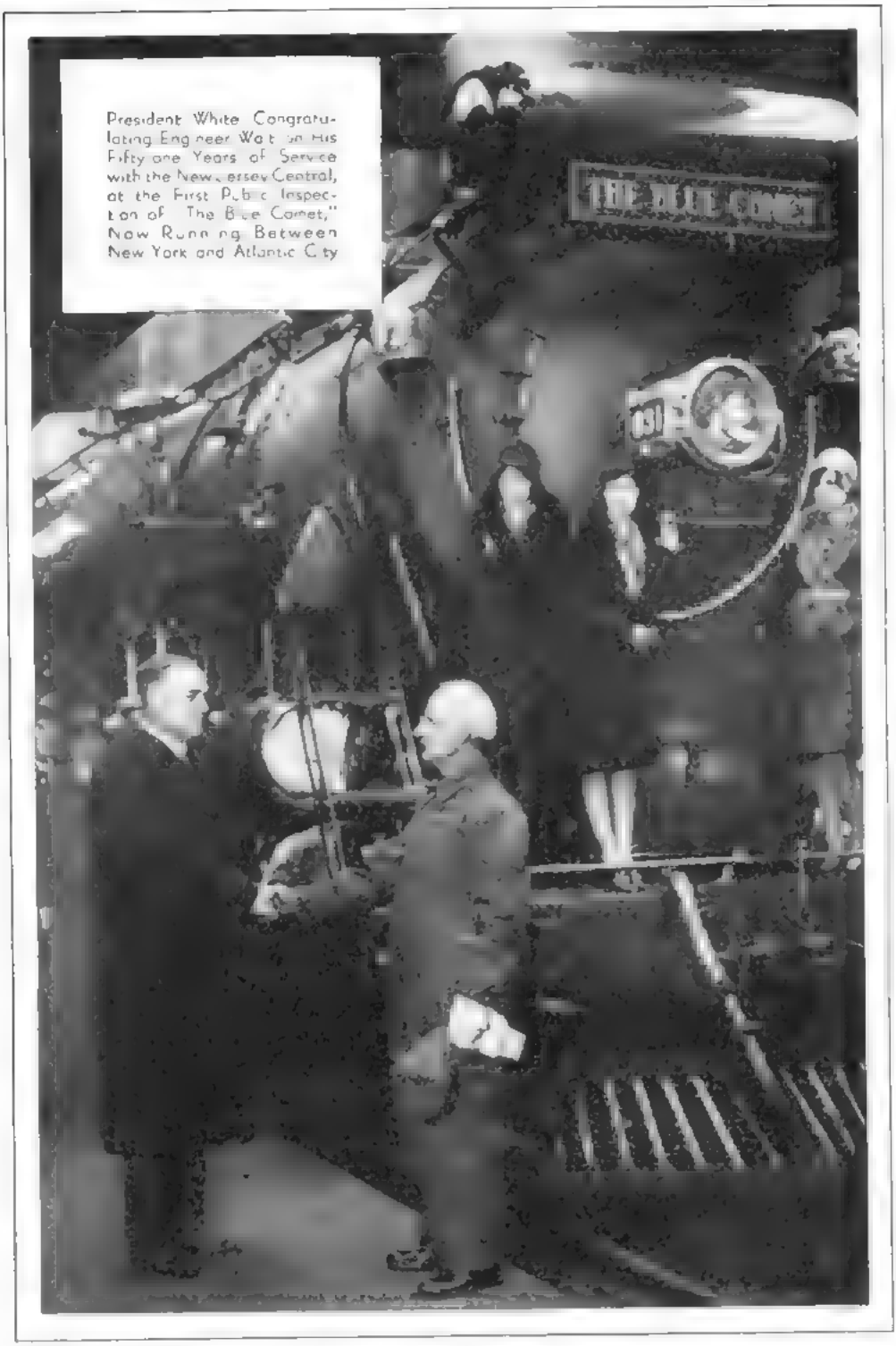
Apprentice days were over. The lad was an "op." And with the time that hung heavily on his hands, he began making an efficient and complete series of records of the work done at the pit. He noted the time it took to load and dump the gravel cars, the number of cars, the time required to get work trains back to the pit, and similar details.

To others these records might have seemed dull. Or just a lot of extra work. But he was learning.

And that is still one of the keynotes in the character of Roy Barton White, who is now president of the Central Railroad of New Jersey and has been since October, 1926.

Roy Barton White to-day is as intensely interested in railroads as he was when his father used to trot him down to the machine shops on Sunday afternoons and let him sit in the dismantled cab of an old 4-4-0 American as a special treat.

"If you are going to write about me," he said, sitting back in his chair behind the broad flat-topped president's desk in the New York offices of the New Jersey Central, "I don't want your story to create the impression that anybody's success depends upon having been born in a tiny farmhouse, a backwoods cabin, or some such thing. The college-trained man, as a rule, has better chances to succeed—if he makes use of them."



President White Congratulating Engineer Watson on His Fifty-one Years of Service with the New Jersey Central, at the First Public Inspection of "The Blue Comet," Now Running Between New York and Atlantic City

Mr. White is broad-shouldered. His face is pleasantly tanned, his hands every bit as efficient as his head. He is a very practical executive, yet there is a strong, magnetic humanness about his personality. The sort of man to inspire loyalty in his associates and employees.

"I spend a good deal of time out on the road," he said. "I like to meet the men who are working with me.

"Something new happens every day. For instance, I have here a report of two automobiles running into a standing freight at the same time, but at two different street crossings in Elizabeth, New Jersey. Such a thing never happened before in all my experience.

Roy Barton White Tells How Eight Words Changed His Attitude Toward Life

"Here's another instance: This morning a yard engine had been hauling a car in which was some electric loading machinery. At the other end of the car some torpedoes were stowed. The machinery tore loose from its moorings, the torpedoes were set off and the car burst into flames. Just ahead was a tank car loaded with gasoline. Just behind was another tank full of gas.

"Yet that train crew had the burning car safe on a siding in a jiffy. The blaze was extinguished before the flames reached either tank of gas, thus averting a very serious accident. Such acts of everyday heroism keep the fascination of railroading surging through my blood."

When Mr. White speaks of his life, you feel that, in spite of his personal opinion on the subject, there are great advantages to be derived from having been born in a tiny house at the edge of the railroad tracks in a small town. There are things to be learned from a patient station agent willing to teach a boy the Morse code that are not to be found in colleges.

Roy Barton White was born in Metcalf, Ill., on August 8, 1883. At that time his father was a brakeman on the old Cloverleaf road and knew all the woes of link-and-pin coupling.

"Not long ago," Mr. White remarked, "I received a letter from a lady in New England inquiring if I would be good enough to explain my middle name. Just which branch of the Barton family was I connected with?

"I asked my father. Pop laughed. 'Shucks,' he said, 'Barton was just the name of the "brains" on the run I was working when you were born. I named you after him. He was a good railroad man. That's all I know about it.'"

Even while Roy was very young, there was no question of his future

career. He was going to be a railroad man.

Peters taught him telegraphy. But Roy got his first job on his own hook, as brass pounder in a railroad machine shop at Indianapolis.

R. B. White in 1904 as Train Dispatcher for the old C. H. & D. at Indianapolis

"Later there was that gravel pit detail," reminisced Mr. White, "but some of the proudest and happiest days of my life were when I was train dispatcher on what we called the Dog River branch of the old C. H. & D. Railway. There were only four trains a day on the branch, but I sent them out, watched over them and checked them in as carefully as if I'd been handling the busiest division on the road. During that time I was also regular telegraph operator on the main line at its junction with the Dog River tracks.

"Once a month I rode the pay car over my division. Those were big days in a young man's life, I can tell you. I felt pretty cocky then. Later I learned a lesson. And I've never been quite so cocky since.

"It took just eight words to teach me that no matter how much one knows—or thinks he knows—about any particular job, he doesn't know everything.

"I had moved along pretty steadily in continued service when the C. H. & D. was taken over by another line—part of the great swallowing-up process that absorbed many smaller midwestern railroads at the end of the last century. At that time I was superintendent of the division I had worked on for years. I knew that division by heart. Every foot of rail, every train, the receipts, profits, and losses, the locomotives and what ailed them. I knew the train crews, the sections gangs, the entire personnel.

"Despite the shift in management, I was tipped off that I would retain my position. Naturally, I felt pleased. One day I was scheduled to meet the general superintendent as he rode over the line and I determined to be all primed for him. There wasn't a question he was likely to ask that I couldn't answer, or a record I couldn't produce.

"My coat pockets bulged with notes, train sheets, time-tables, schedules, facts and figures. The overflow stuck out from rear pockets in my trousers. Additional memoranda were jammed into my vest pockets. Thus equipped I went out to meet the big man in his private car."

Mr. White grinned broadly. "Get it? A youngster who thought he had the world by the tail.

"The general superintendent was an old-timer, rough and ready. He was eating breakfast and as I came in he

looked up slowly. Perhaps he saw my bulging pockets. I'm sure he understood. Anyhow, he took his time about speaking. Then he uttered only eight words: 'What is the temperature outside to-day, young man?'

"He had asked about the only question I couldn't answer, and he had me stumped. Later on, however, he and I became very good friends."

Mr. White paused. In retelling that tale, the bitterness of the boy's chagrin had been lost; all he remembered was the value of the lesson.

When the interviewer wanted to know what he thought about boomers, the chief of the C. N. J. replied:

"They played a great part in railroad history years ago, and most of them were good men, too, but there aren't so very many boomers left in railroading now. Times have changed. Nowadays it's the home guard who brings back the bacon."

Mr. White's service record lists him as beginning his railroad career as telegraph operator and agent in 1900 on the Indiana, Decatur and Western Railway. From 1902 to 1908 he was train dispatcher on the C. H. & D. at Indianapolis. He was chief train dispatcher in 1908-1909 and chief clerk to the general superintendent at Cincinnati on the same road for 1909-1910. For the next five years he was superintendent at Indianapolis.

After that he was B. & O. superintendent at Flora, Ill., 1915-1916; ditto at Seymour, Ind., 1916-1917; and superintendent at Philadelphia and Baltimore, 1917-1921. Following these positions, he moved up to general superintendent at Baltimore, where he remained until he became general manager in 1923.

In January, 1926, Mr. White went over to the Central Railroad of New Jersey as senior vice president, and was made president in October that same year.

Brass pounder to railroad president in twenty-six years! A record few rails can tie, but an all-fired inspiring one to aim at!

LINER FOR THE LAKE SHORE

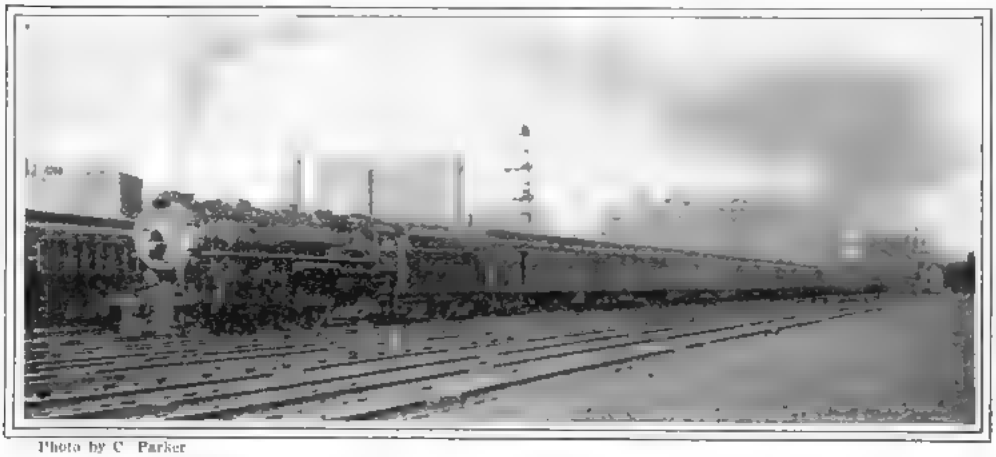


Photo by C. Parker

The Cleveland Limited, One of the Fine Trains on the Boston & Albany, Leaving Beantown with Engine 595 and Eleven Steel Cars

Northern Pacific Silk Special, Double-Headed and with Steam Up, Ready to Roll from Seattle to New York

Silk Packed in Steel Box Car

The Flight

By John A.

WAY for a silk train! Hottest hot shot of them all. Lord of high iron. Eighty hours from the Pacific coast to New York. Faster than the fastest all rail passenger service!

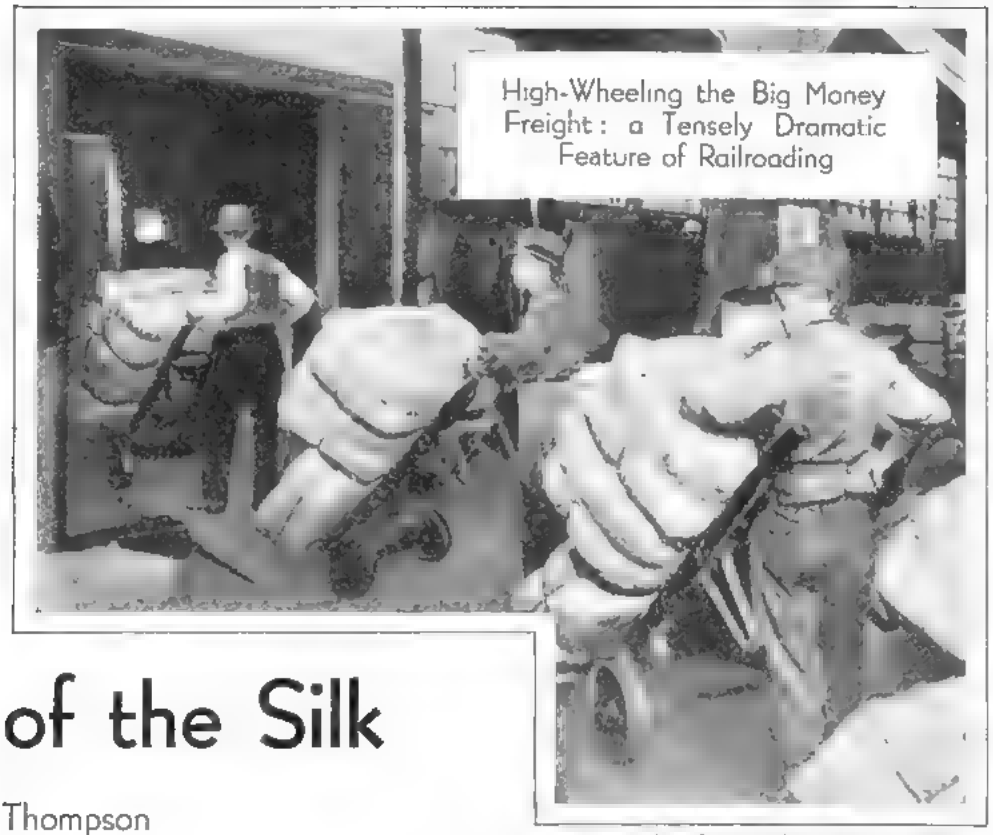
Twenty-five armed guards protecting the precious million-dollar cargo. No schedule other than the greatest possible speed consistent with safety. Clear board for the silk, you drags!

Transporting nearly $400,000,000 worth of raw silk safely across the American continent every year is an enviable achievement

Raw silk is one of the costliest commodities handled in bulk. The value of a trainload runs into amazingly high figures, from about $500,000 up! Million-dollar lots are common. Two-million-dollar lots are not rare.

It is estimated that the revenue from a carload of silk and a carload of first-class passengers paying first-class one-way fares from Seattle to New York would amount to about the same thing. But there is more net profit in moving the silk

Railroad officials in the main are a nice, affable set of people. Regular fellows. They will talk freely about operating problems, maintenance difficulties, new equipment, the trend of the times, prohibition, false teeth and the next election. But ask them how they handle raw silk traffic. Try and



of the Silk

Thompson

Loading Bales of Raw Silk Onto Special Train

get anything out of them! It is like arriving uninvited at an Eskimo New Year's party.

As a topic of general conversation, silk trains are taboo, banned, forbidden, disallowed, barred, excluded, unsanctioned.

"Silk? You mean raw silk?" stammered one official as he looked cautiously about his green-carpeted business boudoir to make sure no interloper was hiding there. Then he closed the door quietly and blurted out:

"Good Lord, man! Ask me anything but that. I don't know. Honestly, I don't."

"Shipments of silk come into New York over this road, don't they?" he was asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then—"

"Please, you'll have to excuse me. I'm really very busy this afternoon." The official hurried out of the room, slamming the door behind him

Later that same day a valuable trainload of silk arrived safely at its New York destination, pulling into the terminal of the very road on which this man was a prominent executive. He probably thought news of the incoming shipment had leaked out prematurely. It hadn't. The thing was merely a coincidence.

Silk highballs into New York on the tracks of a variety of lines: New York Central, the West Shore, the Pennsy, the Lackawanna, the Erie—almost any of the roads that connect with the

West and Northwest. But none of them talk much about it.

Dangerous Traffic

THE traffic is dangerous. Utmost precautions are taken to keep such information from falling into unauthorized hands. A million-dollar cargo would be rich booty for organized bandits. As far as can be learned, none of the modern armed silk trains has ever been successfully hi-jacked, despite efforts to find out when and where shipments were being made. Evidently the railroads outfox the crooks.

Extreme secrecy is undoubtedly justified. Unexpected rerouting at the last minute is another device often used to avert possible holdups. New combinations of lines, new systems of getting the silk over the rails into New York are always being sought. Train times are changed constantly, not without good reason.

Sources that should well know whereof they speak but prefer to remain anonymous, declare that some time ago one of the most famous passenger flyers on a certain railroad was thundering down to New York from up-State when the hogger at the throttle was brought to a stiff halt by a red fusee. It was early morning, about an hour before dawn.

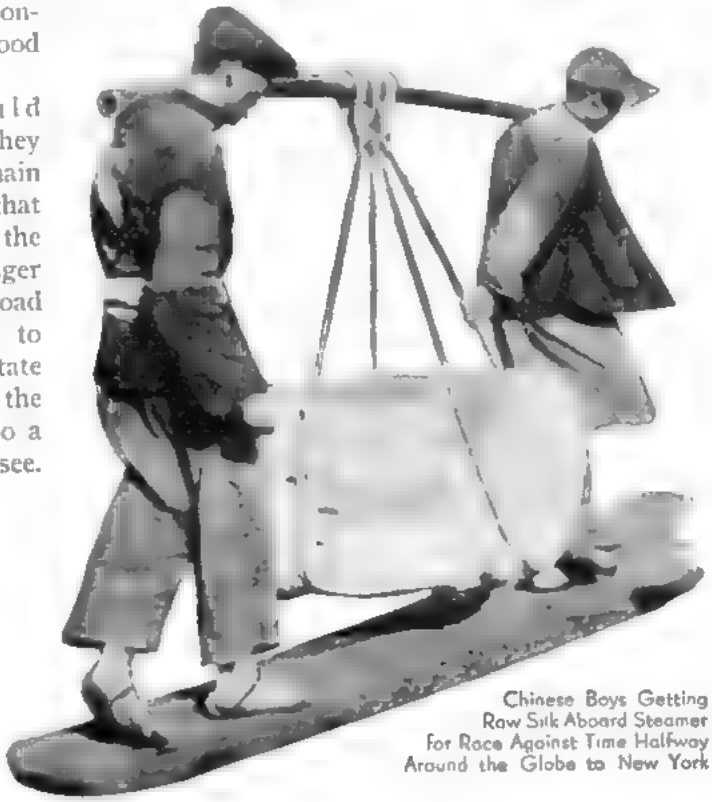
It seems almost unbelievable, but that limited, with her hundreds of sleeping passengers, was captured, literally and figuratively, by businesslike, masked young men. Some of them wielded sub-machine guns, with which they cowed the train crew. The rest carried automatics

Back about fifty yards on the State highway was a fleet of waiting motor trucks, headlights dimmed to parking strength, tail lights burning dully red. Their motors were running.

Tight-lipped men sat behind the wheels of the trucks. Helpers beside them. The whole gang was waiting for a signal that never came. The bandits down by the train went through the mail and express cars quickly, shrugged their shoulders in disgust, cursed and retreated without stealing a single thing.

The limited continued on its way. Passengers never knew what had caused the sudden stop.

Reports of the occurrence were



Chinese Boys Getting Raw Silk Aboard Steamer for Race Against Time Halfway Around the Globe to New York

given only to the proper officials. The train crew was told to say absolutely nothing. They were enjoined against breathing a word, even to their own families, of what had happened. There was nothing about it in the newspapers.

What's the answer? Why didn't the bandits take anything? Mail? Express? They might have rifled the passengers of their personal valuables. Why didn't they? Simply because they were not out for small time stuff. Their elaborate preparations had not been made for the sake of stealing some possibly negotiable registered mail, a few bills, a flock of watches and diamond rings.

No, sir! Those men were out for a killing. Silk was what they wanted. Bales and bales of it. Evidently they thought they had the inside track, a sure tip on a silk train. They caught the limited instead. The silk had probably been rerouted at the eleventh hour.

Incidentally, some of the best detectives and private operatives in the country are still hunting for the would-be silk robbers who came too close to success for the comfort of the railroads

75,000,000 Pounds a Year

Some 75,000,000 pounds of raw silk are imported into the United States annually. Of this more than 62,000,000 comes from Japan, about 12,000,000 from China and the rest from all the other silk-producing countries in the world, including India, France and Italy.

The heaviest importations are brought by express ocean liners from China and Japan to the Pacific coast ports of San Francisco, Seattle, and Vancouver in Canada.

Portland, Washington, is beginning to handle silk shipments and a few consignments are made by steamer direct to New York via the Panama Canal.

New York is the clearing house for the raw silk trade. The valuable bales that may some day be milady's silk stockings or men's neckties are stored there in great steel-vaulted and heavily guarded warehouses. From these warehouses silk is taken in armored cars to the mills of the various buyers.

All right. Why the hurry? Why all the fuss and excitement to speed it from the docks of the Orient to the waiting warehouses in New York? Why are railroads, steamship lines and the Silk Association of America all equally proud of the fact that to-day a bale of silk can leave Japan, be unloaded at San Francisco or Seattle and reach New York in less than two weeks after it started on its journey? Thirteen days, to be exact.

If it were only a question of one bale, or a few hundred bales, the time element would be less important. Properly packed, silk doesn't spoil. It is not a perishable commodity like fresh fruit, for instance.

As it happens, silk comes into this country at a roughly estimated rate of more than 50,000 bales a month. There are about 132 1-4 pounds of raw silk in each bale, with a conservative average value of over five dollars a pound.

Large silk shipments run into big money. Interest on a few million dollars tied up in silk in transit is a very appreciable figure. Insurance comes high; in fact, it costs so much that the rate may be figured hourly instead of daily.

Therefore, every hour, every minute almost, that is saved in the time required to land the silk safely in New York warehouses, represents so much

extra money in the pockets of the importer, so much saved on the cost of the silk. This is the prime reason for haste.

The Zone of Danger

As far as the railroads are concerned, there is another and subtler reason for highballing this costly freight across the country at breakneck speed—*the zone of danger!*

This zone is simply the distance between two points. Statisticians and scientists claim that the quicker this distance can be covered, the less risk there is. (Assuming, of course, that the speed maintained is the greatest possible consistent with safety.) Hence, their advice to the railroads to speed up silk trains. The railroads would probably speed them up anyhow. There is money in it.

Incidentally, although railroads do not make a practice of personally insuring freight shipped over their lines, they do in the case of silk; usually for its full value. A shipment is worth too much to take any chances on.

Imported raw silk comes in skeins weighing from one to several ounces each and packed in neat bundles called books. Books weigh from five to ten pounds apiece, are stacked together and baled. The average weight of a bale of raw silk from Japan or China is slightly over one hundred and thirty-two pounds. Bales for shipment are stoutly wrapped in raffia or rattan, strapped and sealed.

In loading the transpacific ocean greyhounds, silk is always put into the holds last, so it will be the first stuff out. Just a detail, but it saves time.

Formerly on arrival at the steamer's port of entry, the silk was put on special baggage cars attached to fast passenger trains for its journey east across the continent. Small lots are probably shipped that way even now.

But as far back as 1914 railroads first began the practice of making up special silk trains and highballing them over the rails with precedence over just about everything else on the line.

Seaplane Meets Vessel

Now they have inaugurated further refinements in speeding up the silk traffic. While the vessel carrying the costly cargo is still a hundred miles at sea, a seaplane leaves the shore, meets the liner and takes off, in a waterproof oilskin sack, all invoices, bills of lading, customs entries and other documents pertaining to the shipment and wings its way back to San Francisco, or Seattle, or Vancouver as the case may be.

By the time the vessel steams into the harbor, all the papers concerning the silk are in order and certified to. A special train is out on the wharf, ready to roll the minute the silk is put aboard and the cars officially sealed.

Silk trains may be composed of eight or ten cars, but the coaches—built of special steel, strong as a bank vault and as nearly moisture, dust and damp proof as they can be made—seldom shine with the blazing splendor of modern varnished wagons. There is no bright brass. No striking colors. Everything from the outside is likely to be dusty and as inconspicuous as possible. Wheels and trucks on the silk cars are as carefully designed and expensively built as if they were intended for the President's private car. No chances are taken on broken flanges.

Generally up near the forward end of the train are one or two cars fitted up with bunks to house the armed guards who accompany the silk on its wild dash across the continent.

Out in a Hurry! Unloading Raw Silk from Steamship

And on the rear end of all this steel and armor is the inevitable little old red crummy for the train crew, the only friendly touch to the whole formidable string.

Every possible contingency is taken care of. Hardly has the vessel been made fast to the dock before a gang of stevedores, picked for strength of muscle and swiftness of limb, begins running the heavy bales of precious silk out of the holds and loading it into the waiting train. They work under the sharp surveillance of armed guards. As the bales are passed from the ship, agents inspect the marks on them, see that the seals have not been tampered with.

Raw silk is not a dutiable article It travels under bond to New York and is not inspected by customs officials until it gets there. Thus more time saved in moving silk across the country.

Fastest Possible Time

CARS are quickly loaded, checked and sealed. The guards pile aboard. The train crew is on its toes. Ten to one the boiler on the big jack up forward is popping off.

Ready? All aboard! Let's go! Ride her, hogger! The right-of-way, a clear track and no schedule but the fastest running time possible. Watch the skipper, you at the latch there! Highball! She's off! Silk . . . costliest of freight in a steel string of flying for-

tresses starting on a three-thousand mile run to New York.

Passengers who arrived on the same steamer that brought in the silk are very likely still standing inside the customs corral, waiting for their baggage to be passed, as the silk train rumbles off the wharf. On her way, and how! Passengers! Pshaw, what are they compared to silk? How many of them are worth a million dollars a trainful?

Once clear of the city, the silk train straightens out, gets into her stride. On she thunders. Up—up—up over the Continental Divide. Down the other side with a rush. Out onto the plains.

Whoop her up, Eagle-eye! High-wheel this baby! She's silk. *Silk!* Get that? My wife's hosiery and maybe Peggy Joyce's next year's underwear in the making. Just raw silk now, but mighty important.

Doing seventy? Make it seventy-five . . . eighty . . . eighty-five . . . ninety on the next straight stretch, if you've got the nerve, hogger.

Chief dispatchers watch the progress of a silk train while it is yet a thousand miles away. Everything goes into the hole for silk. Even widely-advertised transcontinental passenger trains have to give way if necessary.

Every so often men are ready, tracks cleared and the silk special never comes by. Rerouted. Some one scented trouble, had a hunch. And the silk went around another way.

For instance, silk from Vancouver destined for New York may be expected to arrive via Ogdensburg or Buffalo. Instead, the train is suddenly shunted into the United States as far west as Duluth and routed through Chicago. Few know how, when and where a million-dollar cargo will come.

There is, perhaps, only one man in the country in constant touch with all silk movements. He, and he alone, knows where every silk train is or should be at any particular minute on any given day. Through him all large silk transportations are arranged with the railroads.

He is not a railroad man himself, though he formerly was. At present he is in charge of transportation for a highly efficient organization of the big raw silk importers and manufacturers.

News of Accidents Hushed Up

THE terrific speed of silk trains may ward off bandits and save money on insurance, but the system is not without drawbacks. There have been accidents. Not many, but a few. The railroads don't say much about them.

A Canadian train racing eastward from Vancouver sped not wisely but too well, and hopped the rails. The story was hushed.

But it is said that Indians in the vicinity were, for a long time, being offered twenty-five dollars a bale for all silk they fished out of the Fraser River. Moreover, several loaded silk cars, the contents of each worth a considerable fortune, lay on their side in the stream until the big hook pulled them out.

Again, they tell of a silk train from San Francisco that tried to beat the best time eastward and probably would have done it if she had stayed on the track. Instead, the locomotive flew off the rails in a desert and turned over.

Silk-laden cars piled up in a beautiful mess. Fire broke out. Armed guards and train crew crawled away from the wreckage as best they could and watched more money than they could have collectively accumulated in a lifetime of hard work go up in smoke before news of the accident

even reached the nearest telegraph station.

Occasionally two steamers carrying raw silk dock within an hour or two of each other. Silk trains starting from the same point, destined for New York by different routes and over different roads may leave just a few minutes apart. One silk special may roll out of Frisco at the same time another highballs from Seattle.

Such occurrence may precipitate a race. Of course, after it is over, win or lose, railroad officials invariably deny they ever encourage or permit such things.

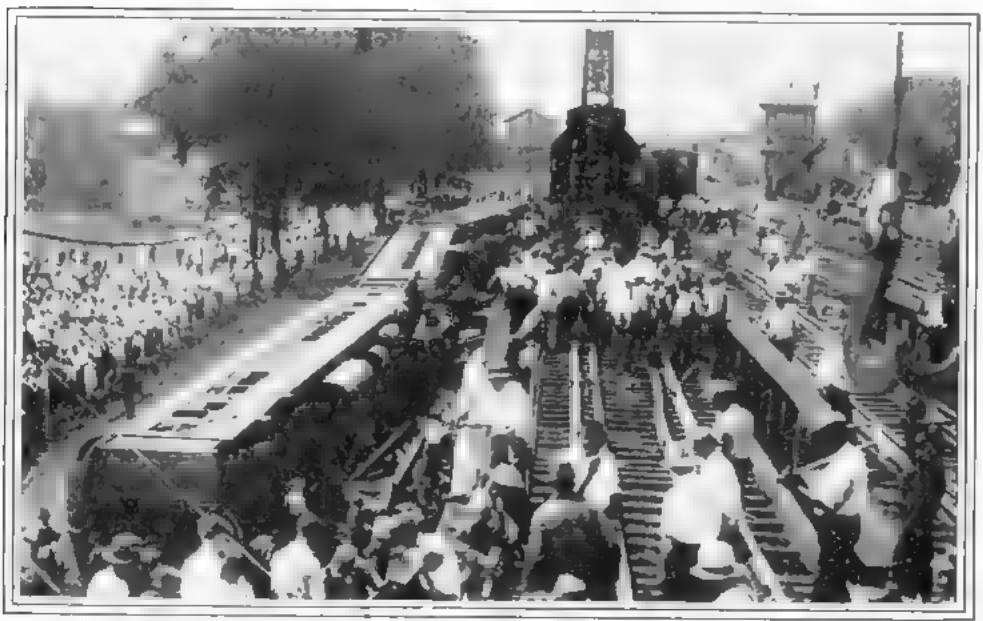
Is there a thrill in it? Kick? Hell's bells, yes. The officials enjoy it, too. They like to be able to prove graphically that their road can make the best time. Race? No, they don't race . . . *The devil they don't!*

Formerly silk was one of the very few freight commodities for which railroad rates were based upon the cargo's value, instead of upon the weight or space it occupied. Now, however, this has been changed. A flat rate is charged, regardless of the fluctuating value of the raw silk.

The rate is high, about three times the charge for the usual freight. Nine dollars a hundred pounds is the quoted rate on silk from Seattle to New York at the time this is being written. However, the silk importers are trying to lower price considerably.

Strange, isn't it, that behind such frivolities as summer frocks and silk stockings, gay ribbons and garters, there should lurk a melodramatic setting of secret codes, airplane dashes out to sea, the ever-present menace of desperate bandits, and armed trains hurtling through the country at dizzy speed?

AN AUTOMOBILE CAUSED THIS



A Motorist s Carelessness Was Respons ble for This Accident to a Pennsy van a Ro road Flyer at Elizabeth, New Jersey, a Few Weeks Ago

When the

A Hogger Hears Wail in a Wild

By E. S.

Illustrated by John R. Neill

Seven Unearthly Shrieks—Like the Fabled Death Shrieks of a Condemned Soul Entering Torment!

IT didn't take an ethnologist to tell that "Old Bill" Reardon wasn't Dutch. Even "Snakey" Thompson knew that much, and Snakey had baked his head in the heat of a fire-door until his brains had sizzled out like the juice from a toasted weiner. But neither Snakey Thompson, nor "Horseface" Harrison, nor any of the other boys on the S. & S., knew why William O'Reardon (as he was christened back home in Ireland) had come to America and gone firing on the Western Division. That's something he hadn't discussed.

About all any of them knew or cared was that Old Bill could play poker and shoot craps and yank drawbars and whip freight trains around the Ozark curves better than any other hoghead on the Western; moreover, he wasn't afraid of anything under the sun.

Bill wasn't ashamed of his past. He hadn't attempted concealment. It wasn't that. He just had a hunch that he might be laughed at if he told his hard-boiled bunch that he had crossed the water to shake a family ghost off his trail.

Now this family ghost was no cause for mirth among the O'Reardons of Dundrum. For a dozen generations tandem ahead of Bill it had been held in superstitious awe. Legend said it was the Devil himself whom one of the early ancestors had mortally offended. But legend was so badly muddled that it crossed itself and said this same early ancestor had helped the Devil out of a tight place and His Satanic Highness was trying to return the favor.

At any rate, during all those generations the master O'Reardon had been warned exactly when he was going to die. Not once, according to tradition, had this warning failed to come.

Several days beforehand, at the exact hour when death was due, the Devil or one of his imps would hunt out this particular O'Reardon and his legal heir together, cut loose with a hideous, mournful wail and end with just as many shrieks as the elder O'Reardon had days to live.

Some folks might think a warning like this would be a real favor. It would at least give a fellow a chance to say his prayers and wash his feet

Devil Calls

the Banshee's Death
Storm of the Ozarks

Dellinger

before he died, but the O'Reardons, by the time Bill came along, had begun to consider otherwise. They had come to think, after all these dozen generations, that His Satanic Majesty not only told a fellow when he was going to die but took particular pains to see that he died exactly when that time came. And they had some grounds for this belief, for every one of the dozen, so tradition had it, had died with his brogans on.

Consequently, since rum had gotten the property while the Devil was getting the souls, long before grass grew over the mound where the father was sleeping, Bill became the parent of a brilliant idea.

"Why," he asked himself, "can't I be leavin' this domned country an' goin' across to Americy where the Divil can't foind me?"

The longer he mulled that idea over, the more thoroughly he became convinced that he could do that very thing and shake the evil spirit off the trail of himself and his descendants. It never occurred to him that the Devil, *banshee,* or whatever the thing was which had been haunting the O'Reardons, could cross the sea the same as he could. In fact, he never worried about it until that night down at Rome.

II

A GREAT, dark cloud rolled its stifling curtain low over the wooded ridges and narrow valleys of the Missouri Ozarks. Oaks and pines showed black against the gray limestone cliffs, where the cone of brightness from the headlight of an eastbound freight swept over the hills.

The freight came creeping around Devil's Curve, and stopped at the west switch of Rome. The head brakeman, dropping off the pilot, opened the switch and the half mile of freight cars started clanking into the siding, to wait for four troop trains and a

much delayed Number Six and Number Ten.

"Be here until daylight, won't we, Bill?" queried the fireman, crossing the cab and lifting his soot-blackened face toward the engineer.

"Yeah. Be here till the Devil starts peddlin' ice skates, so far as I'm concerned," growled the hogger. "You put a good fire under the old jack, Snakey, while we're gittin' in the clear; then you an' me's headed fer the rear."

"Headed fer the hind end?" echoed the tallowpot.

"Exactly, boy. Old Horseface has got a bran'-new set o' ignorant dominoes back there. The head shack's jinglin' a pocketful o' hot money an' Alkihol's got a quart o' good whisky an' fifteen nice catfish he caught at Bloomfield. We're headed fer the crummy, an' we're goin' fast."

Old Bill Reardon counted telegraph poles while the rail joints clacked beneath him, counted until he knew his train had cleared the switch. Snakey Thompson filled the firebox with green coal and covered his headlight. Then the two of them struck out on a run for the caboose, the engineer ahead.

Lightning laid a zigzag string of leaping fire from horizon to zenith, then smothered it beneath a cloak of stifling blackness. When the two men were halfway to the caboose, the wind struck them. Powerful gusts hurled leaves and twigs from the neighboring forest, bent trembling trees until their branches all but swept the earth. The men quickened their pace, striving to reach shelter before the rain poured out its drenching flood.

In Horseface Harrison's caboose, the crap game was soon in full swing. "Alki" Akers, always hungry and thirsty, started frying catfish on the oil stove. While they sizzled he took out the bottle, which he passed from hand to hand around the table. He didn't join the game. But Horseface and Snakey Thompson and Old Bill Reardon and the head brakeman played it for all it was worth at two bits a throw.

The game that night was a hot one. The click of dice on the bare pine table came like the rhythmic *chuck-a-chuck* of a locomotive on a grade. The hard-boiled conductor with the three fingers of his old link hand conspicuously absent and the ugly red scar on the right side of his bespectacled face conspicuously present, glared across the hinged table at the jolly, tomato-face of the Irish engineer. Gently he caressed the celluloid cubes and talked to them darky fashion.

"Come on there, little girl. Don't you fool with me no more. That damn' hoghead's gittin' too—"

Lightning splintered a pine tree up on the hillside, and the crash that followed the blaze rolled from cliff to cliff until its echoes faded out into ghostly whispers.

"The old boy's shootin' at us, tonight, fellers," drawled the conductor, shoving the dice over toward Old Bill.

"Shootin's roight, Horseface," replied the engineer as he scooped the cubes into his spade-like hand and crooned to them for luck. "He's shootin' too **domned** close fer comfort."

He gave the hand a few deft twists, but paused just in the act of tossing the dice again upon the table. A weird, unearthly sound was coming into the caboose apparently from one of the windows, though so vague and shadowy was it now, it would be hard to say from exactly what spot.

At first it was a low wail, scarcely audible above the roar of the rain and

Bill Left Ireland to Shake an Evil Spirit off His Trail

the wind. Then it rose gradually and swelled in volume until it seemed to fill the caboose and even the whole valley. Now it sounded like a woman's frantic scream. Again, the voice of a little child crying in stark terror.

Finally, after what seemed to the listeners many hours, it ended with seven unearthly shrieks—like the fabled death shrieks of a condemned soul entering torment! Shrieks that left the five men clutching the table to steady tottering knees.

Horseface didn't count them, even though he was paid to do the head work for the crew, neither did Snakey Thompson nor Alki Akers. But Old Bill Reardon did. As the first low notes crept into the caboose, his nerveless hand unclasped, letting the dice fall to the table. Then his hands sought blindly, gropingly for the edge of the table and gripped until the nails had pierced the wood.

As the cry arose higher and higher, his blue eyes bulged. His crimson face turned gray. He stared unbelievingly, dumbly, like a dog whose master has just shot him, first at the conductor, then at the caboose windows, muttering again and again in a dry whisper:

"He's—he's found me! The Devil's —found me—here!"

And as the cry broke, he counted the shrieks, counted in that same loud, dry whisper, lapsing back into his brogue:

"Wan—two—thra—four—foive—six—sivin!"

III

THE storm was raging. Wind was roaring through the tree-tops; rain pouring down upon the tin roof of the caboose. The coal-oil lamp in its bracket above the table flickered and flared and all but went out. A troop train whistled away up in the cut, facing Devil's Curve, rolled around the long sweep of intervening track, and went thundering down through Rome

Horseface, cynical, hard-boiled sinner that he was, was the first to recover

from the shock. Reaching up into the unpainted pine cupboard, he took his delay sheet and jotted down the time of passage of the troop train—1:23.

Snakey crawled over to the side of the caboose next the main line and coiled up on the bunk. Alki, true to his nickname, stumbled to his locker, reached in, and, grasping the long-necked bottle, gulped down a half pint to shake the spell.

Bill Reardon stood waiting, listening, licking his dry lips. Stark terror was written in every curve of his gray face.

The conductor burst into a harsh, dry laugh. With a sneering grin more of bravado than of real courage, he turned to the engineer.

"Well, Bill," he began. "A feller'd think to look at you, yuh'd been drinkin' booze with the ghost uh your dead grandmother or shootin' craps with the Devil."

Bill made no reply. Smoke filled the caboose, acrid, pungent, stinking smoke from catfish burned to a crisp. Another troop train went thundering past. Snakey sat on the bunk watching the terror-frozen countenance of his engineer.

Finally with a groan, Bill threw his arm to his face, reeled toward the front door, and went staggering out into the storm, followed by Snakey.

The two men made their way through rhythms of pitch blackness and blinding light back to the engine. Without a word they climbed to the cab, engineer and fireman sitting each in his own place. Coal smoke backing out surrounded them, bearing with it a strong odor of brimstone. Bill seemed not to notice. Snakey turned on the blower.

The rain ceased. Dawn came creeping over the mist-enshrouded cliffs and across the dreary bottoms. Steam in the boiler wailed, moaned and cried. Air pumps panted and wheezed as they forced air back into the brake line to replace the leakage. The water gauge lamp threw out weird rays, furnishing the only light of the cab.

Snakey smoked one cigarette after another, glanced occasionally across the dingy cab where Old Bill sat, barely breathing. Finally the engineer came wearily into the deck and stood leaning against the frame behind the fireman.

"Snakey!"

The fireman jumped. He hadn't known Old Bill was there.

"Snakey, did you hear that back there a while ago?"

Snakey tossed a half-burned cigarette out the cab window and gave a short laugh.

"I ain't deef," he finally countered.

"Did you know what it was, Snakey?"

"Naw, I didn't. Did you?"

"Snakey, I know what it was!"

"The hell you do!"

The fireman half turned to stare at his engineer. But Old Bill looked the same as before. Snakey studied his twitching face for a long while until the engineer continued in a voice that was sunk to a burned-out whisper:

"Snakey, that—that was the Divil callin'. He was callin' me. *Seven days from now—next Friday mornin' at 1:23—he's goin' to come after me!*"

"Bushwah, Bill! Bunk! Baloney! Prune juice!" growled Snakey, lighting another cigarette and staring at Bill with a wilted, half-credulous gaze which belied his words of unbelief.

"It ain't bunk, Snakey," denied the engineer. "I know—I know what you think. That's why I ain't never told nobody about it. But back in the old country—"

Then for thirty minutes the engineer poured out to the man who was closer to him than a brother, the story of the Devil's call

"Yuh see, Snakey," he concluded. "I thought I could cross the water an' shake him off my trail. But—but—well, it ain't no use, Snakey. When the Divil calls, yuh got to be goin'. There's no gittin' around it."

Once more the fireman tossed away a half-burned cigarette. Once more he shrugged his sloping shoulders and growled in a voice still more unconvinced than before:

"Bushwah, Bill! Applesauce an' prune juice! When yuh go home this mornin', git some uh the old brand. Git gloriously drunk, sleep it off, an' fergit it."

IV

But Bill could not forget it. Even if his conviction had been less firm, the boys would not have permitted, once the story leaked through. Wherever he went it was, "Hey, Bill! Snakey says yuh got a date with the Devil. Let us in on it, won't yuh?" Or maybe, "Oh, Bill! Better go back to the old kind. I drunk some uh that once."

They never gave him a moment's rest, for the skeptics who had not heard the cry would not believe.

Moreover, when the broad light of day had dissipated the Ozark mists, Old Horseface and Alki and the head shack had little faith in an Irish spook on American soil. To them it was simply "applesauce." They insisted the wail had come from a panther or a catamount, although neither of those beasts had been seen in the Ozarks for years.

At home that morning, as soon as he had gulped down a cup of hot coffee, he turned to Katie with the calm announcement:

"Darlin', I believe I'll go talk to Father O'Brien a few minutes."

Katie stuck her hands on her hips and stared at him sharply. Bill averted his eyes. He hadn't been to confession for more than ten years.

"Why, Bill, what— Sure, sure, run right on down, Bill. It'll be doin' ye good," she murmured.

Bill blushed like a schoolboy and started down the street. Katie stood looking after him, shaking her head.

"Now wouldn't that beat ye?" she muttered. "I wonder—"

Katie prepared lunch and as soon as her husband returned they sat down at the kitchen table. While Old Bill was mincing at the delicious fish, Little Bill, who had been firing passenger, came bursting in. His face was ripped from ear to ear in a delighted grin.

"Hi, there, dad!" he called gleefully, almost before he had got rid of his tin grip. "Some uh the boys down at the roundhouse jist told me you'd been hearin' things."

Katie glanced quickly at her husband. Bill's trembling hand spilled hot coffee down his shirt front. His son continued in the same bantering tone:

"They said you an' Old Nick's been havin' a confab an' yuh had a date with him fer— Why, mother, what's the—"

The rent in the son's face closed. He sprang quickly to his mother's side, clasped her swaying form, kissed her bloodless lips, looked questioningly down into his father's drawn face.

"What is it, mother?" he questioned. "Dad, what's wrong?"

"Nothin', son," denied the engineer. "Nothin' more'n you've already been hearin'. Nothin' you can help with."

Katie struggled from her son's arms and stumbled across to her husband. Dropping upon her knees beside him, she lifted her terrified eyes to his.

"Did — did you hear — it, Bill? Don't tell me you heard the call."

Bill nodded.

"Wan twinty-three, Katie darlin'. Wan twinty-three Friday mornin'."

"What's one twenty-three Friday mornin', dad?" asked the oldest son. "Why don't you tell me?"

Bill looked mournfully from wife to son, and with a shake of his head spoke sadly.

"Ye can tell 'im, Katie darlin'. Tell 'im if you want to. The boy'll have to know sooner or later. Me? I got to be goin' to work now."

V

Two days later Old Bill was assigned a regular turn in the passenger pool. Though he had looked forward to this promotion for years, it gave him now no feeling of elation. He ate little during the week. He slept less. He was like a condemned murderer who paces his cell knowing that his hour is at hand.

True, at times, there came a glimmer of hope, hope that after all he might have been mistaken in the cry, hope which set his Irish wit to work, combating the despondency within. Surely in a new world there would be a new devil. The old one would have no sway. But then, in this country, they prayed to the same God, through the same priesthood. He hadn't thought of that before.

Then his hopes would lurch off on a new tack. For instance, the old curse had decreed that the son must hear the father's warning. *He* had heard it. That's how he knew. But Little Bill had been in Bloomfield that night. His oldest son had not heard the call. Perhaps, after all, the magic spell might now be broken. But, no, it was the same old call.

Then hope arose once more when he recalled that the devil didn't seem to possess so much territory down on the S. & S. as he had in the old country. There it was the Devil's Bog, the Devil's Hill, the Devil's Forest, the Devil's Bay, the Devil's Cliff. As he remembered the scenes of his boyhood, almost everything seemed to belong to the Devil, and if tradition was to be believed, an O'Reardon had died at every spot the Devil claimed.

Now, down on the S. & S., the only piece of property which bore the name of His Satanic Majesty was the Devil's Curve. Ah, there it was again. The Devil's Curve! The very spot whence had come the cry.

And oh, the irony of it! For he, Old Bill Reardon, had christened that curve and assigned it specifically to the horned king that night while he lay under the old 561, watching the fire lick up the wreckage ten yards away from him after he had turned First 32 over on the curve. Why, oh, why, hadn't he been content to let that spot remain just Stacey's Curve?

Ah, indeed, Father O'Brien was right in saying that Satan worked by devious paths to lure a soul to destruction.

Thursday night came. Little Bill was home in Neyberg. Old Bill was in Bloomfield. All that afternoon he walked the streets, going from pool hall to saloon, or dodging in and out among pinochle games like a restless shadow. About five o'clock he choked down a lunch, and on his way to his room, stopped in at the roundhouse to see when he would probably get out on his run.

For ten minutes he studied the board. He stood to get No. 10. His trembling hands sought the time-table in his hip pocket. He shook it open and stood staring down the row of figures and station names. He gulped, leaned against the counter. Cold perspiration stood in beads upon his forehead. *No. 10 would be passing the Devil's Curve at 1:23!*

"They Said You an' Old Nick's Been Havin' a Confab . . ."

He tottered from the office, muttering: "The Devil's Curve—1:23—Friday mornin'."

If for a second there flashed into his brain the thought of "laying off" and thereby cheating Fate, that thought was crushed by the recollection of the words of a hill-billy philosopher with whom he had tamped ties in his early days on the S. & S. down by Macomb.

"What is to be will be, son," the white-haired sage had said, "and what hain't, cyan't be."

VI

THUS reconciled, he went to bed and slept the first sound sleep for days, slept and dreamed that he was back among the hedge-bordered lanes of Ireland. At 7:30 the call boy came

for him, knocking, rapping, pounding on the door.

"Mr. Reardon!" bellowed the youth. "Hey, there, Reardon!"

Bill crawled dazedly from his bed to open the door.

"What yuh got, kid?" he growled as the youngster shoved the call book under his nose.

"Yuh gittin' Second No. 6 at 8:40. Engine 1323," returned the boy. "Don't go back to bed now, dammit."

Signing the book, Bill handed it back without comment.

"Second 6 at 8:40!" he muttered as the boy closed the door and went down the hall. Hope once more! "Second 6 at 8.40! Why—why, that is only ten minutes late on Six's regular time. And No. 6 is due at Rome at 12:40."

He rubbed his hands together gleefully. Why he, Bill Reardon, would pass the Devil's Curve nearly an hour ahead of time, if nothing happened! He put on clean overalls, jammed down the black cloth cap and adjusted the blue goggles above it. Then, knotting the red bandanna carefully about his neck, he started for the roundhouse.

"To hell with the Divil!" he crooned as he locked the door. "To hell with the Divil an' all his imps."

When he reached the engine, Snakey was already there, had the blower on and black smoke rolling from the stack.

"Hello, Snakey!" he greeted cheerily as he climbed into the cab.

Snakey wriggled about in astonishment. This was the first decent greeting Bill had given him for a week.

"Why—why, howdy, Bill! You goin' out to-night, are yuh?"

"Damn right I'm goin' out, Snakey. Didn't think I'd turn down a chance to make ten dollars, did yuh?"

Snakey shrugged his sloping shoulders, and took a puff at his cigarette. Bill lighted the torch and dropped down with the long-necked can and wrenches to oil around. Ten minutes before leaving time he backed the No. 1323 against the string of Pullmans which the 1345 had just left standing on Track 3. A hundred feet behind him, the 1357 stood coupled to First No. 6, her green signals glowing like cat eyes.

Down toward the station lights blinked and jostled. A white one rose and fell in a highball. The bell of 1357 clanked, and First No. 6 went panting by him, exactly on time. Five minutes later the air inspector climbed to the engine to make his report.

"Fourteen cars. All working, Reardon."

The inspector was gone and in his place came Conductor Hull with the orders.

"Thought you had a date with the Devil to-night, Bill," laughed the conductor, handing the engineer a single tissue sheet wrapped in the clearance.

"Git out with yuh, you old hatchet-faced cake-eater," growled Bill, reddening.

With another laugh the conductor was gone. Bill's hand was steady as he unfolded the tissue sheet and read his running order:

"Engine No. 1323 will run as Second No. 6, Bloomfield to Neyberg."

A smile played about the corners of Bill's mouth as he set his reverse over in the corner and started clanking out past the long row of green sentinel lights down the lead. But from the right side of the cab, he could not see the lightning which played low down in the northwest where a storm cloud was rising all black at the border.

As they stormed along through the

darkening night, however, killing time at every station for the block of First No. 6, Bill, watching the lightning climb higher and higher, penciling the cloud with the black border, dropped his air of bravado and relapsed into the grip of despondency which had bound him for the past week.

Snakey watched him nervously, lighting a cigarette, taking a few puffs from it and tossing it out the open window. Bill was thinking of only one thing—to get Second No. 6 into Neyberg on time. He checked his watch at every mile. He flipped his fingers over the brake valve and over the throttle lever.

At every station he approached, he watched the block eagerly, hoping it might hang red and hold him for seconds. For as long as that block remained against him, First No. 6 was less than ten minutes ahead. If only he could stay on the block, he would pass Devil's Curve by 12:50.

When the engine lagged on a hill he became frantic lest he might lose a minute. He *must* not let First No. 6 leave him. And for a hundred miles he did not.

VII

Going down the grade into Forgan, however, he had to set his brakes to check the speed so he would not have to stop there for the block. When he released them, there came two short blasts from the air whistle.

Now two blasts from the air whistle means, "Stop at once!" For a second he hesitated. Then, while a tremulous left hand twisted the brake valve, a more tremulous right one groped above for the whistle cord with which to answer the signal.

When Bill looked back, he caught his breath and groaned. Halfway along the train a stream of fire was flying out from the wheels, fire not made by rubbing brake shoes.

"What—what is it, Snakey?" he called anxiously across to the fireman.

"Looks like a brake beam draggin'," answered the fireman disgustedly.

For almost thirty minutes the two men watched eagerly while the trainmen worked disconnecting the dragging beam. Neither mentioned the thing uppermost in their minds, the spook at Devil's Curve, but both of them were praying they would leave Forgan at a time that would not put them at Rome at 1.23. They looked at watches thirty times in less than that many minutes, and they compared for correctness three times during the interval.

Bill climbed down from the cab and paced to and fro. Snakey lay coiled up on his seat box smoking, smoking. Would they never get that brake beam done?

Finally the conductor's lantern signalled, "Whistle in the flag." With trembling hands Bill clutched the grab irons. With feet which could hardly find the steps he climbed to his cab, stumbled to his seat and, clutching the cord, sent out four long blasts of his whistle.

A minute later the light lifted in high ball, and Bill Reardon dragged Second No. 6 into Forgan thirty-one minutes late. The order board was out here. The fireman picked up the hoop and handed Bill the order. Bill's voice shook as he read aloud:

"Second No. 6, Engine 1323, will meet No. 5, Engine 1311, at Freeland."

Bill gave a sigh of relief. Blood surged once more to his gray, grimy face. The Irish smile, sickly and wan, yet full of hope was on his lips when he handed the sheet to Snakey. If they

met No. 5 at Freeland they would not reach Devil's Curve until after 1:23.

Bill slipped back his throttle and went thundering away toward Freeland. By the time he came to the switch, he had made up a minute of his lost time. He whistled for the station, whistled his meet, watched the red eye that marked the order board. It didn't change to green. A white light beneath it highballed — signal that the station had orders for him.

One more Snakey grabbed the hoop and passed him the tissue sheet. This time the fireman did not wait for him to read the order. The two heads bent together. Two gasps escaped tightening throats, two prayers went to the Almighty. This order read:

"Second No. 6, Engine 1323, will take siding and meet No. 5, Engine 1311, at Rome instead of at Freeland."

For a full minute they stood in the gangway, staring each at the other. Then, dropping into his seat, Old Bill Reardon opened his throttle and Second No. 6 thundered up the grade out of Freeland. Within eight minutes, at 1:23, he would pass the Devil's Curve!

VIII

In Neyberg, Dispatcher Mason, who issued orders for the movement of east end trains, having cleared No. 5, shoved the phone from him, commenced eating his midnight lunch. At an adjoining table, Smithers, the night chief, was burning up the wires with a batch of west end orders.

Mason bit into a chicken sandwich, but with the bite still between his teeth, quickly laid it down and grabbed for his order file. His eyes showed white. His hand trembled as he snatched off the top clearance—clearance given to No. 5 at the passenger station five minutes ago.

Quickly he thumbed through the batch of tissue sheets and checked them with the clearance. His face went gray. He scarcely breathed. He grabbed for the file once more, checked down to the order he had issued Second No. 6 at Forgan.

"God!" he exclaimed.

He brushed the sandwich aside and with a glance at the tense figure of the chief, snatched the phone and plugged in, ringing frantically.

"Hello! Hello, Neyberg!" he croaked. "No. 5 gone?"

"No. 5 out 1:16," came the reply. "Just going—"

Quickly he rang again. He glanced at the clock. It was 1:18.

"Freeland speaking," came over the wire.

"Freeland, is Second 6 gone?"

"Second 6 through at 1:15. Anything wrong?"

Without answering, Mason dropped his headgear and called huskily:

"Take it, Smithers. For God's sake, take it, and call out the big hooks!"

"What's the matter, Mason?" queried the chief, coming to his side. "What's wrong with you?"

"I pulled an awful boner, Smithers. I put out a meet with 5 and Second 6 at Freeland. Five fell down a bit and I changed the meet to Rome and forgot to give 5 a copy of the order. My God, Smithers! They'll hit," groaned the dispatcher. "Nothin' can keep 'em apart—nothin'—an' Old Bill Reardon'll be wheelin' that Second 6 like a bat out uh hell, tryin' to make up lost time. Oh Lord! Do somethin', Smithers! If you don't do somethin' they'll hit square on the Devil's Curve. They're timed exactly right. Nothin' can stop 'em."

"Keep your shirt on, Mason. Don't

go gittin' ready for the bughouse till you hear from 'em anyway. Anything can happen in five minutes. Get over there in that chair and don't be a fool."

Within two minutes, Smithers, in anticipation of the catastrophe, had ordered both wreckers *at once*. Had called superintendent, trainmaster and roadmaster, and was clearing the line of freight traffic so that he might get the wrecker outfits through if the two trains got together. This done, he sat at the desk waiting, waiting.

Finally Bill Found His Voice. "Why—Why, Ain't I Dead?"

At 1:25 the city telephone rang. The chief grabbed the receiver with nerveless hand and held it to his ear.

"Mr. Smithers speaking," he informed, trying to hold his voice steady... Yes . . . Oh, Engineer Reardon? Yes. Yes, he's pulling Second No. 6 to-night, Mrs. Reardon . . . Yes, Second 6...is Second 6 all right? Why—ah—why, Mrs. Reardon," stammered the chief, "what makes you think there might be something wrong with Second No. 6?"

"My God, Smithers!" groaned the man who had made the blunder. "Does she—"

Smithers signalled for silence. He was speaking again into the telephone.

"Well, Mrs. Reardon, I may as well tell you—the office here made a—ah, made a mistake. We're hoping to get it cleared up without accident, but—"

There was a crazy click in the receiver as if the telephone on the other end had been suddenly upset, or perhaps dropped to the floor. Smithers called central trying to get a re-connection. But the report finally came, "Your party does not seem to answer"

"How'n hell did that old dame know somethin' was wrong with that Second 6, Smithers?" queried Mason through chattering teeth. "Pray tell me how?"

"Reason enough, Mason, reason enough if there's anything in telepathy Not only is Old Bill Reardon pullin' Second 6 to-night, but Little Bill's

firin' No. 5. Smoke that, will yuh? And they're both in hell by this time —unless there's been a miracle!"

IX

When Second No. 6 pulled away from Freeland, Old Bill Reardon sat erect, scarcely breathing. Cold sweat stood on his forehead. His cab windows were open. The wind whizzed through. He squinted close to watch the track.

Sheet lightning flared and blazed up from the north, hung poised, and slid down into the trees on the south. Twin ruts of curving steel glistened and glimmered. When darkness reigned, the headlight plowed on feebly, making ghosts of trees and poles and skeleton snags, ghosts which glared evilly back at him as he rushed down the winding trench toward the curve where Death and Devil waited.

They were running fast—too fast for the sharp curves of Freeland Hill. The cab lurched until Snakey could scarcely stand as he put in his last fire. He glanced across at Bill. Outwardly the engineer was as calm as on any one of three thousand other nights he had fallen down Freeland Hill

A crossing post rushed toward them. Reardon reached for the whistle cord and the crossing signal drowned the sound of thunder, the roar of breaking storm. Then he twisted the brake valve to check his speed for the grade two miles above the Curve. He looked at his watch. It was 1:20. He glanced at his speedometer—forty miles an hour.

He kicked off his brakes, let the heavy train roll on. A painted pole gleamed on his right—a mile and a quarter to Devil's Curve. The hand on the brake valve trembled.

Old Bill leaned far out into the night. A flash of lightning brighter, bigger than the rest seemed to rise out of the north. The whole sky burst into flame. Every tree, every snag on the hillside above was nodding, beckoning. Even the towering limestone cliffs seemed reeling with the crash of the thunder which followed.

Old Bill sprang to his feet, uttered one frightened cry, stood trembling, choking. His left hand gripped the brake valve as in a vise.

Snakey writhed down into the deck and up again. As the heavy string of Pullmans twisted down the grade, he stood gripping the window sill, ready to leap headlong from the speeding train.

The hand which clutched the brake valve twitched and jerked. With what remaining will he had, Old Bill Reardon sought to stay it, then to remove it. But it was as if another hand had closed around it. The brake valve moved one tiny bit, then fairly leaped around. Air whirred and hissed. A hundred wheels sloughed fire, and on the Devil's Curve at 1:23 Second No. 6 ground to a stop. Lights played along the ground beside her. Voices called. A lantern swung toward the engine.

Off to the left a cone of light played through the trees. It crept nearer, as No. 5 dragged up the hill. It swung in sight around the curve. With a cry of terror, Snakey hurled himself from the cab window.

There was another grinding of brakes, another sloughing of fire, and No. 5 stopped, her headlight glaring into the windows of 1323. Voices raised in angry argument between the pilots.

"What in hell you fellers doin' out here?" stormed Conductor Hull of Second No. 6. "I got a meet with you at Rome."

"An' I want to know what the hell you fellers doin' out here," came back the engineer of No. 5. "I got a meet with you at Freeland."

The two men compared orders, then stared about them

"What stopped you fellers out here?" finally asked the engineer, scratching his head.

"Why—why, really, Hawkins, I don't know," returned the conductor. "I was just comin' over to the engine to find out when you fellows showed up."

"Who's the guy pullin' your drag to-night?"

"Old Bill Reardon."

He whistled. There was a quick movement at his elbow, and a startled voice stammered: "Where—where is dad?"

"Why, I don't know, kid," replied the conductor, flashing the lantern into young Bill Reardon's anxious face. "Come to think of it, I ain't seen him since we stopped."

Snakey Thompson, wiping blood from a dozen scratches he had incurred in jumping, came up from outside the right-of-way, and the four men hurried to the cab of 1323.

Old Bill Reardon sat, both hands closed tightly over the brake valve, as if he were asleep. The conductor shook him.

Finally Bill found his voice.

"Why—why, ain't I dead?"

"Dead! Hell, no, you ain't dead, you old spook chaser! But you would 'ave been, an' so would a lot more of us, if you hadn't been so all fired sure you was goin' to be."

The next day's *Republican* carried a little news item which began as follows:

WRECK MIRACULOUSLY AVERTED

What seems almost a miracle occurred last night when William Reardon, of Neyberg, engineer on Second No. 6, in the act of fainting in his cab twisted his brake lever, thereby bringing his train to a stop in time to avert a head-on collision with No. 5.

Peace flooded Old Bill's soul. The Irish *banshee* had not found its way to the New World, after all!

THE END

C. P. R. SHATTERS WORLD'S RECORDS

WORLD'S records for passenger locomotive traffic were shattered recently by a Canadian Pacific engine, hauling the crack transcontinental "Dominion" train from Fort William, Ontario, to Calgary, Alberta—nine divisions without a change. Engine No. 2808, latest of the H-1 type introduced by the C. P. R., met all the requirements of the time-table in its 1,252-mile dash from the Great Lakes to the foothills of the Rockies. Ordinarily, engines would be changed at each of the nine divisional points on the C. P. R. main line across Canada's prairie granary.

But 2808 wasn't satisfied. A day after the shining new monarch reached Calgary it was back in service, headed for the lakes, and pulled into Fort William thirty-eight hours later. It had pounded the rail for 2,500 miles in scarcely more than three days.

In setting a new record, 2808 left Fort William at 8.20 P.M. on a Thursday and reached Calgary at 7 A.M. Saturday. One hour is gained by the change from Central to Mountain time at Broadview, Saskatchewan. Returning, the engine pulled the Dominion out of the Alberta city 2.50 P.M. Sunday and tied up at the lakehead city at 5.35 A.M. the following Tuesday morning.

The Canadian Pacific now has several engines of the H-1 class in service and others are being built. Those under construction are being equipped with roller-bearing journal boxes and it is expected that this feature will further speed operations on long runs.—*J. A. M. Cook*

The Apparition Resembled a Man, but There the Resemblance Ended

Hen Feathers

It Wasn't a Lynching and It Wasn't a Hallowe'en Party, but It Looked Like Both

By Charles Anthony Roach

Illustrated by F. J. Maloney

"SPEAKIN' uv hoggers," chuckled "Slivers" O'Dell, the field man, warming his coffee on top of the heater in a tomato can, "I shore feel sorry fer 'em."

"Huh!" grunted "Big Ed," the engine handler, eying Slivers in surprise as he chewed a tough piece of cold steak from his lunch basket. "What's the sudden notion uv yu discoverin' somethin' about a hogger?"

"Well," went on Slivers, "I jest found out why there's always a conductor with a train."

"Conductor? Thought yu was talkin' about hoggers?"

"Wuz." *Clank, clank* went the poker. Slivers was stirring the fire to rush the heating of his coffee.

"Well, why throw the switch an' head in on a con?"

"'Cause yu can't do anythin' with a hogger less'n yu got a con with 'im, can ya?" queried the field man, easing up on the stove long enough to look Big Ed over.

"Dunno 'bout that. Why?"

"Well, yu see, a hogger ain't responsible, he ain't dependable; 'cause

ef he wuz, he could pull a train 'thout havin' a con 'long to direct things. Git me?"

"Well, I never figured it that close, o' course, but maybe yu're right. What caused yu t' speak about it?"

Slivers sat down with a satisfied sigh, having at last got the coffee warm.

"A hogger always keeps his eye on the rails, 'cause ef he didn't see 'em he'd be lost. He can't think straight less'n he sees the rails, so he's got to have a guy to do the thinkin'; that guy's the con. Ain't I right?" The field man looked over at Big Ed.

"Maybe," agreed Big Ed, cutting a sandwich complacently in half with his food-choppers at one bite.

"Yep, a hogger is a useless feller less'n he's watched. A train would never git over the road at all ef it wuzn't fer the con, 'cause that hogger would be down hammerin', twistin' an' pokin' dope in boxes or oilin' round till the dispatcher went blooey. So with a guide like a con who can yell at 'im an' make 'im put the old monkey wrench in his seat box fer a while, the train gets over the pike!"

"That's 'bout right." Big Ed turned up a bottle of cold coffee and let it gurgle down his throat as though there were a leaky valve somewhere inside.

"Shore it's right," Slivers explained sagely. "They even got a mark fer 'im to stop at when the tal'r wants coal or water, an' it's the tal'r what tells 'im the water's low or the coal is only good fer so many miles. He's a bug-eyed fool settin' up there without help."

"Hell's Bells!" Slivers Yelled. "No Brake! No Brake!"

"Maybe so, maybe so," Big Ed mumbled, slipping the other half of the sandwich into his maw without blinking.

"Shore it's right, listen here. Take old Hank, our reg'lar hogger; he knows how long every track is in this damned yard; still, ef he's backin' in—say on number one, with ten cars—

what would he do ef you didn't give 'im a stop sign? He'd jest keep 'er shovin' along till the whole damned caboodle went over the switch down to the south end of the yard, wouldn't he? A hogger is a wise bird, all right. Holy gee! It makes me laugh," chuckled Slivers.

II

"HAW, haw, haw!" roared through the switch shanty from the doorway. Big Ed and Slivers, turning as one, saw "Hank," the hogger, who had been listening.

"A hogger is a wise bird, eh?" Hank boomed. "Well, yu shore said it, Slivers. Yu couldn't even get the slack to pull a pin without a hogger; yu couldn't switch cars; yu couldn't even make a livin', fer yu ain't got sense enough to do anything else but follow a hogger round—"

The foreman, "Baldy" Meacham, interrupted explosively:

"For Pete's sake, what's eatin' you gang? Git out o' here; we gotta highball to make up. Ed, pick that crummy up off the icehouse track if them car whackers has got it repaired. Throw it down number four. An', Slivers, yu ride it way down, fer we got a long drag ready fer that highball."

For the next half hour the air was scintillating with lantern flashes, signals to do this and signals to do that. Then something happened!

Big Ed had picked up a car of glucose. It was in the way of his hold cars, so he gave it a kick down the warehouse track where the day men could get it handy and place it for delivery. Glucose is heavy, something like molasses or oil, and it was in a tank car.

Ed yelled at Slivers to ride it well down out of the way, for there might be another car found during the night to be shifted in the clear. Slivers caught it on the fly, grabbed the brake staff, and began twisting to take up the slack of the chain—but there was no slack!

The chain had been broken; the car was gaining headway rapidly, for it was down grade into the warehouse track.

"Hell's bells!" Slivers yelled from the speeding car. "No brake! No brake! The chain is gone! Hold everything!"

He stood at his post daringly, undecided what to do first—or last!

"Hold 'er, Slivers!" yelled Baldy, as though sticking on the car would stop it. He sped along with a piece of plank in his hand, intent on chocking the runaway.

Big Ed dropped off the footboard and ran to the switch, giving a "washout" signal to the hogger. Then he lined the switch up quickly as he swung a back-up signal to Hank, intending to chase the car with the engine, and hoping to overtake it before it struck anything down in the warehouse track.

Hank pulled the throttle wide open. Sparks shot skyward as the old coffeepot slipped the drivers in its eagerness to answer the call of haste.

Baldy was cursing; Big Ed was determinedly set with a mind to do or die, while Slivers was sailing swiftly onward into the deep, gloomy darkness of a silent old warehouse, his voice calling back like a fog horn, "Come an' git it ef yu can!" He knew what Big Ed was attempting.

Suddenly the car of glucose struck the cars down on the warehouse track with a thud that woke up the general yardmaster four miles away.

It sounded like two elephants wrestling inside of a tin building, one hav-

ing tripped the other with a trick spin which burst out the side of the said building, allowing the roof to cave in with a prolonged roar of falling ruin.

Dust and fog from the smashing boom of cars and engine made contact with the glucose and those other innocent, helpless cars standing down in there bothering nobody. But, it being dark, the dust was unobserved, although something else was observed, and quite impressively, too, just after the explosion occurred.

III

HANK, the hogger, opened his eyes five minutes later and found himself sitting in a frog pond near the track, his head slightly above the water line. Not being inclined to take a bath at that hour of night, with clothes all on, he swore:

"The damned fool! A-givin' me signals to back up, an' I didn't have sense enough to know he was crazy, an' follered 'im right into the mess!"

Hank rose stiffly, groaning and feeling over his bedabbled person for bruises as he stumbled through the dark toward where he almost knew his old coffeepot stood buried in the mass of wreckage. Hearing groans off to one side, he called:

"Hurt, boy?"

"Hell, yes; all over," came the reply; "an' wet, too."

There was a sound resembling a hog wallowing in a mud hole as the owner of the voice crawled out to stand with Hank. They were both so forlorn-looking that neither knew the other, and introductions were in order.

"I'm Hank," said one of the drowned rats.

"An' I'm Big Ed," the other replied, spitting water and mud like a spouting whale.

At that moment Baldy arrived on the run, and, having his lantern, threw a little light on the subject matter as he asked:

"Anybody hurt?"

Then Baldy had to be introduced the same as the others; it was rather odd, too, not knowing his own workmen.

"Well, men, we gotta dig Slivers out of the wreck," he stated hurriedly.

As the trio proceeded toward the glucose car where Slivers was supposed to be, they met something that caused them to stop and stare with popping eyes.

The apparition resembled a man, but there the resemblance ended. It was black and white, fuzzy and bedraggled, and stringy, with little wisps of things fluttering in the night breeze.

Baldy recovered sufficiently to ask, in an awed voice: "Say, what—or—that is, who are you?"

A blubbering, blowing sound came from the apparition's mouth, but no recognizable tone of voice.

Hank looked at Baldy, who looked at Big Ed. The others stared in turn, 'round and 'round, with no understanding as to what was what.

"It's Slivers, shore," Big Ed finally announced as he craned his neck close to the thing.

"Damned if it ain't!" agreed Hank.

"Let's clean off its face," suggested Baldy. "Maybe it can talk."

So the three led the strange creature to the water, and after a great splashing and spluttering, Slivers was clean enough to be regarded as a human being once more, and his companions discovered that the little black and white things were feathers.

Instead of answering their questions, his first words were:

"Gosh danged such a damned sticky mess! I'll never ride another car of

thet danged molasses ef I live a thousand years."

He snorted, getting his mouth open and in good working order again.

"I'm shore glad yu ain't killed," said Baldy, holding his lantern close to observe the coat of feathers.

Hank Tooted Like a Rooster Crowing

The tal'rpot came walking in on the scene at this moment, with nothing on but his underwear, and mighty little of that where it was needed most. He was cursing and bleeding. Angry at the world and everything in it.

"What the 'ell happened to yu?" asked Baldy in surprise.

"Aw, I jumped out the cab window jest 'fore they struck," he said in disgust, "an' I got tangled up in a damned wire fence.'

The fence stripped him clean, and he was cut in several places, but not seriously. Slivers began to eject, between curses, the sticky glucose out of his nose and eyes, mouth and throat, while Baldy and Hank went to size up the damage.

The glucose car had struck a car of poultry, standing first out, which had been loaded the day before for shipment east, but it would never go now. Slivers had ridden the glucose right into the poultry before he had had time to jump.

The slaughter of chickens and crash of the glucose car—which had burst open in the collision, spraying Slivers with its sticky mess as he was rolled and shoved through the poultry—was the cause of his predicament.

Nobody was hurt, Baldy reported, but two cars were smashed. Cause, no chain on brake staff. Carwhackers to blame. Bad inspection!

IV

Into the yard office marched the night crew in masquerade attire, Baldy being the only one recognizable. The yardmaster nearly rolled off his chair, laughing, while the call boy screamed with glee and the operator refused to let any of them sit down on a chair.

Baldy ordered a new crew, deciding to turn this one in for cleaning and repairs, but Kelly, the night yardmaster, objected, saying:

"You can't do that. It's three o'clock now; I couldn't get another crew here before daylight, so just stick. We got to get that highball out without fail. I'll send the call boy to the roundhouse for a road engine to finish out the night and Hank can use it as a switcher. Your men are all able to work—just messed up a little—so be good scouts and stick it out."

"Okay with me," agreed Hank, wiping his head with a piece of waste.

"Me, too," said Slivers. "I'm stuck on this job anyhow."

Everybody laughed at that.

"'Sall right wid me," chimed in Big Ed and the tallow together.

So there they waited until the hostler steamed up with a road engine, and the Hallowe'eners swarmed ou_ to take possession. Once aboard Hank tooted like a rooster crowing, and Slivers, still wearing his feathered coat, responded by shaking a fist at him and cursing volubly.

"Say," yelled Baldy, "will yu two damned fools keep yore air traps closed until we get this highball made up, or will I have to cripple one of you?"

He handed Slivers a lantern to replace the one he'd smashed in the chicken car; Big Ed had found himself another one in his locker, so with a "Wabash" signal the engine handler stepped on the pilot ready to start hitting the ball.

The following morning brought out the new handles which stuck like a porous plaster to a weak back. Baldy's sobriquet remained the same, but Slivers was known as "Hen Feathers," Hank as "Mud-hog," Ed as "Big Muddy," and the tallow pot as "September Morn."

A TWO-MAN RAILROAD

PERHAPS the most exclusive—yet with the largest list of unusual accommodations credited to it—is the two-man railroad known as the Kansas & Oklahoma line.

This road is manned entirely by J. L. Hodges and D. W. Platz. Hodges is the engineer and Platz is the remainder of the crew. This road does not operate a regular train. It runs when business necessitates, and then only on call. Platz, acting as general manager, agent at all of the stations along the line, conductor, fireman, section foreman and road master, keeps the business of the road running well. And the road has a reputation which is unique. Last year it picked up and delivered to the Rock Island, forty carloads of wheat for every mile of right of way it owns. There are fifteen miles of the road and 600 carloads of wheat were received by this two-man road in the year 1929.

Recently several carloads of tourists saw the train approaching a grade crossing. The cars stopped to allow the train to pass, but imagine their surprise to see the train stop, the fireman jump from the cab, open a barbed wire gate and highball the hogger across the road.

When some one is seen walking along the railroad the train stops and the pedestrian is invited to ride. When the Hodges-Platz combination become thirsty, they stop at a farmhouse and drink their fill at a well.

Engineer Hodges has led a very interesting life. He spent thirty five years of service on the Rock Island and, six years ago, at the age of seventy, he was pensioned. In 1877, Hodges made his first trip to Kansas, and soon settled in Pratt, where he now lives. He enjoys this work as engineer.

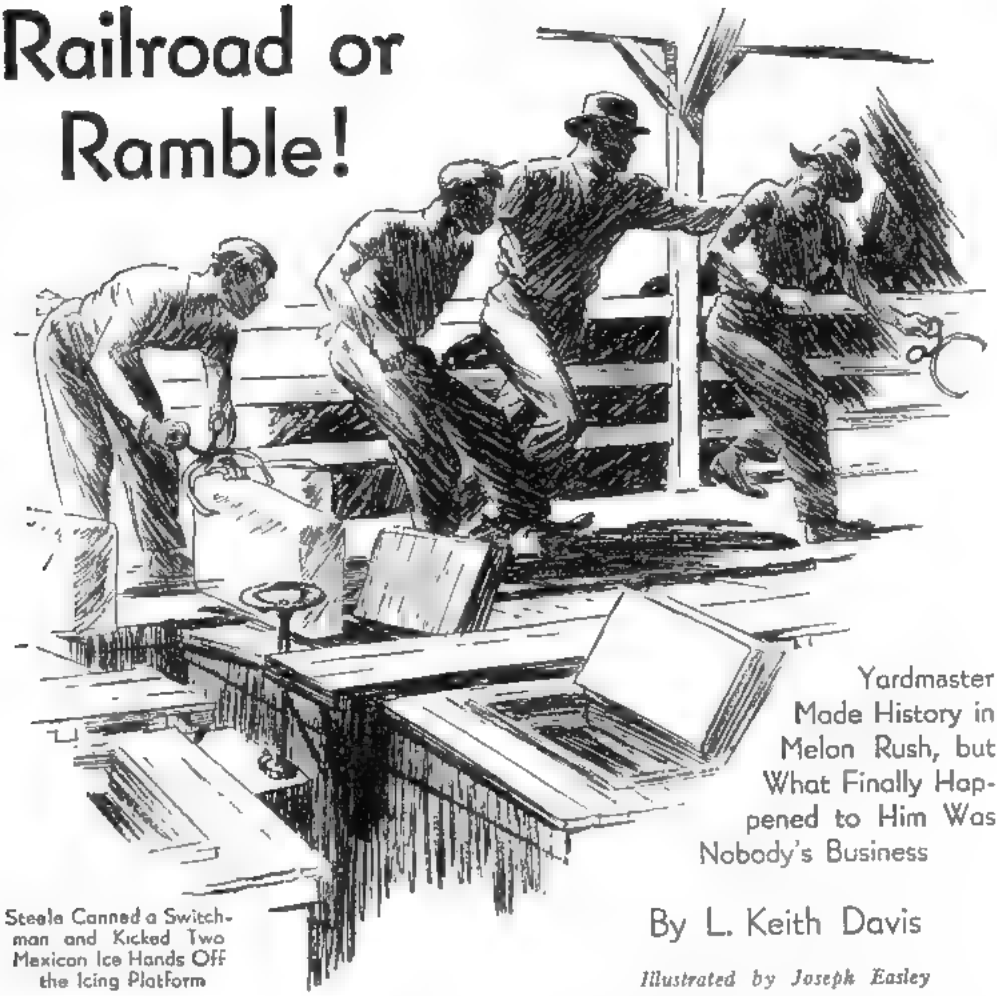
The Kansas & Oklahoma line was first intended to run from Forgan, Oklahoma, to Trinidad, Colorado, but financial troubles developed and the steel trail ended some seventeen miles northwest of Liberal. It was built by O. P. Byers, veteran railroad builder, of Hutchinson, Kansas. Undaunted, Byers started service on the road and has kept the farmers and stockmen along this line supplied with cars, building material, coal and provisions.

Nearly 2,000 carloads of material were delivered and received by the road during 1929. The road traverses through a fertile valley where wheat, kaffir, cane, and broom corn grow in abundance.

Mr. Byers, president of this road, has named the different locomotives on these two roads, the Wichita & Northwestern and the Kansas & Oklahoma, after relatives. Engine No. 1 on the Kansas & Oklahoma is named after Mrs. Byers's mother, Mrs. M. E. Mathews, and the name appears in neat letters on the side of the engine cab.

Mr. Hodges, the veteran engineer, tells of an amusing but interesting story that occurred last summer. A sparrow built its nest on the coal car of the engine during one of its intervals of staying in the city. When the train went out the mother bird rode serenely upon her nest of eggs. Soon the five birds were hatched, but now the story was different. The mother bird was out early each morning obtaining food for her birds. When the train left the mother bird stayed at home, but when the train returned in the evening she had a pile of grubworms, angleworms and other insects piled up near the tracks, and in this manner gave her traveling family a good supper each evening. This program was carried on by the mother bird until her offspring were old enough to fly.

Railroad or Ramble!



Steele Canned a Switchman and Kicked Two Mexicon Ice Hands Off the Icing Platform

Yardmaster Made History in Melon Rush, but What Finally Happened to Him Was Nobody's Business

By L. Keith Davis

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

IT'S one of these February nights when the fans are buzzing in the Yucca yard office that "Chass" Bentley finally pries "Old Man" O'Doud loose from the lowdown on "Cold" Steele.

Bentley is second-trick yardmaster now. He was one of the yard crew when Steele hung up his record during the "punkin" rush some years back. It had leaked out that O'Doud knew the cause of Steele's disappearance. Bentley had tried everything short of physical torture to make the old night yard clerk come through with the story.

Now, while we're waiting for a west manifest that's got an awful stab up the line, Bentley begins to ridicule Cold Steele and his ability. He carried it so far that old man O'Doud finally busts loose. This is what he hands us:

II

I WAS trainmaster's clerk at the time—probably the first man in the yard to set eyes on Steele. He signed his name "C. Steele," and it wasn't a week till everybody was calling him Cold Steele.

I can see him now, as he stood there waiting for "Jimmy" Deal. Straight as that semaphore and just as stiff. Cold, tough and efficient—he struck you like that; a railroad man from the bottom of his square-toed shoes to the top of his black crusher hat. He was medium tall, somewhat heavy, but square—square and hard.

A little gray showed at the temples of his closely-cropped head; his slate-gray eyes were icy and expressionless. The real article in a railroad shop, yet here he was asking Jimmy Deal for a job.

Jimmy wasn't much of a railroad man, but he did have a good hunch now and then. He sized up this stone-faced gent for a minute and decided that here was the right man in the right place at the right time. The punkin rush was just beginning. The yard was jammed with melons every night, and the third-trick man had blown up the night before and gone on a *tequila* drunk.

"So you think you're a yardmaster," Jimmy began. "Do you have any idea what this Yucca yard is like when we're getting melon trains of from eighty to a hundred cars, every hour from midnight to 8 A.M., which have to be cut down to sixty-eight-car trains and moved promptly?"

Steele answered the T. M. with this one: "How soon is 'promptly'?"

"Well, it doesn't mean an hour by any stretch of your imagination," the trainmaster snapped. "Leave your application with the clerk and report to the G. Y. M. for duty to-night. He'll instruct you as to special handling these melon trains must have through this yard."

Steele passed out without a word. The T. M. immediately called the yard office and got the G. Y. M. on the phone. I listened in, there in the outer room.

"I've got a man for you, Bill—for that third-trick job," the trainmaster told him. "He's hard-boiled and tough, and I want you to give him the works. Tell him thirty minutes is the limit for any melon train in this yard on his trick."

Bill Delaney roared like a mad elephant. "Thirty minutes, hell! Why, they can't much more than ice 'em in that time. Give the man a chance, Jimmy. I don't know what this bird is like, but unless he's loaded down with horseshoes, he'll never keep up that schedule."

"Why not?" Jimmy argued. "You put melon 39 through the yard in twenty-six minutes yesterday."

"Sure, we did," the G. Y. M. agreed. "We had everything in our favor—a double icing crew, no varnished cars or empty refer drags to block us, no hot ones to cut out—"

"Wait a minute," the trainmaster broke in. "You could sit there all day giving me alibis. I want this to go as it lays. Thirty minutes—and if there's any alibis they'd better be damned good."

Bill Delaney snorted and swore heartily. He cussed the laws of both States that border here. One which allows hundred-car trains while the other forbids more than sixty-eight. And when he hung up the receiver he probably cussed most of all the management of the S. W. & P. for sending out from that school in Frisco these silk-socked office boys for trainmasters.

He liked Jimmy Deal, and couldn't deny that new methods which the new trainmaster had inaugurated were making for greater efficiency on this end of the division. But Delaney was

of the old school; if a man wasn't a rail through and through, he just didn't click.

The old yard office, which stood down there at the lower end, just above the caboose shed, was one large room that housed the entire yard-office force, including the telegraph office. It was a hot, noisy, busy place. As luck would have it, I had to double that night for "Mike" Branson on the line desk, so I got a chance to size up the new man when he took the reins.

The thermometer over the yardmaster's desk was flirting with a hundred when Steele took the turn over at midnight. In spite of the dozen fans in the office, everybody looked limp and sticky — that is, everybody except Steele. He was wearing the usual dark blue shirt with a starched collar and a little black tie. And he looked cool, too, as cool as a crate of cucumbers just off the ice.

It was nothing short of marvelous the way that hombre could grasp the situation in a turnover. And another thing: he'd stand behind the "op's" chair when the 2 A.M. line-up came in and read it over the op's shoulder. He'd never need to refer to it again after that. And you'd never catch him wearing out the leaves in the consist book, either.

That night when he came on duty the first melon train was called for one thirty, into town. The op felt the chill of Steele first. He'd been here six months and felt like an old-timer.

"A'right, Y. M., let's hear a chirp outa ya'. When do the cantaloupes dee-part?" the op sings out.

Steele walked over to the op's table, sets his lamp down on a neat stack of manifolds, leans over the op and asks, very quietlike: "When do they arrive?"

"One thirty, right on the advertised," the op comes back.

"Then if you're not too dumb to add simple figures, you'll know we're making the call 2 A.M.," Steele informs him. "Instructions say thirty minutes in the yard. You won't need any rapid calculator to figure it out. Just find out when they're getting in, and you'll know when they'll be leaving."

There was a nasty ring to Steele's words, but that op was a nervy little squirt. He blinked his eyes a couple of times and yelled to "Jumpy" Gonzales, the caller.

"Shut off the fans—quick, Jumpy. We'll all catch pneumonia from that icy blast."

Steele stood there for a moment with his lamp in the crook of his arm, looking at us like we were a bunch of totem poles or something.

"Listen," he says, freezing harder every second. "I want all you home guards and railroad tramps to get this straight. As long as I'm running this yard, we all railroad—right up to the handle. No buck passing and no alibis. *Railroad or ramble,* savvy?"

When he dealt that off he dealt himself a lot of misery. Some of the old birds had been here so long that the whole Harriman family couldn't have had them canned, while on the other hand there's boomers working here who'd quit a job so sudden and at such inconvenient times that it'd jam the works for hours at a stretch.

III

WELL, that first night went off very nicely. Steele canned only one switchman and kicked two Mexican ice hands off the icing platform, but he moved his melons on schedule.

The second night was enlivened by a telegraphic battle between Steele and

Steele Took the Opportunity to Curse Poor Cal Silently

the Mountain Division chief dispatcher. The Coast Division had given us a bum figure on a melon train, the eighty cars snaking across the bridge twenty minutes ahead of the figure. Steele got the ice men on it quickly and the melons were ready to go a full half hour ahead of the call. Then Steele learns that the dispatcher had a west manifest coming to Yucca for the melons, and Steele has another melon waiting for a track on the icing platform.

Sa-ay, how that man could cuss! He cussed all dispatchers and their relations back to the third and fourth generation. The eastbound Sunset Special was just ready to leave. The melons should depart on his block—and they did. Cold Steele put a flag on the special and stung that shot an even hour. And then the fireworks started over the wires. That smart op was using an old pair of gloves to handle these telegrams

"Hot? Say, bo, they're sizzling!" the op tells us.

By the time Steele had been with us a week, the trainmaster was hiring switchmen all over the country, by wire, by letter and by guess. But Jimmy Deal didn't mind that. His morning reports on melon train movements were making history on this old

pike, and, incidentally, they were creating a lot of trouble for other division and icing points.

Old Bill Delaney was worried. He'd heard a lot about the way Steele railroaded that night crew, and he didn't blame a lot of them for rambling. Got so bad that the regular crew of ice men vamosed one night with a melon train pulling up to the ice platform. Steele immediately drafted the whole yard crew, car men and all the office force except the op, to ice that train.

Then came the night of the Elks' specials. There's a big convention on in L. A., and it seemed like every man that ever saw an elk tooth was going to the Coast. We had nine specials on the line-up that night, and it was right at the peak of the melon movement, too. When Steele came in that night, I noticed for the first time that he belonged. But when he saw that line-up he cussed every fraternal order from the knights of the Round Table to the W. C. T. U. And if that wasn't misery enough for the man, here comes a yelp from the op:

"Cast your hailstones on this, Cold Chisel," he sang out, jerking a long wire out of his mill. "The Santa Fe's done lost a mile of their main line in some little dry creek and they're detouring us only seven of them Elk specials. Whoopee, won't we have fun?"

Cold Steele perused the wire, looking colder every second. We looked for an ice-break, or something, but it didn't come. He just stayed froze. He glanced at the official timepiece on the wall and then barked at the call boy.

"Go call McManus, and tell that blank blanked old doddering relic to get some more car men on the job. I'm going to use every regular car man on melon trains, and if that master carbuilder don't scare up a crew to ice and water the Elks, they'll be a dry bunch when they hit the Pacific Ocean."

Then he turned to Dink Dudley, engine foreman. "Dudley, pull all those private cars and whatnot off that old coach track behind the trainmaster's office and shove 'em down that rock quarry spur. We've got to find room for that flock of specials without interfering with melon trains."

"There ain't no water down there," Dudley argues. "And it's so dark down there the super can't see how to wake up in the mornin'."

"I don't give a blankety blank blank if he never wakes up," Steele replied, savagely. "We're not running a summer resort. We're trying to do a job of railroading with the most misbegotten blanked blank bunch of misfits that ever padded a pay roll."

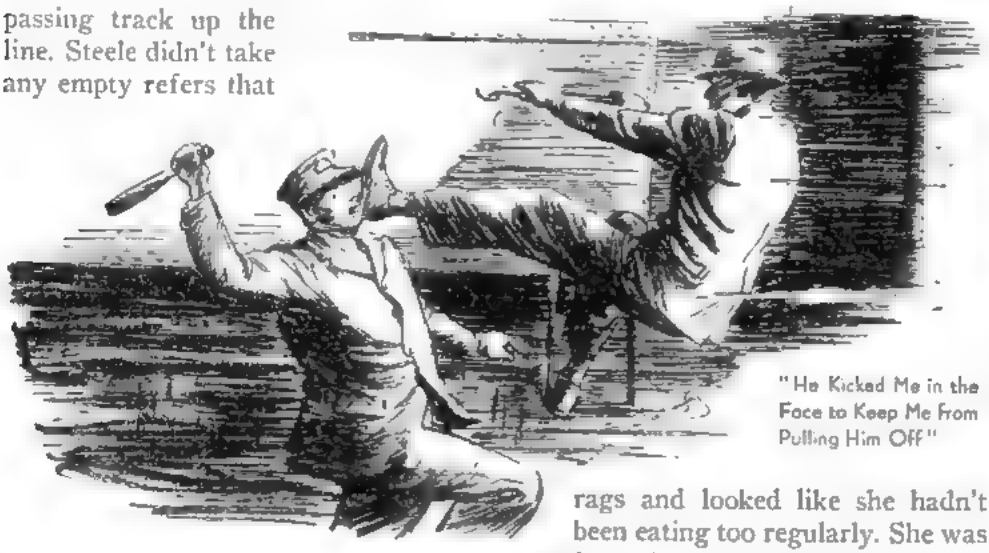
IV

Well, sir, that night was a terror. It was a thousand in the shade, more or less, when the first melon train drags in with two boxes blazing, twenty cars back and about that distance apart. They couldn't run 'em, so you can figure what that meant. This was the first melon train that had used more than thirty minutes in the yard since Steele came on the job, and the way that hard-boiled hombre rode everybody in Yucca that night was no pleasant thing to hear.

Of course, the dispatchers were having their troubles, with open telegraph offices twenty to thirty miles apart. There were telephone booths at every siding, but those old main line crews considered these booths only as places to get in out of the rain, so they're not used a whole lot.

Westbound refer drags were almost

as thick as the Pullmans that night, which didn't help matters any. Special instructions were in effect during the melon season giving the yardmaster authority to say when he could take the empty drags, or whether they should be stored in some passing track up the line. Steele didn't take any empty refers that night. We learned afterward that there were only two clear passing tracks in forty miles coming into Yucca. Bill Hunter says there's still a lot of sawdust around those two sidings.



"He Kicked Me in the Face to Keep Me From Pulling Him Off"

Along about three bells the Pullmans began to roll in. Steele was doing his stuff with the melons while Jimmy Deal himself was down there helping ice and water the Elks. Of course, somebody was getting stabbed, with all that flock of trains on a single track. But the situation wasn't at all bad when Steele started back to the caboose of the last melon train to see what was holding up the highball.

About halfway back, passing a zulu that had arrived in an east drag earlier in the night, he heard a baby crying. He stopped and listened, trying to locate the sound. Francisco, the Indian car hand, tells us this part of it. Steele goes up to the open door of the box car and demands to know what the hell is going on.

A thin, sickly-looking woman comes to the door, holding the crying baby in her arms. She's dressed in some old rags and looked like she hadn't been eating too regularly. She was scared too bad to say anything for a moment. Seems that she's wise to the rules that a man can't take the whole family, along with the cows and chickens, in a zulu, but her man was sick—too sick to get up from the dirty blanket spread on some dusty hay on the car floor.

"Mister, don't tell any of them railroad officers," she began in a weak, trembling voice. "We've been stopped here in this terrible heat so long, I just couldn't keep the children quiet. Cal's been pretty poorly ever since we went to Californy, an' this awful heat here has got him into a fever."

Cold Steele blinked his eyes a time or two, jumped up into the car and looked around. Besides the man, there were two other children, little more than babies themselves, lying on the dusty hay. Their tiny face were drawn and very thin. One had cried him-

self to sleep, despite the heat and stuffiness of the car. The other, a pretty little fair-haired girl, was crying softly.

"How long since you had anything to eat?" Steele asked, roughly.

"Well, we had a bite before we started from Orangeville yesterday," the woman replied. "We brought along a few sandwiches, which we had for supper last night. We 'lowed we'd be in El Paso by noon to-day. Cal's brother has a little ranch near there, an' we're goin' to rent it. We had us a nice little farm back in eastern Texas, but Cal wanted to raise oranges an' live where it's springtime all the year; where the flowers always bloom, an' the orange trees make a livin' for you while you sprawl in a hammock. That's the way poor Cal had it figured out."

The little woman stopped to quiet the baby for a moment. Steele took the opportunity to curse poor Cal silently, then the woman went on in that sad, listless voice:

"We sold our little farm last fall an' put every cent we had in a very small patch of oranges out here. This season was 'most a complete failure. We couldn't pay the next installment on the place, an' had to give it up. Cal tried working around, but he couldn't get enough to do to keep our rent paid. Then we got this chance to go to his brother. We'll be all right when we get there — but we've got just a few dimes left to feed us on the way."

Steele blew his nose vigorously and coughed. Steele, the railroading fool, apparently had forgotten all about the melon train.

"Well, ma'am, you've sure had some tough luck. I'll run across the street and get the babies a bottle of cold milk, and I'll see if I can't get your car on the next train," he said, in a voice that Francisco declared you'd never recognize as Cold Steele's.

There was a telephone in a car shanty at the north side of the yards. Steele didn't stop at the locked door. He just kicked the door off its hinges and called up the top end.

"Hallo, top end—that you, Maxwell? This is Steele. Don't let this melon train out till you hear from me again. I gotta car of rush California produce to stick on him."

In a few minutes Steele came hurrying across the dark street with a large market basket on his arm. Besides a dozen bottles of cold milk, there was a pound or two of butter, half dozen loaves of bread, cans and jars of stuff, grapes and apples in paper sacks. He threw the stuff in the car door, telling the surprised woman to keep out of sight. Then he beat it for the yard office.

Mike Branson was off sick again that night and I was doubling for him. I was just snapping a rubber band around the melon train waybills when Steele comes over to my desk with a telegram.

"Stick this on the waybill for GH 34483, zulu for El Paso. We're giving it to this melon train." And right then, let me add, there was as near a smile as I ever expected to see on Cold Steele's face.

You could have pushed me over with a feather. Here was old "railroad or ramble" slipping me a phony telegram. I'd seen him typing that telegram himself, with two big clumsy fingers. And he didn't forget to make a carbon copy for our yard file. Protecting us, you see.

The wire, worded as proper as any that ever came out of the superintendent's office, says in effect, that all con-

cerned shall see no failure to give the GH car special handling to expedite movement, forwarding on melon train if necessary to avoid delay. With that telegram sticking on the waybill, the zulu would make passenger train time all the way to El Paso.

Steele rushed out to help cut in the zulu, and when the melons finally got under way they were just thirty minutes late on the call. The dispatcher kept that op busy for the next ten minutes trying to get something out of him about the delay to the melons, but still Steele didn't show up. While waiting for him to put in an appearance, we discussed the possible cause for his queer actions and the consequent delay to the melons—though I didn't say a word about the telegram.

"I'd say he was going the *tequila* route," opined the op, "but you can smell that stuff a train length on a night like this. He hasn't been drinking. Maybe the heat's got him."

Then Preston, the yard bull, came in. The left side of his face was bloody, and there's a bad cut across his cheek bone.

"Where's Steele?" he inquired.

Nobody knew. Then Preston proceeded to give us what later proved to be our only clew as to the manner of Steele's going.

"Somebody hid out there in the coach shed to make the blinds on that last special. He made it, too, though I gave him one good rap with my club when he kicked me in the face to keep me from pulling him off. It was dark where he got on, but when they passed a light shining between some cars, I'd have sworn that the man was Steele."

Preston filed a telegram to the next officer west to look out for the hobo on the special, and went out.

V

CHASS BENTLEY picked up his lamp and waited impatiently for O'Doud to finish. The manifest was just blowing for town. The old night yard clerk struck a match and rekindled the fire in his dead pipe, pulling on it thoughtfully for a moment before he spoke.

"That's all," he said. "We never heard from him again. The op burned that telegram that Preston left. Steele knew, of course, that he flagrantly violated railroad rules when he failed to report the extra passengers in the zulu, as he did in forging the telegram; so there was only one thing left for him to do—and he rambled!"

HEARD ALONG THE PIKE

A German band was returning by train from a rather hilarious picnic. As the conductor came through, collecting tickets, a fussy pot-bellied musician was unable to locate the one he had purchased just before boarding the train. After he had fumbled around for a considerable time, the conductor said impatiently:

"Come, come, look again. You couldn't lose a ticket."

Thereupon the German exploded. "Couldn't lose a ticket? Cheese and crackers, man, I loose mein bass drum already yet."

CONDUCTOR (Hurrying up to engine with orders) —"Let's go I'm ready"

ENGINEER (Filling grease cup on a hot pin)—"Is that so? What have *you* got to get ready?"

A local was crowded and behind schedule The conductor was busily collecting tickets before the next stop A lady resident of a town where both daylight saving and standard time were used, inquired demurely:

"How late is this train?"

Upon being informed "One hour," she asked: "Is that fast or slow time?"

The Student Op

True Story of a Boomer Who Learned a Great Lesson From a Ham in the Flash of a Brain Slip

By Will Henderson

Illustrated by Harry C. Temple

IN those busy days of single track railroading in the Middle West, some few years prior to the entry of the United States into the big fight over the pond, I figured I was pretty darn good in my line. I'd graduated as an operator in a tank town in Kansas, and had boomed for two years, then. I had an idea, like a great many young squirts, that, at the end of the first twenty-four months, I was just about as finished as a railroader possibly could be.

I was so good that I liked to show off before students—lads from the farms and the hick centers who hung around the station trying to learn the dots and dashes. Finally, back in 1915, I ran into one who taught me things I have not forgotten to this day.

I blew into an Illinois city to see a chief dispatcher who, upon looking at my service letters, gave me a wire test and sent me to the doctor. I came back all ready for the book of rules, went through that worthy work like a cyclone, and was marked up for extra duty at once. I was sent up and down what was called the Chicago Division, and finally, along about the end of the month, I wound up on a second trick OS job at a town I will call Hazelton where there wasn't even a waitress to flirt with during my off hours.

It was at Hazelton where I first heard of Slim Haskins, the boy wonder, a student who had been taken on by the agent at Leander, a little city seven miles east of me on the main line, and the office I blocked with on that side. That was before the installation of the automatics, you see. We used the manual block system then and while trains were dispatched by telephone and a dummy phone line ran to the station on either side of you for block purposes, I noticed that somebody on the second trick at Leander insisted on blocking on the telegraph line. It was a peculiar Morse hand that this artist had and I got curious one evening and called Leander on the block phone to find out who I was working with.

The regular operator on duty told me it was Slim Haskins, the student assigned to that station, and he spoke some words about what a wonder this kid was. It was my opportunity to show the kid how good I was and thereafter when I heard my call on the telegraph line, I would burn up the brass in my replies. I didn't know whether this Slim was getting the stuff, and I had a suspicion that the regular op was reading it for him because he never broke me.

II

THE smart Alec in my nature got the upper hand and I found a fiendish

"Hy'oh, Op," He Busted Right Out. "My Name's Haskins"

delight in making the Morse smoke whenever I had the chance. I was aching to see this kid face to face and do some showing off where I could actually witness the results.

The opportunity came the first week in October. The regular second trick man at Leander applied for two weeks leave and the chief sent me a message to show up at that station on Sunday afternoon at three for duty. The fellow I was relieving at Hazelton came in Sunday morning so I caught the local eastbound at noon and thirty minutes later I was introducing myself to the day man at Leander. I looked about for sight of the boy wizard, but I suppose he was at Sunday school or home. I mentioned him to the agent to get a rise out of that worthy.

"You got a kid here that thinks he's pretty good," I said.

"And he is good," the agent came back with a funny look in his eye. You know. Just like a proud papa. "He's only eighteen, but when he's served his time here he'll go in regular service and he'll get somewheres. I've seen hams come and go. Hams that called themselves boomers, but they'll have to go a long way to beat Slim Haskins."

"Hams?" I said right away, and I figured the agent was baiting me.

I changed my line of chatter, and got the agent to talking about his find. But he didn't say much after that. Finally I went up the street and found some chow at a greasy spoon. I managed to kill another hour or so, then went back to begin my duties.

"I'll give you the line-up on these wires," the agent said, taking me over to the telegraph table. "They're all about the same layout as you had at

Hazelton except for this key and sounder over here at the side." He pointed to the set. "This here is Slim's private wire. He lives about three miles up the line west of here on a farm, an' he's got this dummy line rigged up to his house so's he can sit in day time when he can't come to the station an' get in a little work with me. He got permission to string it himself on company poles. He might call you up this evenin' after supper an' in case you want him for to come in an' help you if you get too busy, why you call him. 'BX' is his private call. You'll find him pretty handy helpin' out sellin' tickets an' such in the evenin' rush. An' he knows his duties, so you can make use of him all you want."

"Yeh," I said. "Mebbe I will."

The agent made out the transfer and went home. The station was mine for the next eight hours.

About six bells I was getting hungry, and I was also darned busy. For some unknown reason the dispatcher had herded everything on the line right up to my back door and it was developing into a real train order nightmare. Suddenly I realized that I hadn't made any arrangements for board and room and it didn't look much like I was going to get out for an hour to buy groceries.

I was just finishing up another 31 order, and using up the last set of flimsies when the office door opened behind me and I turned to look at a long, lean apple-knocker. The apparition stood about six feet three, and didn't weigh a bit over a hundred and forty. He was dressed up in mail order clothes and his collar lacked an inch of touching his neck all the way around. He wore a cap with a shock of corn-colored hair hanging down above his right eye.

"Hy'ah, op," he busted right out coming over to me with hand out before him. "My name's Haskins. I been workin' with you on the block line when you was at Hazelton. I'm sorta part of the place here."

"Pleased to meetcha," I gasped out while the dispatcher put the bell on me for another mess of orders. "I got a lot—"

"'S all right, mister," the kid blurted. "I'll give you a lift while you catch the train wire. See you used up about all the books. Well, pardner, I'm sorta used to that. You go right ahead I know just what to do an' where everything's at, so—"

I lost the rest of his remarks because I had my ear phones on and the dispatcher was annulling a couple of the orders I had before me which meant a lot more of unnecessary writing. Subconsciously I began putting on airs for the benefit of the student. I finally cleared XI, the message office, and turned to see the student's expression.

"Huhm!" the kid said, looking up at me. "Cleared with XI already?"

"Oh," I began to strut, "I got through it all right." I thought he had noted my expertness.

"Must 'a' been mighty light," the student remarked. "Lighter'n usual, I guess. Usually takes fifteen minutes when they start sendin'."

Another sock in the eye!

Nor did I feel any kindlier toward him when he offered to keep an eye out for me while I beat it up the street for my supper. I was hungry enough to take advantage of his offer and as the next thing due was better than thirty minutes away, I told the dispatcher about the student's presence and the dispatcher told me to beat it.

III

SLIM saw that everything was shipshape for me before he finally took his

leave and lit out for home on his little track velocipede—one of those three-wheeled contraptions that you propel yourself along the rails on. We used oil lamps in the switches in those days on this particular railroad and that was part of Slim's duties — looking after those lamps. That's how he rated the vehicle.

"It's All Right, Op, I'll Take Care of the Lady"

I tried for several succeeding nights to impress this lean, lanky son of the plow and furrow with my importance, my speed and my general efficiency as a boomer, but I got never a tumble.

Once a waitress I had met at the beanery showed up to get the nine o'clock westward local for Hazelton. She came to the ticket window. I started to get up from the table to wait on her.

"It's all right, op," this Slim person piped up. "I'll take care of the lady. I just heard that 68 blowin' below town. I'll take care of the lady while you write up your Form A clearance an' get 'em lined up to get outa town."

Now such as that was hard to take. I could imagine that the waitress was looking at Slim like he was in charge of the works, but what could I say?

The blow that was too much came on the following Saturday night. This waitress usually worked late at the beanery on that particular day, and I was getting all set for a date after I got off at eleven. There was a barn dance about a mile out in the country and I figured I could rent a jitney and take her over there so we could get in on the tail end of the party. I mentioned it to her at supper and it was all right.

About ten I was blowing about my date to Slim when the city telephone rang. It was the third trick man on the line. He said he would be delayed

an hour getting in to work and asked that I protect him. There wasn't much for me to say, but I said something and Slim beat it from the office.

A few minutes later the waitress called me up and said Slim had just told her I was stuck so he had volunteered to bat for me and take her out so she wouldn't miss the dance. I mumbled something about it being o. k. as far as I was concerned but I was a darned liar. I was mad.

Most of the Sunday I spent in figuring out ways and means to frame this apple-knocking kid and get him out of my way. I felt that if he came into the office one more time while I was on duty I would brain him. Not only had I failed to impress him with my importance, but I had been humiliated by him—by a mere student op who would never be anything but a second rate, homeguarding brass pounder.

When I went up in the evening to get my chow the waitress didn't make life any sweeter. She rubbed it in plenty, telling me about the swell time I missed and the great time she had with my "assistant." I had a picture of Slim with that swell looking dame in his big bony arms, and my food soured on my stomach.

IV

THIS particular Sunday night was like all the rest of them. Just when you thought you'd have it light the division had to be turned upside down. I was still trying to dope out a way to wreak vengeance, with a good healthy wreak, when I suddenly became aware that everything wasn't well on the main line.

We had 31 coming west in two sections about ten minutes apart and 32 batting east in one section. No. 32 was superior by direction. Both were hot passenger trains, solid Pullman, with Florida travel from and to Chicago. The dispatcher had put out an order to the two 31's east of me, giving them time on 32. It suddenly developed, however, that 32 was doing better than expected—the whole works was late—so the dispatcher called me to change the dope. He addressed train order No. 188 to No. 32 at Riggs, which was the next station west of Hazelton, and to the two 31's at my station. The order read as follows:

Train order No. 181 is annulled. No. 32 Eng. 499 meet 1st 31 Eng. 481 at Hazelton and 2nd 31 Eng. 494 at Mentone.

Now Mentone was a village three and a half miles west of me between me and Hazelton. It had no night operator. I had to fix up a caution card therefore to hand on to the 2nd 31, so I did this and momentarily forgot about Slim and my rancor. First 31 was right close so when I got the block from Hazelton I pulled my semaphore to clear position, took my hoops with the orders clipped to them and went to the platform. The engine wheeled by, showing green for the following section, picked up one hoop, and in a few seconds the conductor snagged his.

I went back to the telegraph table, reported 1st 31 by to the dispatcher, giving him the time as 10:14. Some yahoo from the back country was pounding on the ticket window with a silver coin so I went over to see what he wanted. He wanted to send a night message and he asked for the rate via Western Union. I looked up his destination, checked the tariff and told him the cost. He couldn't write very well so he asked me to help him word his message. I got to thinking that he looked about as big and dumb as Slim Haskins, and my thoughts got all mixed

up again. I slipped a cog somewhere in my mental works, for when it was a second too late I suddenly realized that a string of Pullmans was whipping by my platform and on my table was a darned important meet order.

I guess I got into action pretty suddenly. I grabbed a lamp and rushed for the platform swinging a wild washout. You see I had left that semaphore at green, and the engine crew on the second section had no way of knowing about the order I held changing the dope on 32.

I have a few gray hairs. I reckon I got most of them right then. Nobody saw my signal to stop and 2nd 31 was walking up the railroad. I had visions of a bad smash—killed and injured. Burning débris. All that rushed through my mind. I sprang to the telegraph table and rang Hazelton on the block phone. Maybe I could catch 32 before it made its meet with 1st 31.

"How about 32?" I panted into the transmitter.

"By at 10:26," said Hazelton. "Put down 1st 31 as arriving at 10:23 and—"

But I didn't put down anything. I stared straight ahead of me. I stared right at that dummy set at the end of the telegraph table that connected up at Slim's farm home three miles away.

With one leap I was on it, rattling the key for all I was worth. It seemed like half an hour before Slim answered. It really was about a second. I asked him if he could flag 2nd 31. He didn't answer anything. He just left the wire open and left me to sweat. I sweated four hair-raising minutes, watching the hands of the clock slowly pass 10:33. Then the circuit went into action.

"2nd 31 here," Slim tapped out in his peculiar hand. "What's up?"

I told him slowly, simply so he would get it all. I bowed my great head in shame as I confessed the unpardonable sin in telegraphy—that of overlooking an order—to a second rate student op.

"Gimme the order," Slim rattled back at me. I gave it to him. He repeated it back, and I gave him the o. k. Two minutes later he told me that 2nd 31 was on its way for its meet with 32 at Mentone, a half mile up the track.

But my troubles, as I viewed them, were not over. I would be discharged, declared incompetent, and maybe even be blacklisted. I perspired freely and decided I had better resign right now—by telegraph. But first I had better thank Slim. After all he had saved me from a terrific wreck. I called him on his dummy.

I took a minute to explain how glad I was he helped me out and that if I didn't see him again I just wanted him to remember a boomer who could acknowledge it when he made a slip.

"Where going?" Slim tapped back.

I explained that I was going to resign before the super had a chance to fire me because the conductor would be duty bound to tell how he was delayed.

"Hold tight," Slim, the boy wonder rattled over his plug line. "I fixed it with the skipper. He's an extra man called out of freight service. Brother to waitress. I explained how you were her beau and he wouldn't want to see you in bad. He said if he stuck 32 any getting out of the way at Mentone he could fix it by having hot journal or something. See you to-morrow."

"O. K. Thanx," I tapped weakly. And if I was good from then on, I was good without being smart about it. I learned about students from Slim.

THE END

Vengeance Rides the Rails

After a Four-Year Search, Vengeance Plucks De Autremont Murderers from Across an Ocean and Across a Continent

By Charles Frederick Carter

Illustrated by T Victor Hall

WHEN a railroad will spend $76,000 in cash and four years' time to bring murderers of its employees to justice, as the Southern Pacific did in the De Autremont case—when the chief of police of a railroad company will break down his health in a chase after criminals as Chief Dan O'Connell did in the same case, resuming work as soon as able—it is small wonder that crimes against railroads have become highly unpopular.

Especially when you realize that *railroad police get their men in 99 per cent of the cases,* and at the same time obtain evidence that secures convictions in 97 per cent of all cases in which railroads are involved.

The crime for which the three De Autremont brothers are now serving life sentences in an Oregon penitentiary was so brutal, their escape was so carefully planned, and the case against them was so complete, that it may serve as a model example of railroad retribution.

Southern Pacific train No. 1-13, from Portland to San Francisco, left the station at Siskiyou, Oregon, on October 11, 1923, at 12.31 P.M., and moved slowly toward the entrance to tunnel No. 13, which marks the summit at an altitude of 4,113 feet of the Siskiyou line.

Two men darted from behind some box cars on a siding and, as the engine passed them, boarded the rear end of the tender. A person on the station platform at Siskiyou saw them, but thought the men were just a couple of hoboes, and dismissed the incident from his mind.

On reaching the western end of the tunnel, which is 3,107 feet long, the train stopped. Almost immediately afterward a terrific explosion extinguished all lights on the train.

The train crew thought the boiler had exploded. When they tried to reach the locomotive a barrier of débris and overpowering steam and gas prevented all of them except Brakeman Charles O. Johnson from going beyond the head end of the first baggage car. Johnson, unfortunately, did get through to the western entrance.

The alarm was given and an extra engine was soon sent into the tunnel from the east. All passenger cars were uncoupled from the head end of the train and pulled back to Siskiyou station.

When rescuers succeeded in reaching the western entrance—either by climbing the mountain or by going through the tunnel after the worst of the gases had escaped—it was found that, instead of a locomotive accident, the explosion had been caused by highwaymen trying to blast their way into a mail car.

Engineer Sidney L. Bates was found

on the deck of the engine, shot through the ear and jaw. Fireman Marvin Seng was lying dead on the right-of-way, shot through the eye. Brakeman Johnson, who had passed the barrier of steam and gas in an endeavor to rescue his friends, was unconscious, dying from shotgun wounds in the abdomen. Mail Clerk E. E. Dougherty's body, horribly torn, mangled and burned, was found in the mail car after the fire had been extinguished

Two Men Darted Out and Boarded the Rear End of the Tender

By good luck it happened that Dan O'Connell, chief special agent (as the Southern Pacific's chief of police is called) was on his way to Klamath Falls, Oregon, to attend a pageant, "The Passing of the Covered Wagon," a celebration commemorating the completion of the Natron Cut-off.

O'Connell hurried at once to the scene of the crime, augmenting a force of thirty of his own railroad police officers, with all available postal inspectors and local officers.

The first thing apparent from a preliminary survey was that three men had been involved in the crime. Two of the bandits had boarded the train as it left Siskiyou station and compelled the engineer to stop with the engine just outside the west portal of the tunnel.

When the train stopped a third desperado appeared, this man being in charge of the detonating machine and various other articles found at the scene. Quickly placing explosives against the front end door of the mail car, they endeavored to blast an opening through which to reach what they thought were the valuables in the car.

All the explosion did was to kill the mail clerk and batter the steel car so effectively that access to it was rendered impossible. Balked in their attempt to gain entrance to the car through the terrific damage caused by explosives, the gunmen murdered the train crew and hurriedly left the scene.

Having slain all eye-witnesses and having destroyed all material evidence, so far as they could see, the bandits no doubt felt secure. This feeling would have been enhanced if they could have known that bloodhounds, rushed to the scene from Seattle, 542 miles away, failed to pick up their scent.

100 Pieces of Evidence

However, plenty of clews were found alongside the right-of-way. In their haste the fugitives had abandoned a pair of overalls, creosoted footpads, a can of black pepper, pack sacks, a detonating machine and 163 feet of lead wire. A Colt automatic revolver, with the numbers obliterated, was picked up at the point where the two murderers boarded the engine tender at the eastern end of the tunnel.

The most vital piece of evidence was a registered mail receipt, issued at Eugene, Oregon, which had been left in the pencil pocket of the overalls. This receipt was for a letter sent by Roy De Autremont to Verne De Autremont, at Lakewood, New Mexico.

The bandits had carefully collected the various articles used in their camps prior to the holdup, and either burned or buried them; but the officers spent days sifting the ashes of camp fires, digging bullets from trees and searching in every direction.

Under Chief O'Connell's direction, the rugged and heavily forested Siskiyou mountains was combed for miles on each side of the tunnel. Persistent search disclosed camps used by the bandits, and more than one hundred pieces of evidence, including shells, clothing, water canteens, remains of a tool chest, and various empty foodstuff cans.

These articles were each marked plainly with the date they were found, exact location, name of party finding them, and all other pertinent facts. They were then placed in a box to prevent loss and were turned over to the custody of the county sheriff.

So well marked was each piece of evidence that, although four years elapsed before they were again needed, no difficulty was encountered in identification or testimony connected with them.

The various clews were gradually connected with Roy De Autremont and his two brothers, Ray and Hugh. Their past history was investigated and every possible detail obtained.

It was learned that about two months previous to the holdup they had purchased an automobile and had taken a vacation near Silverton, Oregon, 250 miles northwest of Siskiyou, and there they had practiced intensively with revolvers, shotgun and rifle, as part of the training for their projected crime. Bullets and shotgun shells were gathered from the trees and ground in the vicinity of their improvised rifle range at this point.

Signed statements connecting the clews were obtained from 120 persons, who were available as witnesses in case the brothers were apprehended.

Rewards Total $15,000

For nearly two months the mountains and valleys were scoured by officers. Two mail planes were used in an effort to locate the bandits, who were thought to be hiding there, but

it soon became apparent they had succeeded in leaving the mountains.

November 23, 1923, after hearing the evidence, the grand jury of Jackson County, Oregon, returned six indictments against each of the three brothers, four charging murder, one holdup of train with intent to commit larceny, and one charging holdup of train with intent to commit burglary.

Dan O Connell, Chief Special Agent of the Southern Pacific

A week later, the Federal Grand Jury at Portland, Oregon, also indicted them for violating Section 197 of the United States Penal Code, *viz.* assaulting Mail Clerk Dougherty in an attempt to plunder the mail train.

The identity of the bandits being known, indictments secured and evidence clearly establishing their guilt obtained, the officers commenced a hunt for the fugitives which was to be carried on without interruption for four years.

The Southern Pacific Company, the United States Government and the American Railway Express Company offered a total of $14,400 in rewards, which the State of Oregon later increased to $15,000.

More than two and a half million circulars were printed in the English, Spanish, Portuguese, French, German and Dutch languages, at a cost of approximately $10,000, and distributed throughout the United States, Canada, Mexico, South America, Australia and Europe.

"Clews" poured into the office of Chief O'Connell from all parts of the United States, as well as from various foreign countries, but although each message received was thoroughly investigated, it was not until July 1, 1926, that the first authentic information was obtained.

On that date Corporal Thomas Reynolds, United States Army, recently returned from the Philippine Islands, called at the office of Chief O'Connell and stated that Hugh De Autremont was stationed at Manila as a private in Company D, Thirty-first Infantry, under the name of James Carl Price.

After a thorough investigation of "Price's" army record, Postal Inspector Smith was sent to Manila, where, on February 11, 1927, he interviewed "Price," who admitted his identity.

Hugh Is Put On Trial

HUGH DE AUTREMONT was brought back to America, arriving at San Francisco on March 17, 1927. For one week he was held in the disciplinary barracks at Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay, after which he was re-

moved to Jacksonville, Oregon, to stand trial.

Jacksonville was crowded with visitors when the youngest of the three brothers faced the court May 7, 1927, upon the charge of murdering Brakeman Johnson. Circuit Judge C. M. Thomas presided.

Just as the proceedings were well under way one of the jurors died, so that a mistrial had to be declared. A second trial commenced June 6, continuing until June 17.

Much of the testimony was of a highly technical nature. Similarity was shown between the rifling on the bullets found in the trees near the camps of the De Autremonts in the Siskiyou mountains and those found near Silverton, Oregon. Bullets found in both places were then shown to be similar to those found at the scene of the crime.

The revolver found at the east end of the tunnel was connected with Ray De Autremont through a secret mark, the outer number having been obliterated

Throughout the eleven days witness after witness connected various pieces of evidence with Hugh De Autremont. At the conclusion of the trial, the evidence was so strong that it eliminated any chance for a successful defense. Accordingly, on June 17, a recess was declared until June 21.

Twin Brothers Caught

When Hugh was arrested a national newspaper syndicate prepared a feature story of the case, including photographs of the twin brothers, Ray and Roy, which was published in five hundred newspapers throughout the United States.

Albert Collingsworth, of Portsmouth, Ohio, read the story in the *Portsmouth Times* on April 19, 1927. He recognized the pictures of the brothers as those of two men he had worked with at Hanging Rock, Ohio, and whom he had known as Clarence and Elmer Goodwin. Startled and amazed, he clipped the article from the paper and kept it for future reference.

Collingsworth was badly crippled as the result of an accident and was unable to investigate, so he placed the information in the hands of Mrs. Emma L. Maynard, who communicated with the Department of Justice.

Roy and Ray were arrested at Steubenville, Ohio, on June 8. Ray, known as Elmer Goodwin, had been married, and was living with his wife and child at the time of his arrest.

The jury before whom the trial of Hugh De Autremont was conducted, convened again June 21, and was held in the jury room for a few minutes before being allowed to announce their verdict. During this short interval Roy and Ray were brought before Judge Thomas, where they pleaded not guilty to the charge of murder.

Immediately after the twin brothers had been taken to the county jail, the jurors were brought in and announced that Hugh De Autremont was guilty of murder in the first degree. Although the penalty for murder in Oregon is hanging, the tender-hearted jurors recommended life imprisonment.

The following day Ray and Roy changed their plea to that of guilty of murder in the first degree and made a complete confession of the crime and their subsequent movements. They were sentenced to life imprisonment in the Oregon State Penitentiary, at Salem, Oregon, to which institution the three brothers were taken on June 24. Retribution for their bloody crime, so carefully rehearsed, was complete.

Hugh Shot the Engineer, and Roy Shot the Fireman as He Stood Beside the Engine with His Hands Up

The theory of the railroad police was substantiated in every particular by the confessions. Roy and Hugh were the ones who boarded the tender as the train left Siskiyou. Ray placed the explosives on the door of the mail car, which was exploded by Roy. Hugh and Ray murdered the brakeman as he came from the rear of the train.

Hugh shot the engineer when it was seen that the force of the explosion had ruined their chances of looting the mail car, and Roy shot the fireman as he stood beside the engine with his hands in the air.

The Perry Gang

So energetically did Chief O'Connell follow up this case that he suffered a nervous breakdown, but recovered shortly afterward and was back on the job again. Early in 1929 a $400,000 diamond robbery occurred in San Francisco. The culprits had trailed their victim from Kansas City. In trying to get away they made the mistake of crossing O'Connell's path, whereupon they were taken off a train at Topeka forty-eight hours later with the loot still in their possession. All the thieves got out of this job was a nice little ride and several years' free board.

Then there was the Perry gang of freight car robbers, who stole many thousand dollars worth of merchandise from railroads entering Buffalo and Niagara Falls. They were not partial to any railroads, but dispensed their favors wherever they might be most effective.

Their methods were unique. The first thing they did was to ascertain the number and initials of a car containing valuable merchandise and the train in which it was to leave. Two men would board this train, equipped with a rope ladder and tools for breaking seals and opening doors. When the train was under way out in open country, the ladder would be hooked over the running board and dropped down beside the door. One man would climb down, break the seal and open the door; the other would then join him. At the place agreed upon, such merchandise as was wanted would be thrown out to be picked up by others of the gang in waiting trucks. The rest was easy.

When these depredations had ceased to have the charm of novelty, a New York Central police operative joined the gang in 1924. This operative must have made a mistake about car numbers; for when the door was opened, the man who had climbed down the rope ladder was confronted by two New York Central police with sawed-off shotguns and a pocket flash light.

Instead of obeying the summons to surrender, the robber, with those two shotguns almost touching him and the flash light half blinding him, displayed more nerve than judgment; for he tried to draw a gun. Since there was no alternative, a charge of buckshot through the abdomen dropped him, dying, to the floor.

An Abrupt Departure

In the same instant another charge of buckshot tore up through the car roof at the accomplice who was known to be standing there. It did not touch him, but came so close that a strip of tin, torn loose from the roof, curled up around his shoe. He left the train in somewhat of a hurry, but was captured while walking down the track a short time later.

About the same time, Perry, leader of the gang, was arrested at a railroad station while waiting for his two men on the train to come in and report. You see, the New York Central police had overlooked no detail. The Perry gang was broken up completely, survivors being caught, tried, convicted and sentenced.

Perry himself is still in Auburn Prison. Chief J. D. Roosa, of the New York Central police, is keeping the rope ladder for him in a nice glass cabinet where it will not get dusty.

These cases are fairly representative of the thorough way in which the Protective Section of the American Railway Association, as it is officially designated, does its work.

Railroad police are charged with the responsibility of protecting the main lines, the yards, and other company property and freight, mail and express matter in transit. In view of the fact that for every day in the year freight of an average value of $300,000,000, not to mention thousands of passengers with their personal effects, is in transit, it can be seen that the police have a responsible task to perform.

They are doing their job so efficiently that the railroads got through the year 1928 with a theft loss averaging *only eighteen ten-thousandths of a cent* on each package of merchandise handled!

In other words, loss by theft of freight while in care of the railroads averaged 1.8 cents per carload in 1928. Yet this freight, in addition to sand, gravel, brick, coal, steel, I-beams and such like, also included silks, furs, shoes, clothing, cigars and many other things for which fences are always ready to pay cash.

Convictions, 97 Per Cent

In 1928 the railroads transported 51,700,000 carloads of freight with an aggregate value of $68,261,054,000, equivalent to more than three-fourths of the total annual income of the whole hundred and twenty millions of us. Of that freight, losses by theft totaled $928,563.

The annual cost of crime and criminals, including value of property stolen, courts, prisons, police, burglary insurance and other items, is estimated at $3,000,000,000 a year. This is about 3.7 of the annual income of all of us. Or, to put it in another way, the average annual cost of crime and criminals is $25 per capita.

The attempt to protect ourselves and our belongings through law-enforcing agencies, costs us $24.99 to each three-quarters of a cent that it costs to protect property worth three-fourths of our annual income while in custody of the railroads; and results are in inverse ratio to cost. Thus it appears that *property while in the care of railroads is 3,240 times safer than it is under other circumstances!*

This brings up the most astonishing point in the whole matter. The railroads have no private courts, grand juries, prosecuting attorneys nor jails. Whatever they accomplish must be done through the regularly constituted agencies, which are supposed to enforce the laws for everybody. *Nevertheless, railroad police average 8,000 arrests a month and secure convictions in 97 per cent of all the cases they bring before the courts!*

How does it come that our legal machinery functions 97 per cent perfect in dealing with railroad cases, while in other matters the wheels go round and round, producing such unsatisfactory results?

The answer is simple. Unlike judges, prosecuting attorneys and such, who have to be elected or reëlected every once in a while, railroad crime-preventing officers and employees hold their jobs for life or during good behavior. The railroad's definition of "good behavior" is "doing your job."

Thus we see that the De Autremont brothers, the Perry gang and others of their ilk are behind the bars at this very moment, because they tried to play against loaded dice.

THE END

Engine 6474, Which Made a Record Run of 72 Miles per Hour

Rarin' to a Record

Al Lentz, Engineer, Sets a New Mark for the High-Wheeling Big Four Route with a Show Extra

By Lawrence J. Hawkins

ON a bright Sunday morning, on the Big Four at Columbus, Ohio, when they called Albert Lentz, engineer, for Extra 6474 east, another hogger by the name of Joe Coffey held the division's speed record. That same evening Joe Coffey's mark was lowered by one of the most spectacular runs in the Big Four's history.

Fireman John Switzer stood on the gangway steps and watched a crowd of girls on the Fifth Street station platform. The girls weren't hard to look at and one of them waved at him. He grinned.

"Who we haulin' to-day, Alley?" he shouted up to Lentz, taking another glance back over the string of six coaches.

"Show people," the engineer returned. "Headed for Buffalo."

"Yeah?" said Switzer. "One of 'em waved at me."

"Well, I wouldn't be surprised. It's a burlesque show and you know some chorus girls aren't very particular."

The fireman didn't care much for the joke.

"What time we due in Cleveland?" he asked.

"They'd like to get in at ten, but," replied Lentz pulling out his watch, "it's eight fifteen now."

"Yeah?" said Switzer. "We got to wheel hell out of her then."

It's 138 miles from the Ohio State capital to Cleveland; 138 miles of hills, curves and towns. Four years ago Engineer Joe Coffey hung up a record of two hours and five minutes.

"All we got to do," said Lentz, "is give 'em the best we got. And we got a good engine."

The conductor's hand went up and Lentz opened the throttle. The big Pacific rattled over the yard switches and picked up speed. Switzer fed her some coal. They hit the main line rocking.

"What's the name of this show?" he yelled across at Lentz.

"'Rarin' to Go,'" yelled back Lentz. "They got a two o'clock matinée in Buffalo."

"What a sweet name for a show on this trip!" bawled John, picking up his scoop.

The show had closed in Dayton on Saturday night and for some reason had been held up on the way to Columbus. Because of the Buffalo engagement, it was necessary to run the show troupe extra.

And what an extra! The "Rarin' to Go" girlies not so much as powdered a nose during the record trip.

Extra 6474 east flashed through Shelby and Shiloh, slowed for Greenwich, rolled on through Rochester and hit the long down-grade to Wellington. "Big Jack" pulled out his watch and picked off a mile post. Thirty-seven seconds later they flashed past another Ninety-seven miles an hour! The girls had to be in Buffalo at 2 P.M. Switzer heaved in more coal.

Engineer Albert Lentz (*above*) and Fireman John Switzer

At LaGrange a group of Sunday amusement seekers were gathered on the station platform. They all moved up to the tracks as Extra 6474 east screamed toward them. As she came closer they fell back again and Switzer caught a blur of astonished upturned faces.

On through Grafton, North Eaton and West View with the gauge at 200 pounds pressure and the wind singing. They slowed up as they hove into Berea, hit the New York Central main line and highballed the rest of the way into Cleveland

Engineer Lentz pulled out his watch as they ground to a stop at the Union Station. It was ten ten. They had made 138 miles in 115 minutes—at an average speed of 72 miles per hour. It beat Joe Coffey's time by ten minutes flat. To newspaper reporters who got Lentz out of bed to talk about it he said: "We just gave 'em the works —that's all. But say, look here, you can't have my picture unless you get Big Jack's, too. He gets the same credit I do."

And what did Big Jack, the fireman, say?

"Alley is a darn good engineer. He sure knows his side rods."

Wind on the Rails

By Olin Lyman

WIND on the rails and the cinders flying
Red toward a sky of scudding cloud;
Drivers grinding and siren crying;
Way for the sway of a progress proud!
Way for the sway past rock and pine,
Thundering, bellowing down the line!

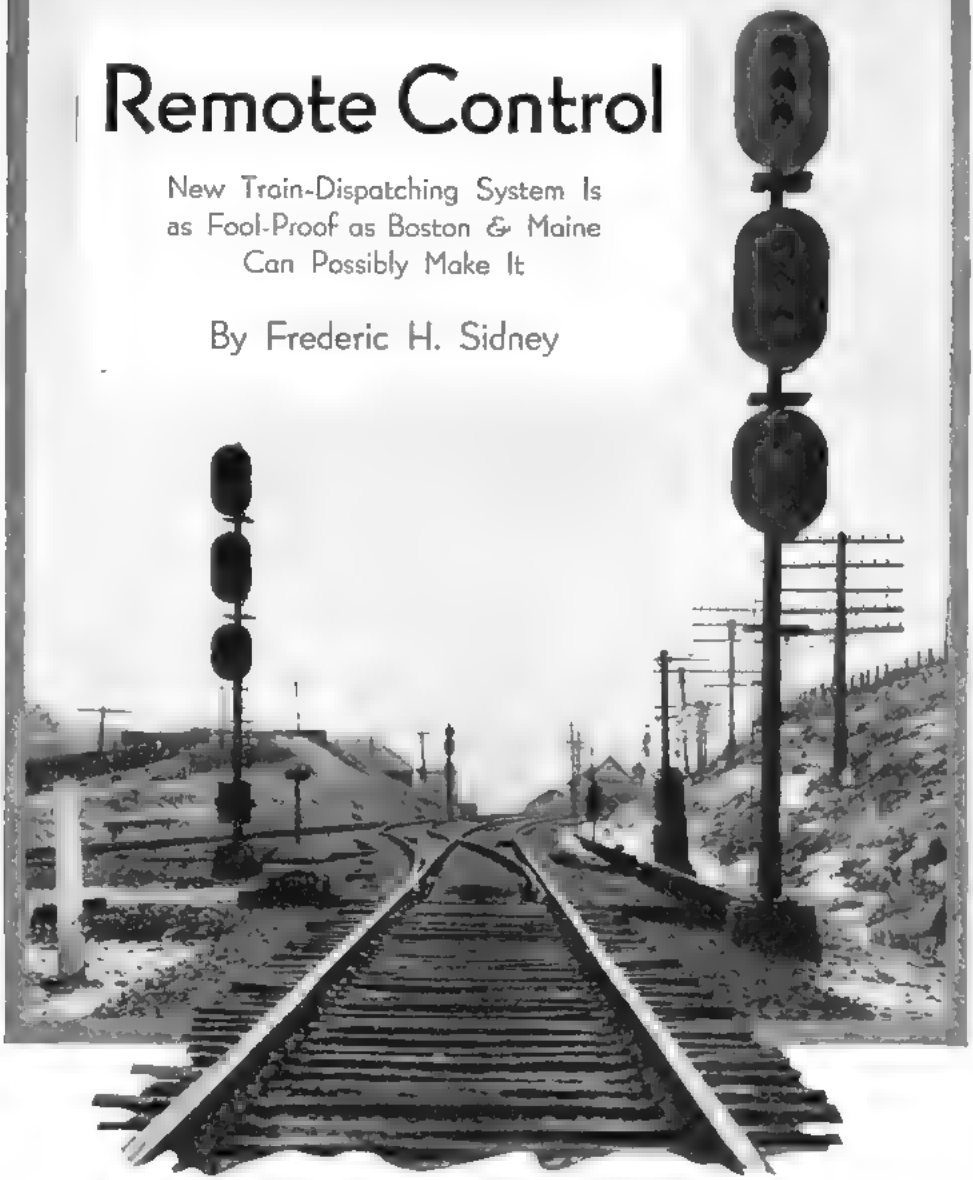
Blistering heat at the boiler door
And the arrogant swing of a lusty back;
The wind a-snarling in futile roar
And the lashing rain on a glistening track:
The fireman heaves at the glory hole
As we split the wind to the waiting goal.

Wind on the rails and a fire undying,
With the throttle wide in a master's hand;
The pistons pour and the miles are frying
As the headlight glares at the Promised Land:
Wind on the rails in a witches' brew—
But man rules force and power comes through!

Remote Control

New Train-Dispatching System Is as Fool-Proof as Boston & Maine Can Possibly Make It

By Frederic H. Sidney



NEW England gasped in astonishment while George Hannauer, late president of the Boston & Maine Railroad, wiped out rivers and made dry land, straightened trackage, eliminated useless old buildings and raised enormous new ones, built streets and created hills for hump yard purposes. His speed and sureness soon unseated the popular belief that the "neck of the bottle" of the Boston & Maine terminal where it crossed over the Charles River in Boston on trestle work could never be broken.

There is another new development

under way. This time electricity is responsible. In the earlier years of railroading, train dispatchers, located at division points, handled trains over their division through the medium of written orders transmitted by telegraph and telephone. The dispatcher was responsible for the movement of all trains over his division.

A new system of dispatching has been installed by the Boston & Maine for the first time on the Atlantic seaboard. One signal towerman, with his electrical assistant, operates all switches and signals within a given area. By the manipulation of tiny levers he can control the movements of all trains on stretches of tracks as long as fifty miles.

This invention seems nothing short of marvelous, and is known as "remote control train dispatching."

Here is how the system operates: On a board in front of the signal tower director is a miniature railroad, with a model working diagram of all switches and signals in the area he controls. Tiny electric lights show at all times the location of every train within, or approaching, the control section.

The signal tower man sees in front of him in miniature just what is happening when he throws a switch or operates a signal many miles away.

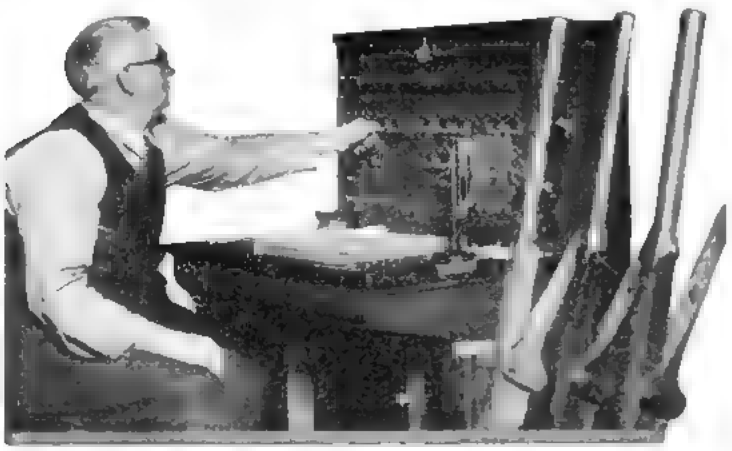
Trains Are Kept Moving

BELOW the board where the railroad model is shown are a series of small levers. The director manipulates these with a touch requiring no more force than operating a telegraph key or typewriter keys.

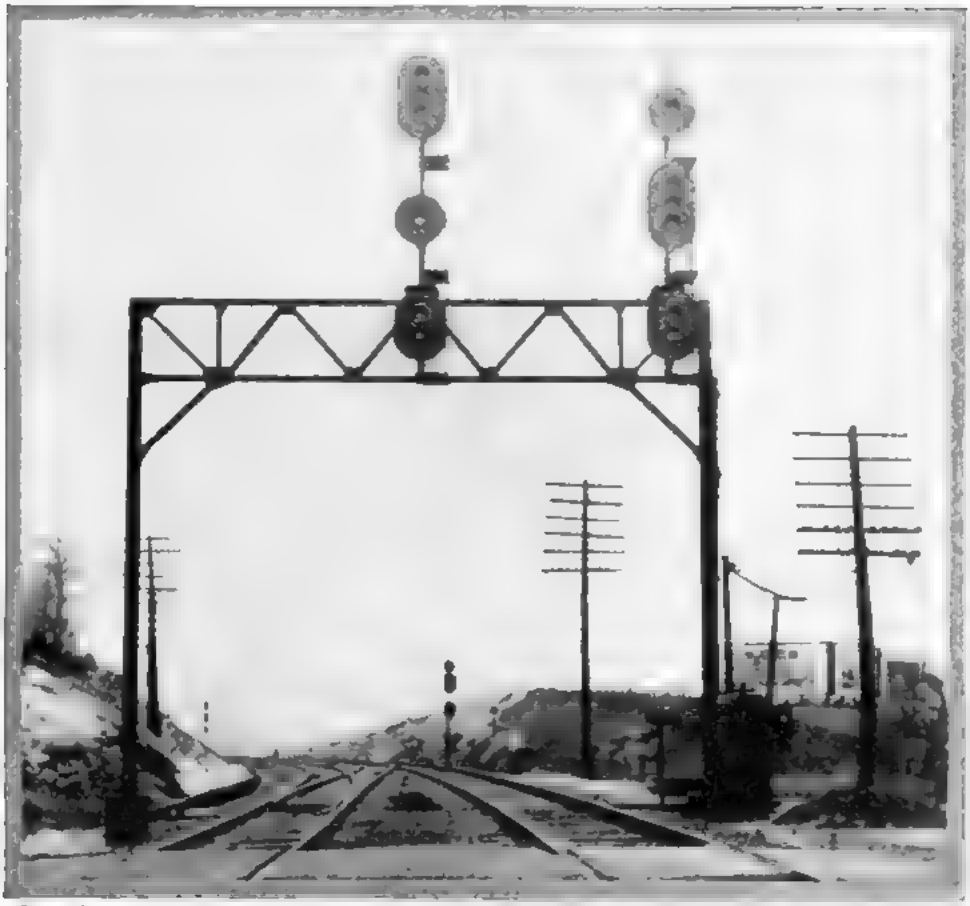
When a train comes into the remote control section a bell rings in the signal tower, while a red light indicates the train's exact location. If it is a scheduled train, the timetable shows which one it is. If it is an extra, the operator at the next station reports to the tower man "Extra," giving him its number and time.

As the train proceeds, its movement at each block signal is indicated by succeeding lights showing on the model board in the remote control tower. Another bell rings on the opposite side of the board, another series of lights indicate on the model. This is a scheduled train; but ahead of it may be a way freight making slow time. Under the old system of dispatching, the way freight would pull in on a siding somewhere to allow the scheduled train to pass.

The director looks over his model board, then begins manipulating the tiny levers. There is a buzzing sound, tumblers drop, the correct electric impulses are made, switches thrown



"Joe" Losaw, Veteran Boston & Maine Train Director, Is Shown at the Switchboard in the "Remote Control" Tower at Johnsonville, N. Y.



These Switches and Signals at Hoosick Junction, N. Y., Are Operated from the Tower at [illegible], Five Miles Away, Which Also Controls Train Movements at Eagle Bridge, N. Y. (Pictured on Page 379)

and signals set ahead of the way freight which is switched to the opposite track

Again the director touches little levers and the fast train "runs round" the way freight. Another manipulation switches the way freight back to its regular track. All this time the way freight has been kept moving; there has been no delay.

Stretch of Clear Track

In switching the way freight from the outbound to the inbound track, the director has temporarily "made single track" of the inbound. He has kept the way freight moving against the current of traffic on the inward main, while at the same time he has under control all other inward trains moving with the current of traffic, in order that there will be no collision with the movement against traffic

He has selected a point where there is a sufficient stretch of clear track to permit making the movement against traffic without delaying inbound movements

The way freight again on its regular track, proceeds with its work at the various stations along the line until such time as it is necessary to make another single-track shift and run a fast train around them.

The system of lights is as follows:

A Green and Two Reds. Clear signal. Indication: Proceed at normal speed

Yellow, Green, Red. Approach medium signal. Indication: Approach next signal at not exceeding medium speed.

Yellow and Two Reds. Approach signal Indication Prepare to stop at next signal Train exceeding medium speed must at once reduce to that speed

Red, Green, Red. Clear medium signal Indication: Proceed at not exceeding medium speed

Red, Yellow, Red. Medium approach signal. Indication: Proceed at not exceeding medium speed, prepared to stop at next signal

Red, Red, Yellow. Restricting signal. Indication: Proceed at restricted speed, prepared to stop.

Red, Red, Red Stop signal. Indication: STOP

The above is contained in a bulletin of instructions issued to B. & M. engineers December 15, 1929, the date remote control was introduced on the Fitchburg Division between Hoosick Junction and Johnsonville.

The switchboard is interlocking and if the director should set the board wrong the safety device connected with the system would not show green, which is safety. Therefore all trains within the circuit would stop until the combination was set correctly!

Once the director has set his signals and switches and a train has entered the block, these signals and switches are electrically locked by track circuits, in order that they cannot be changed until the train has passed out of the area. This system of train dispatching is as fool-proof as it can be made.

No doubt remote control train dispatching from switch and signal towers will eventually supersede the present system on every large railroad. There will be no written orders arranging for meeting points on single track lines The signal tower director will simply manipulate tiny levers and run fast trains around slow ones

Remote control eliminates the necessity of long sidings, for by the virtue of this long-distance operation each main line can be used for two way traffic. This saves time and money, with greater speed and efficiency

The remote control system with which the Boston & Maine is being equipped called for an expenditure of $2,000,000. This system has also been installed or contracted for on thirteen other roads, including the New York Central, Lehigh Valley, Burlington, Missouri Pacific, Canadian Pacific and Denver & Rio Grande Western.

The Boston & Maine's Fast Limited Caught as It Neared Ipswich, with Engine 3685

A RED-HOT LOCOMOTIVE

ALTHOUGH a midget beside some of the powerful Diesel-electric locomotives in service, this 330 horse power jack, which was recently put into service by the American Rolling Mill Co., is capable of withstanding heat so severe as to burn the cab off an ordinary locomotive and melt the delicate machinery of the powerful electrics

Used to fill the transportation gap between a steel mill and the railroad line, this new type jack is capable of withstanding temperatures as high as 400 degrees in the shade Nevertheless, it keeps on performing as steadfastly as though it were in cool air, transporting ladles of molten metal, hot ingot buggies, and shunting cars from the yard to the mill

Armored against intense heat, with windows of Pyrex glass, such as used in the kitchen, coated with heat-resisting paint with window frames of bronze instead of wood, and the outer doors metal sheathed, the whole locomotive is shielded to protect its delicate machinery and the engineer against high temperatures Bay cab windows allow the engineer to look along the train without exposing his head, and the equipment, even inside the cab, is protected with heat insulating material

There are controls at each end of the car, while by means of automatic signal lights outside the locomotive, switchmen know which position the engineer is operating

Weighing 72 tons, 37 feet in length, this jack easily shunts 2,500-ton loads about the steel plant and yard A six cylinder solid injection Westinghouse Diesel-electric motor of 330 horse power provides power The combined weight of engine and generator is only 37,000 pounds, or slightly more than one half the weight of the slower speed generating sets used *Earle W. Gage.*

DO YOU COLLECT ENGINE PICTURES ?

(1) What kinds of pictures? (2) How many have you? (3) Where do you get them? (4) What is your occupation? Tell us about your collection We want information for an illustrated feature article which will appear in this magazine in the near future. We will gladly publish, without charge, names and addresses of readers desiring to exchange locomotive pictures Address Engine Picture Editor,

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, 280 Broadway, New York City

Another Figure Was Striding Toward the Shanty Door

Black Gold

A Heart-Throb Story Which Tells Why the General Manager Stopped at Yates Crossing

By A. Leslie

Illustrated by Mayo Bunker

OLD Henry Fox eased 379's throttle bar down the quadrant and laid a hand on the brake valve handle. Frank Evans, who had got a job firing on the C & P. just a few months before, looked across the cab in surprise and cracked the blower a trifle as the black smoke drifted back. Old Henry nodded, then blew two longs and two shorts.

"Yep, we stop at Yates crossing," he told the curious young tallowpot.

Evans said nothing, but wondered why this "right-of-way" special, consisting of the 379 and the Winona, General Manager James G. ("Jaggers") Dunn's palatial private car, should stop at an obscure road crossing three miles outside of Huntington.

However, Henry Fox was right. An instant later the signal whistle in the cab screeched and the old hogger closed the throttle.

"Watch and spot the observation platform by the crossing shanty," he instructed Evans.

The fireman leaned out the cab window and looked ahead. A neat little cottage flashed past and he caught a glimpse of a comely colored woman and a round-eyed pickaninny standing among the hollyhocks by the gate.

"Steady," he called to the hogger as 379 crept abreast the crossing shanty. "All right."

Air hissed through the port; 379 creaked to a stop. Evans saw a giant figure stump out of the shanty on a wooden leg. It was a black man showing a broad expanse of white teeth in a delighted smile.

"Well, I'll be damned!" ejaculated the tallowpot.

But it wasn't the sight of the big Negro that caused the amazed exclamation.

Another figure was striding toward the shanty door. A stocky, broad-shouldered figure that had dropped from the Winona's steps. The elderly white man and the Negro shook hands with enthusiasm; Evans absently noted that the black extended his left hand.

For several minutes the two conversed, then the famous general manager of the C. & P. handed the crossing watchman a box of his own costly perfectos, shook hands again and waved a signal to the watching fireman.

"Highball!" called Evans.

Henry Fox cracked the throttle.

"Well, I never saw a G. M. do a thing like that before," the tallowpot shouted above the pound of 379's exhaust.

Old Henry's leathery visage cracked in a grin. "And I don't expect you ever saw a general manager just like Jaggers Dunn before, my boy," he shouted back. "Wait until we get in and I'll tell you the yarn."

So that evening Frank Evans sat in the Railroad Y. M. C. A. and heard the story of the Milton wreck.

II

"Big Boy" Robinson was loading ties into a box car with his head. He would pick up one of the massive creosoted timbers, toss one end onto the pile, plant his woolly cranium against the other end, and, with a heave of mighty shoulders and a twist of his muscular neck, send the tie shooting into place.

John Hardin, wreck-train foreman, chuckled as he watched the giant Negro at work. Big Boy always made him chuckle. The good humor of the great black was infectious. When his shining face wrinkled into a white-toothed grin, it was just about impossible not to smile in return.

John Hardin was wont to say that Big Boy was worth any two ordinary men, not only because of the amazing strength of his six feet seven inches and two hundred and eighty pounds, but because he kept all the rest of the wreck-train crew in a good temper. He said Robinson was as necessary to the wrecker as the "big hook" itself.

Hardin had just opened his lips to toss a jocular remark to the black man when he heard some one yelling his name. He whirled and strode to meet the caller bounding across the network of yard tracks.

A half dozen terse sentences and Hardin was running toward the derrick car. Another instant and the hoarse bellow of the wreck-train whistle boomed through the yards. From all directions members of the wreck-train crew, who had been busy at one thing or another, came running.

Big Boy shoved a last tie into place and trotted back toward the tool car.

"Wheah am she, boss?" he asked of Hardin as they swung aboard.

"This side of Milton station, Bob. Freight pile-up; both main lines blocked. Hop on, here comes the pig."

An engine was backing down the spur. A clang and jar of couplings, then another rattle as a caboose was kicked onto the rear. A hiss of air, a brakeman trotting along giving couplings a quick once over. Then the conductor's highball and two sharp whistle blasts.

Over the switch points clacked the wreck-train, past the roundhouse, the shops, the station buildings. The automatic block signal swung vertical, and the cars began to lurch and sway as the train picked up speed. Twenty miles to Milton, and get there in a hurry!

It was a grand and glorious pile-up, all right. Splintered box cars heaped across both main lines and the track tore up for dozens of yards. On the other side of the jumble of wood and steel hissed and sputtered the outraged majesty of the Flying Virginian, the C. & P.'s crack passenger train, due in Huntington in five minutes, but liable not to get there in five hours.

And to make matters worse, the last coach of the extra-fare train was none other than the orange-and-gold splendor known as the Winona.

The wreck-train got busy, with Jaggers himself directing operations, and revealing to the observing some of the reasons for his rise from fireman to general manager of the great trunk line. An hour later another wreck-train boomed west down the eastbound, from Radford, and the activity redoubled.

Hardin was down beneath the jumble of wreckage, directing the placing of chains, when a sudden confusion of shouting brought him scrambling forth to see what was wrong.

There was plenty! One of the splintered cars had contained oil in drums, a number of which had burst and saturated parts of the wreckage. Sparks from the engines had ignited the reeking wood and sheets of flame were creeping over the jumble.

General Manager Dunn swore until there was a purple halo about his head, and volleyed orders like a machine gun. Men who had been running from one task to another now leaped. The engines of the giant derricks roared and chattered. The air was full of crashes as the burning wreckage was flung right and left.

In the heart of all this racing activity was John Hardin, with Big Boy Robinson following like a black shadow. Beneath a teetering mass of wreckage the two of them dragged a massive chain.

"We'll get it around this center sill, splice it and then jerk the whole mess down the embankment," explained Hardin.

"Right yo' am, boss," agreed the Negro, "an' we gotta hustle, too. Theah's fiah all over this wood; feel de heat?"

It *was* hot beneath the splintered timbers. Acrid smoke made them cough as they worked feverishly to make the chain fast.

Flat on his back, beneath the sagging center sill, Hardin lay, shoving the heavy links of the chain along, while the black man snaked them up over the steel sill. Above their heads was an ominous crackling of flames; a few hot embers dropped down around them.

"Boss, Ah don' like this—" Robinson began. The words were wiped

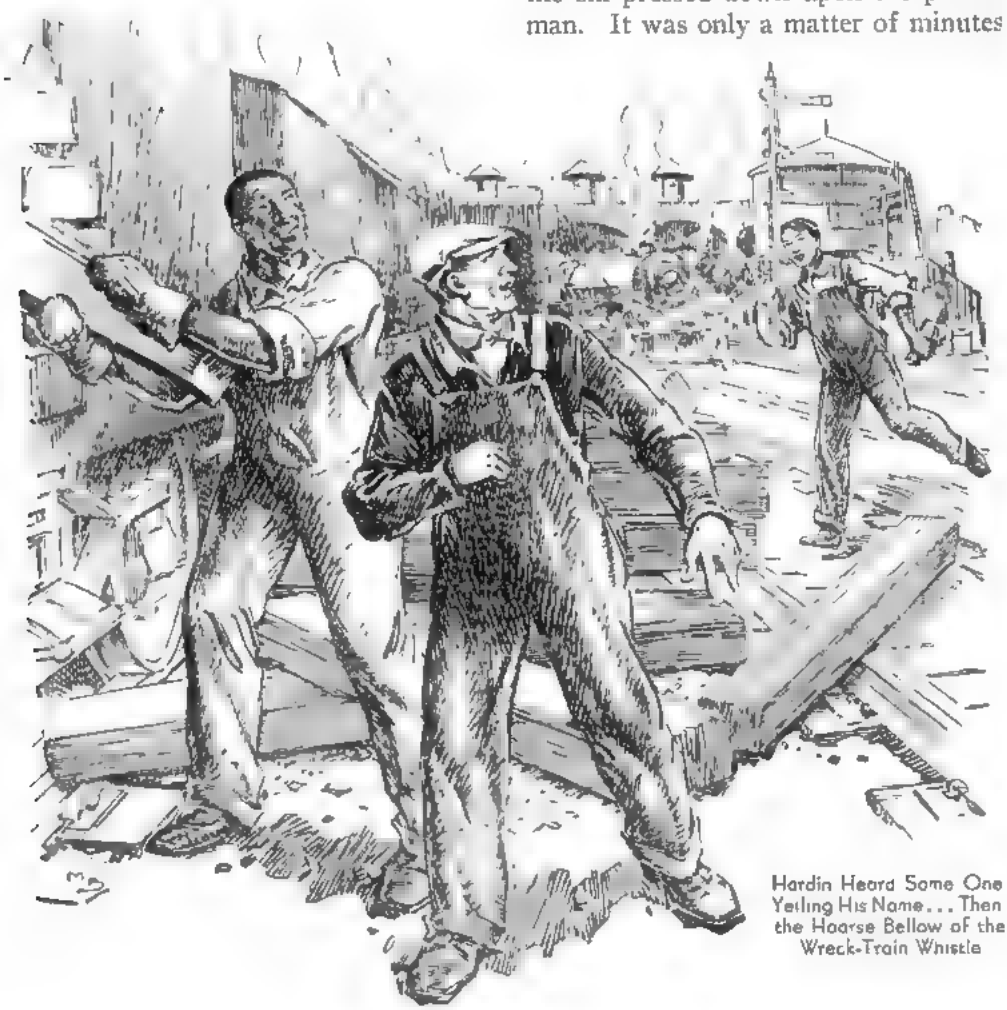
from his lips by a rending crash. A terrific blow on his woolly skull knocked him flat, and for an instant Big Boy lay with stars dancing before his eyes.

"Who pulled de sky down?" he muttered, as he struggled to his knees, rubbing his head. "Is yo' hurt, boss? Oh, mah Gawd!"

White and gasping, John Hardin lay beneath the center sill. The wreckage had settled down upon it, and he was pinned fast. Big Boy grasped the sill with his great hands, braced his tree-like legs and strained until the veins stood out in ropes upon his forehead. But the weight was too great for even his strength to move. Hardin's voice reached him in a husky pant.

"Rob — call — the — boys — tell — them — to — get — hook — onto — this — stuff — it's — settling — down —crushing—me!"

A glance told the Negro it was so. The center sill rested on broken timbers that in turn lay on the embankment. The weight of the wreckage was causing the timbers to slowly sink into the soft earth, and as they sank the sill pressed down upon the pinned man. It was only a matter of minutes



Hardin Heard Some One Yelling His Name... Then the Hoarse Bellow of the Wreck-Train Whistle

until life would be crushed from his body. And to add to the horror, fire was creeping closer.

The crew swarmed to the rescue in answer to Big Boy's yells, and in the van was Jaggers Dunn. With frantic haste they worked to get chains around the mass so that the great hook of the derrick could be brought into play. But the fire hampered them terribly, and ever the center sill sank lower.

Soft moans were issuing from Hardin's lips now, and his face was beaded with great drops of sweat. The wreckers worked like madmen. The chain was fast. The derrick engine chattered and the wreckage creaked.

Then a groan of anguish burst from the workers. The chain had snapped and the whole task was to do over.

"We'll never do it," muttered Jaggers Dunn through set teeth. "He's a goner!"

"No, he ain't, either, boss," roared Big Boy Robinson. "Tell de boys to hustle wiff dem chains!"

Under the wreckage he dived, reached a point close to the prostrate man, where he could stand nearly erect, set his pillar-like legs astride the center sill and braced his mighty shoulders against the timbers that were slowly settling.

Like an oak he stood, his black face twisted and distorted with the terrific strain, his breath coming in labored, whistling gasps.

But he held the sinking mass. With the tremendous strength of his giant body he held it. While his mates worked like demons amid the smoke and flame to refasten the broken chains and get the grip of the derrick on the sill.

Heedless of heat and smoke and danger, Jaggers Dunn crouched beside the pinned man, ready to drag him forth the instant the sill should be raised. A soft croon drifted to him. Big Boy was singing:

> But a lantern by de stable do'
> Made de shadder of de cross on de flo';
> Oh, Mary, smile!

The general manager's lips moved soundlessly, and in his cold blue eyes was a look that few men had seen there. Gray-faced, he stared at the rock-like figure of the great black.

For above the massive shoulders a flickering flame was licking the splintered timbers. Even as Jaggers looked the cheap cotton shirt began to smoke. It charred and dropped apart, exposing the dusky skin. Still the flame licked down, and to Jim Dunn's horrified nostrils came the odor of scorching flesh. But the giant Negro stood firm as before, and the crooning spiritual continued:

> Dey nailed mah Lawd to de cruel tree,
> Dere on de hill called Calvaree,
> Lef' Him dyin'!
> Lef' Him dyin'!

Jaggers Dunn swore through ashen lips. His oaths sounded like a prayer. The flesh of Big Boy's shoulder was burned to a crisp, and still the flame licked down past the agonized black face. But he stood as immovable as the ground upon which his feet were planted.

The unconscious foreman had ceased moaning and was breathing easier. Overhead sounded the creak and rattle of the chain, a shout of command, chatter of the derrick engine.

Groaning and cracking, the wreckage rose. Jaggers grasped Hardin by the shoulders and crouched, tense and ready. Another instant and he was shuffling backward, dragging the unconscious man after him.

Like an Oak He Stood, His Face Distorted with the Strain

"All right, Rob!" he yelled.

There was a moaning sob, a crash, and Big Boy Robinson pitched forward onto his face, buried beneath the flaming timbers.

They dragged him out, burned and broken and bleeding, the majesty of death stealing across his black face, and it was the general manager's blistered hands that reached him first.

Dwellers along the right-of-way wondered at the great passenger engine roaring through the night with but a single coach; for it was by the orders of General Manager James G. Dunn that the C. & P.'s finest passenger train was left standing like a sidetracked freight in order that her engine might make faster time to Huntington hospital.

III

"YEP, son," concluded Henry Fox, reaching for his pipe, "that's why Jag

gers Dunn always stops at Yates crossing when he's passing this way. He gave Big Boy a lifetime job there, had him a cottage built, and he always has a box of cigars or something for him. You see, Big Boy couldn't work on the wreck-train any more, though John Hardin wanted him bad enough. He lost a leg, and his right arm hangs limp."

There was a long silence, broken only by the ticking of a clock. Then—

"Say, dad," exclaimed Evans, "if we ever get a chance, I'd like to drop off there sometime and shake hands with Big Boy Robinson, myself!"

WHEN THE LOCAL WHISTLES IN

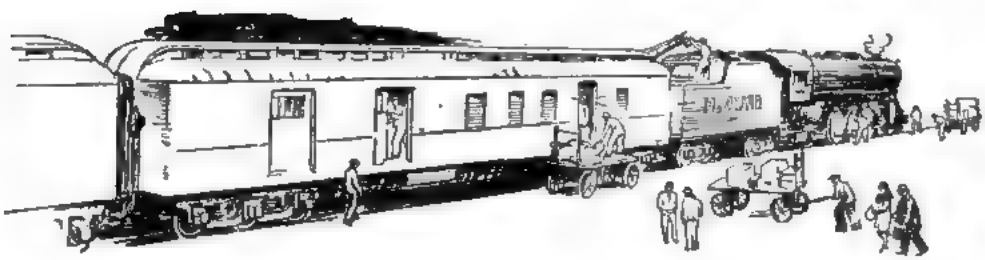
By F. T. Wood

THERE'S music, folks, to suit us all; 'twas meant that way to be.
What some might call a blast of noise may sound the best to me
The difference is the point of view—just read that, please, again?—
For since I've been a railroad wife there's music in a train.

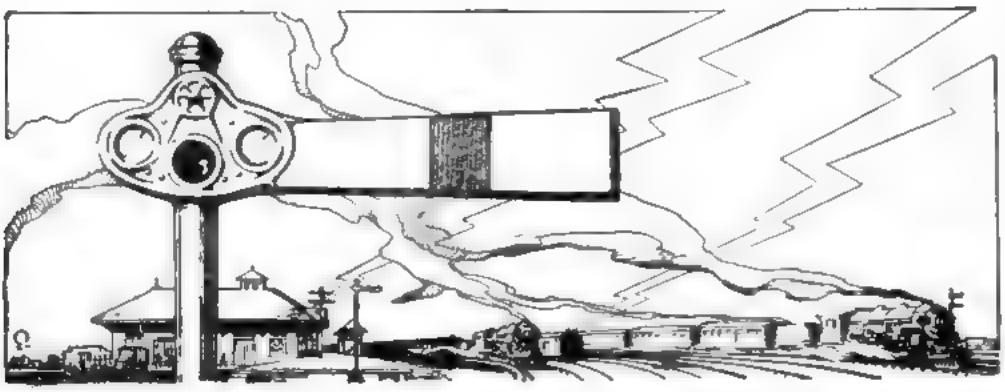
Just a cheerful, mellow whistle
As they swing around the bend.
With the mile-post at their elbow
'Tisn't far to journey's end.
Watch me waving in the doorway;
Hear the puppy bark like sin.
Don't tell me it isn't music
When our bossman whistles in.

There's music born of horns and drums; there's music rides the breeze.
How sweet the song of purling brook, the rustle of the trees!
But though you smile at this, my choice, to me it's crystal plain;
The music that means most to me—the whistle of his train.

Just a cheerful, mellow whistle
As they swing around the bend,
With the yard board at their elbow
And a day's work soon to end.
Baby won't be two till Christmas,
But he whoops and starts to grin;
He's as happy as his mother
When the local whistles in.



True Tales of the Rails



This department, formerly called "My Greatest Thrill," is devoted exclusively to true stories told in the language of the men who have lived them. Readers are invited to submit unusual personal experiences of thrills, drama or comedy. These stories should be typewritten, double spaced, between 500 and 1,500 words. Names and places may be disguised, but each story must be verified. Prompt payment on acceptance.

The Paint Scorcher

By Jack Gilligan

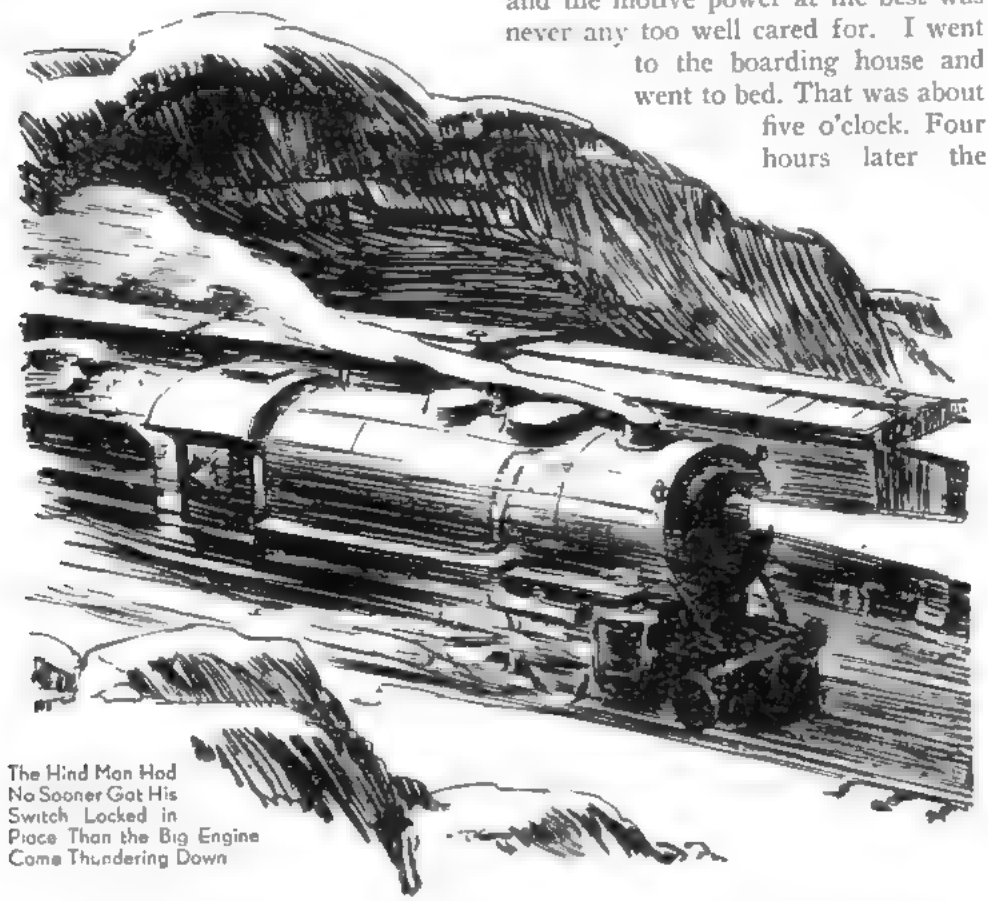
Illustrated by Joseph Easley

THE other night I sat in the crew room of the roundhouse at Los Angeles, and I listened to a whole flock of bums beefing about the tough time they were having railroading to-day. They were a gang of men between twenty-two and thirty years old. Most of them started out on a railroad career just about the time I and a lot of other boomers were looking around for a place to freeze on to and settle down to be home guards.

One of these lads, a young runner, was speeling off about something or other he had done the night before with a time order in taking a chance, and he thought himself quite a hero, which recalled to my mind a little happening up in Montana which put a few gray hairs in my head and they are still there. It was a question of close time, and nobody on that particular railroad knows yet just how close it was. Nobody, I mean, but the motley crew that we had aboard that night.

It happened about fourteen years ago. A main line stretch which was not equipped with automatic block at that time was the scene, and the season was the fall of the year. We were moving plenty of grain. I am not at liberty to mention the name of this railroad, or the names of the members of this crew, for obvious reasons. If any of the other four men who were on that extra west are alive and see this they will know the time and place.

I was hired on the afternoon of October 4th with about ten other firemen. We were herded to the doctor after we had filled out our application, then we were brought back to the crew room at the roundhouse, where the train master gave us the works on the book of rules. We were as bedraggled a looking bunch of tramps as had ever gathered under one roof, and I think that that train master must have been a tramp, too. I know that he called up a couple of boarding houses and had us all squared out for rooms and meals after he had marked us up. He told us to get to bed at once and sleep, because we were likely to be called soon.



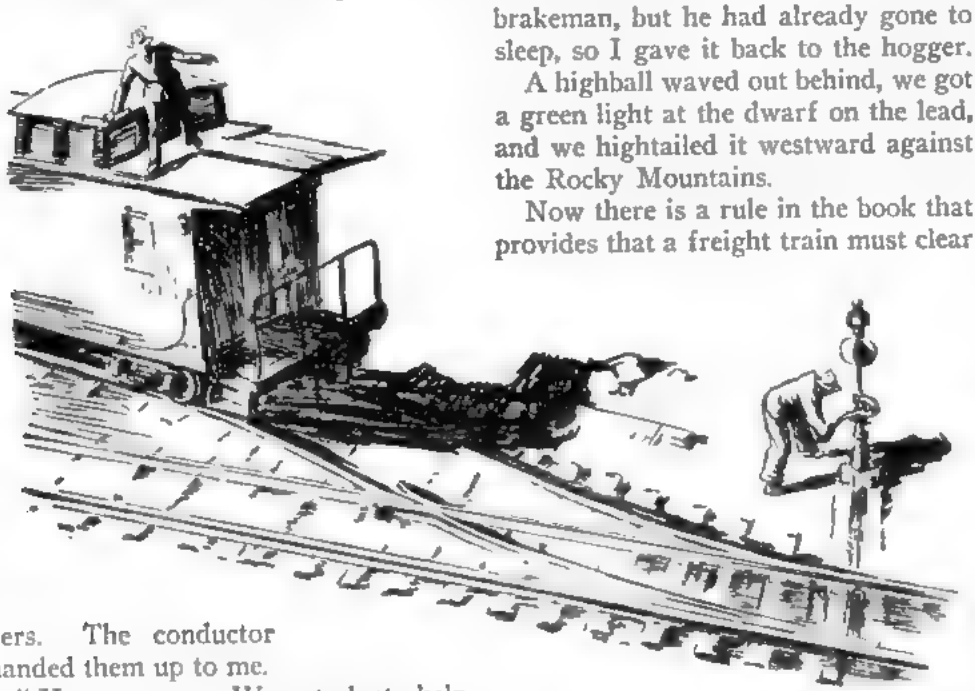
The Hind Man Had No Sooner Got His Switch Locked in Place Than the Big Engine Came Thundering Down

I had understood from another man at the roundhouse that the railroad had pulled out all sorts of motive power. In fact, anything that would hold a fire on its grates. This particular division point was a great boomer job, and the motive power at the best was never any too well cared for. I went to the boarding house and went to bed. That was about five o'clock. Four hours later the call boy rustled me out and told me the bad news was an extra west for 11.30. I proceeded to get my ham and eggs beneath my belt, and then I beat it for the roundhouse to see what kind of a hog I had drawn and get ready to go. I got ready all right. I found the leakiest, meanest looking old eight wheel connected that there was on the entire division She was a 1400 class. A consolidation type 2 8 0

I went about the business of turn-

ing on my blower and getting my fire in good shape and tending to the other little chores around the cab, when about 11.15 a long, hungry looking brakeman showed up with his lantern and the eagle-eye crawled aboard with his torch and his oil can. I spoke to the engineer and he grunted a reply, and the brakeman said that he was ready to take us away. We backed into the track that held our drag, got pumped up and were ready to leave on the scratch.

The conductor came up in the dark beneath the cab and the engineer was monkeying with the lubricator, so he told me to reach down and get the orders. The conductor handed them up to me.



"Here you are. We got plenty help on No. 2, so keep her head in the air," said the skipper, and he started on toward the rear.

Compare time? Compare the orders? Not on that railroad. There was just a faint hint of a drizzle, and the skipper was in a hurry to get to the hack.

I passed the orders on to the hogger, who now had adjusted his gauge light to suit him and proceeded to slug in a fire. The hogger read the orders and passed them on to me. One authorized us to run extra from A to Z, and I can still see the wording of that order which gave us help against No. 2 which read something like this:

"—and No. 2 wait at 'M' until 1.35, at 'L' until 1.50, at 'K' until 2.10, and at 'J' until 2.24 A.M. for extra 1471 west."

I looked the order over, but it didn't mean anything to me. I didn't know where any of these stations were, and I cared less. I offered the order to the brakeman, but he had already gone to sleep, so I gave it back to the hogger.

A highball waved out behind, we got a green light at the dwarf on the lead, and we hightailed it westward against the Rocky Mountains.

Now there is a rule in the book that provides that a freight train must clear a passenger train by ten minutes. No. 2 was not only superior by class, but by direction and everything else, so it was up to our little extra to find some place to get out of the way and stay there until No. 2 whizzed by.

This jack I had drawn, however, got to cutting up so that it took all my

time. I completely forgot all about No. 2 until, some time after we topped our first summit and were nosing through a few cañons, I happened to look over at the hogger. I didn't like exactly what I saw. He had that running order on one knee, his time card open on the other knee, the throttle three-quarters out on the latch and the Johnson bar hooked up for all she would stand. We only had 1,200 tons behind us, and we were making some run. The hogger would keep his head far out of the window, and then I would see him bring it in and check that order against the time-table.

Pretty soon the scoop took my attention again as we hit another little rise, and I stayed busy for twenty minutes. I had just finished putting in a fire, and was wondering whether or not to wake up the brakeman and ask him to pull down some coal for me because it was getting pretty far back in the tank, when the hogger shouted and reached his gloved hand over toward me and grabbed my arm and pulled me over next to his seat box.

"Say, Jack," he yelled in my ear. "Where the hell is 'J'?"

I looked up. I blinked.

"You can't prove by me, pard," I said. "This is my first trip here."

"Now ain't that pretty?" said the hogger. "I guess you better wake up the deadhead over there."

It didn't take me long to shake the brakeman into wakefulness.

"Whereabouts is 'J' on this railroad?" I yelled in his ear above the clanking and clamoring of the jack.

"'J'?" The brakeman blinked his eyes. "'J,'" he repeated again. "'How the hell do I know? I never made any trip over this end before."

I reported back to the engineer while the brakeman went back to sleep.

"Well, that is just too bad," the hogger commented. "Here we are supposed to go to 'J' at 2.24 for No. 2, and there don't seem to be nobody on this engine who has a single idea whereabouts 'J' is."

All this, mind you, while we were breezing along at forty miles an hour through the pitch dark in the dead of the morning.

"Don't you know this railroad?" I shouted at the hogger, wondering whether it was best to get ready to unload.

"I made them think that I did when they hired me," the engineer replied. "I ain't making no student trips, learning anybody's railroad!"

I looked at my watch. I saw the engineer had his in his lap. It was just then 2.16. We had exactly eight minutes to find a siding at a place called "J," get our 1,200 ton train in off the main track, and a switch closed before the train known on the time card as No. 2 was due to come crashing down the side of the Continental Divide.

"We better get off and send the brakeman up ahead to flag No. 2," I suggested to the engineer.

"Hell, no!" he said back to me. "We will keep going till 2.24, and if we ain't found 'J' by that time, why, we will wind the clock and get off and let the brakeman go ahead and flag him and tell him we are lost out here. If this ain't a hell of a way to railroad. I wish I had stayed over on the Burlington. I worked on lots of 'em, but this is the first one ever I got plumb lost on. It was all right the way I was checking off the stations with the time card whenever we passed one that had a telegraph office open at night, but I must have missed a couple of these here signboard places."

"Yeh, you must have," said I, tak-

ing a squint at the steam gauge while the night roared by us.

"Yeh," said the engineer. "The only way I know that we ain't already by 'J' is because No. 2 ain't plowed into us yet."

I began to get a bit shaky, then, believe me, not having any particular desire to have my name published in the casualty list of a railroad crash.

Still, all in all, the best way for a rail to pass out is just that way, much as I would have preferred to postpone it. While thinking thus, a bit of verse flashed into my mind. I forget who wrote it, but the thing goes this way:

> Swift toward life's terminal I trend;
> The run seems short to-night.
> God only knows what's at the end!
> I hope the lamps are white

We looked at our watches again. It was 2.20. The steam gauge took my attention for a minute and I slugged in another fire. We were curving sharply to the left.

"Get up thar on your seat box and see if you can see a headlight from your side in the distance. I can't see a dam' thing out here," the hogger yelled at me.

I got up on my side all right, and I looked for a headlight. It seemed to me that I could see a faint glow away off in the west, but I don't know! I might have been seeing things. I do know that within two seconds more a green light hove in sight up the track a distance.

"That 'll do!" I yelled across the cab. "It's a switch light up ahead. Pinch her down!"

The hogger said something, but already he was slipping her the works and the air was swishing out of the valve port. I woke the brakeman up again, and he lit running, what I am talking about. He skimmed out over the running board of the pilot and jumped off there, because when we got to that switch we had two minutes to go, and No. 2's headlight was plentifully in evidence. Those two minutes seemed like an eternity.

The brakeman caught the gate without stopping us, and with the use of plenty of sand we were able to turn off the high iron. I looked out and saw the shack tearing down the middle of the main track with his red lamp, and he was all set to uncork a fusee. Then I looked back down beyond the train, and believe me, this hoghead was on his feet. He was getting that freight train out of the way. We were clear of the main track at 2.25, and the hind man had no sooner got his switch locked in place than that big engine came thundering down. I don't mind confessing now that I wasn't in much shape, on leaving there, to keep steam in the boiler, but I never will forget the comical look on that hoghead's face when the conductor came up and asked him if he was under contract to have all the paint scraped off them cars. He just looked at the old skipper and said:

"Well, we met him, didn't we? We was clear, wasn't we? Your hack didn't get scratched up any, did it? Well, what the hell you beefing about?"

Which ended the conversation right there. The fact was that the skipper was sound asleep with the brakeman in the hearse or he would have pulled the air on us before we passed "I," where we could have cleared with time to spare, and I never do hear a fellow mention taking chances but what I think of that lean-faced hoghead on the extra 1471 west on close time against No. 2.

A Chaw of Tobacco

By Lewey J. Sullivan

Illustrated by John R. Neill

I STEPPED into the yard office to get my waybills, and old Herb Smith was discoursing. Smith had been a conductor on the O. S. L. when Paul Bunyan was a student shack, and it always pays to tune in when old Herb broadcasts, though I never hesitate to pull the air on him if I think he's getting out of bounds.

Herb was tilted back against the wall, his gray eyes twinkling under a thatch of eyebrows. This was his story:

Pete Benson is a quarter-blood Indian, and a good hoghead as hogheads go, which ain't saying much.* Pete would donate the shirt off his back to any tramp on the line. He fed 'em all, and it was his original boast that he'd give even his last chaw of tobacco to his worst enemy.

"Yep," he would say, "I'd give my last chaw to my worst enemy — you bet—that's me"; but Pete Benson, he didn't have any enemies; he's friendlier than a wet dog.

In the spring of '18 he was on the Ticeska work train with me, building a sidetrack. Sam Byers was roadmaster in charge of the job. One day Sam gets caught between two gondolas and was in bad order when we took him out. He was unconscious and bleeding from a knock on the head. One leg was twisted at a sickening angle.

It was twenty miles down Snake River to Glenn's Ferry and a doctor. I asked Pete how about cutting the engine off and making a run for it, light. Of course it was all right with Pete, but we both realized what it meant to run on single track without train orders from the dispatcher. Howsomever, we cut the engine off and highballed it out of there on smoke orders.

A smoke order is simply this — if you see smoke, back up and get into the first sidetrack you can, and if there isn't any sidetrack—why, then, it's just too bad, that's all.

Old Sam Byers was groaning something terrible, and clear out of his head. Pete put the Johnson bar where she belonged, pulled back on the throttle and we dropped down the mountain.

It never rains but what it pours, so all this had to happen when we had a green student fireman on the engine. The old scrap heap hadn't popped off for a week, but the boy sure had her hot now, and was leaning out of the window gasping for breath as Pete blew for the semaphore at the King Hill tank.

No. 5, the fast mail, was due right behind us, and the agent had the sack hanging on the crane for the mail clerk to hook. Pete hollers from his side of the cab for our fireman to look out for the sack. Pete was afraid it would hit the fireman on the head.

And what did that poor zany do but put out his arm and grab that fifty-

*Author's note: Conductors seldom praise their engineers.

pound mail sack in. We all damn near passed out when we see that the fireman still has his arm on, and that it isn't torn from its socket.

Pete proceeds to give him an ear full of choice language. That fireman found out several things, among which was the fact that this was no mail train and he'd probably be arrested for stealing a mail sack. The poor tallowpot had thought Pete told him to get the sack.

Old Sam Byers was talking out of his head something awful by this time, and swearing fierce. I kneels down on the apron and listens to him close, so I could tell the widow his last words, if any. (The only way to get the last words with a woman is to say it and check out quick.)

"I'll Have to Go to Denver," Sam Was Groaning

"I'll have to go to Denver," Sam was groaning. "I'll have to go to Denver." Then he'd cuss horrible. Naturally, I concluded he was better.

"What in the hell do you have to go to Denver for?" I asks him kindly.

"My wooden laig is busted all to pieces, and there's where they make 'em," he answers.

"Well, I be dehorned," I yells.

"What's up?" asks Pete. "Ain't he dead yet?"

"My wooden laig's busted," repeats old Sam. With this remark he gets up, rubs the bump on his head and examines his broken limb.

Pete's face turns all the colors of a rainbow and settles into a sickly greenish hue; he was sore, believe me. And I wasn't nursing any Billy Sunday feelings for old Sam, myself. All this risk of a head-on collision, running without train orders, exceeding speed limits—for a busted wooden leg!

Pete slid the drivers and we stopped quick. He looked at his watch, threw the engine into reverse and opened up on it. I grabbed my ticker out of my pocket and was scared stiff.

"How about No. 5?" I asks.

"No smoke yet," Pete answers.

When we passed King Hill I threw off the mail sack, the agent giving us a highball sign off the end of his nose.

We made it and that's all. We had no more than got into the Ticeska sidetrack and bent the rail behind us when No. 5 shot by, and she wasn't making any smoke, either. We scramble off the engine and I get Sam a stick for a cane; he stands a while and fumbles around in his pockets, looking for something. Then he says: "I've lost my tobacco—give me a chaw, Pete."

But for once Pete wasn't generous. "You go to hell," he says, and went away mumbling about wooden legs and wooden heads.

The boys laughed as Herb finished. "You're an old liar!" I said to him.

"What do you mean—liar?" Herb boiled like a hot journal.

"How could Sam Byers get by the physical examinations with a wooden leg?" I asked triumphantly.

"Oh," says Herb, "his twin brother passed that for him. Did you ever hear what that twin did in Pocatello—"

But I had to leave.

Hostile "Injuns"

By Arthur Lakewood

IN 1903 Oklahoma was still Indian Territory, made up of various tribes, most of which had grievances of one kind or another. The Federal Government, knowing that liquor was bad medicine for the redskins, and that a brave full of firewater preferred fighting to arbitration, made every effort to keep Indian Territory dry. But then, as now, the stuff would sometimes get by all of Uncle Sam's barriers, and whenever it did there was trouble.

On one occasion a gang of young braves procured a supply of something with an awful kick and proceeded to declare war against the United States in general and the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad in particular. Track was torn up in spots and ties were piled on the track along the di-

vision south of Francis. The evening of January 23, 1903, a local southbound passenger train was stopped by a band of savages near Francis. Their chief yelled to the engineer:

"Back up to Francis, where you came from!"

The hoghead, sizing up the situation, did back up a short distance, then threw his reverse lever over, opened the throttle and proceeded south, passing the marauders at high speed. The Indians, who were on horseback, chased after the train, firing through the windows, but hit no one.

When this report was received at Sapulpa, the dispatcher immediately issued the "Hostile Indian" train order, a copy of which has been preserved by the operator at Roff. It is, so far as we know, the only one of its kind issued in the twentieth century. The order reads:

Run very carefully and look out for obstructions on track or track torn up between Holdenville and Roff by hostile Indians

G.W.S.

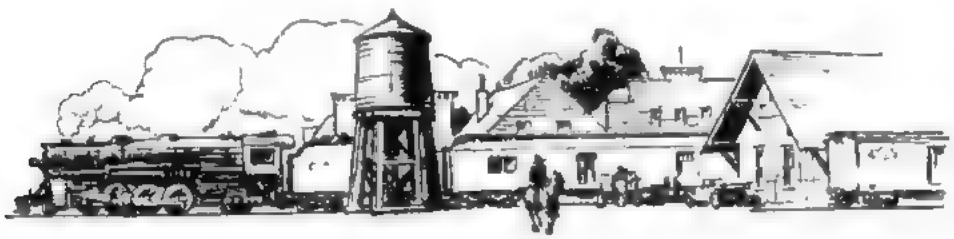
THE FASTEST RAILWAY IN FRANCE

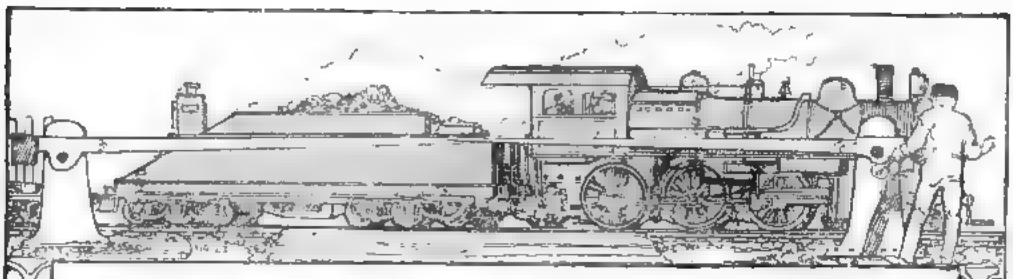
THE Nord Railway owns about 2,400 miles of line in the industrial and mining section of northeastern France. The district being a compact one, it is possible to go from one end to the other of the system in any direction without traveling 200 miles.

The principal main lines are those between Paris and Calais. Two others branch off of this line. One leaves the Paris and Calais line at Creil and runs to the Belgian border via St. Quentin and Jeumont. The other leaves the Paris and Calais line near Amien and runs to Lille via Arras.

During the war the railway was partially destroyed. Since then the main line has been relaid with rail weighing 91 pounds to the yard, the ballast being crushed rock. The French government recently tried to make the railways adopt engines of a standard design. Owing to differences of opinion as to the design, the Nord adopted its own design of 4-6-2 type of passenger engine. The super Pacific engines were first built in 1924 and are four-cylinder compounds weighing 107 tons without tender. Since the Nord is not equipped with track tanks, the engines were equipped with large tenders, so they could run from one end of the system to the other without stopping for water. The tenders carry nearly nine tons of coal and 8,700 gallons of water. Tractive power of these engines is 38,700 pounds.

The Nord provides the fastest passenger service of any railway in France. Out of 30 start-to-stop runs at 58 miles per hour or more in that country, the Nord is responsible for no less than 24 of them. The Nord's fastest train—which is the fastest train in France—is the Paris-to-Berlin express, which makes the Paris-to-St. Quentin run of 95.1 in 92 minutes at an average speed of 62 miles per hour.—*Lester Scarborough.*





The Boomer

By A. L. Willis

HE blew into Grogan's shanty as the boys were havin' lunch,
An' right away he's one of us, an' eatin' with the bunch.
He bones a fag from Grogan, an' then right off the reel,
This bloomin' boomin' boomer gives his modest little spiel.

He's railroaded in Mexico, in Idaho an' Maine,
There's nothin' you can tell this guy about the railroad game;
Skatcheywan to New Yawleans, Chi to Painted Post,
Birmingham an' Saginaw, he knows 'em, coast to coast.

Oil burners on the Santa Fe, smoke eaters on the "Q,"
N. Y. C. an' Nickel Plate, Erie, Penn an' "Soo."
Loggin' roads, an' minin' dumps, freight an' varnished trains,
He's hogger, shack an' tallow pot, baggage men an' brains.

Thrills are what he's lookin' for, let him tell the tale,
An' when he finds the railroad game is gettin' kinda stale,
He kicks out of his overalls an' beats it to the hills,
Forgettin' in the meantime to pay his little bills.

He's sojer an' he's sailor, all around free lance;
Went over with the engineers an' done his bit in France;
Was in the Cuban mix-up, an' in the Philippines,
Infantry an' cavalry, an' leatherneck Marines.

Sailed roun' the world 'afore the mast aboard the Golden Rule,
Crossed the Painted Desert on a blind Missouri mule;
Rode with Villa's raiders down in Mexico,
An' killed a buckin' broncho in the Shyan rodeo.

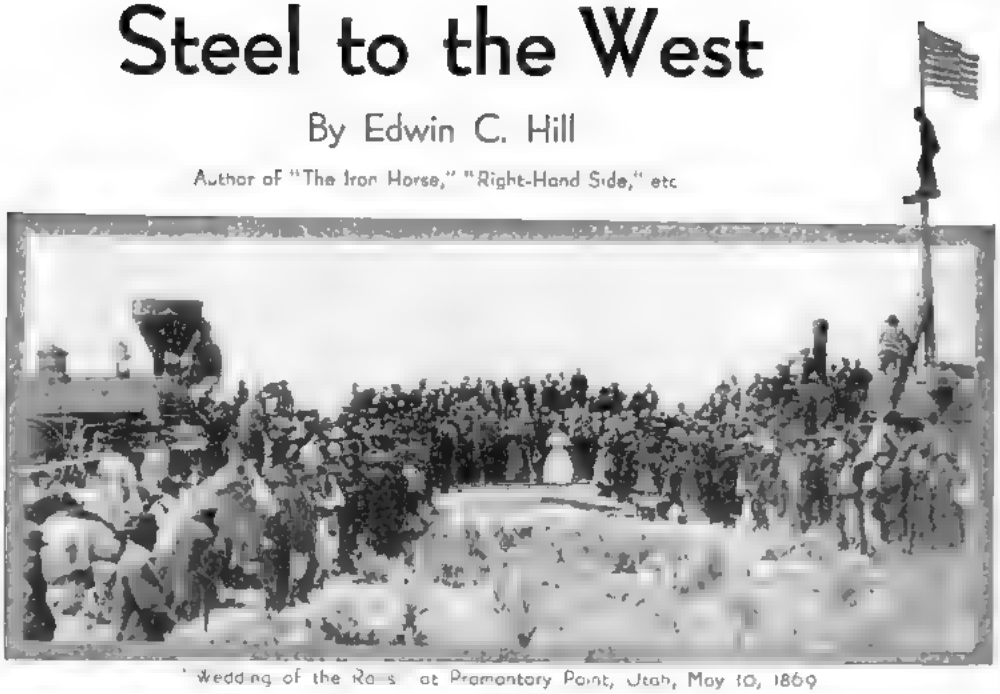
An' there's the ladies, bless them, the pester of his life,
His fatal beauty gets 'em, widow, maid an' wife,
They're doggin' of his footsteps, they're campin' on his trail,
An' when he hops the rattler, they wail an' wail an' wail.

"Well, fellers, glad I met you, but now I gotta skip,
I got a job of chambermaid aboard a cattle ship."
He shakes our hands affectionate, an' at the door salutes,
An' with him went my brier pipe an' Grogan's rubber boots.

Steel to the West

By Edwin C. Hill

Author of "The Iron Horse," "Right-Hand Side," etc



Wedding of the Rails at Promontory Point, Utah, May 10, 1869

The Last Lap Was the Hardest as Transcontinental Rails Were Flung Across the Desert

MOVING towns followed the construction workers who built the transcontinental railroad more than sixty years ago. The Central Pacific's mushroom communities were somewhat orderly, but the Union Pacific's were sink holes of iniquity. Each of the latter, in their turn, held the title of "the wickedest city in America." First came North Platte and then Julesburg.

Cheyenne was the next to boom, 140 miles to the west. Within a few weeks after the collapse of Julesburg, Cheyenne had 5,000 inhabitants, two daily papers, a city government, a brass band, and a complete set of blacklegs doing a land office business. There were two two-story hotels, three banks, a stone warehouse, 100 saloons, 75 gambling houses and dance halls, and a wide layout of shanties, dugouts and tents. Every known gambling device was in full blast and coining money.

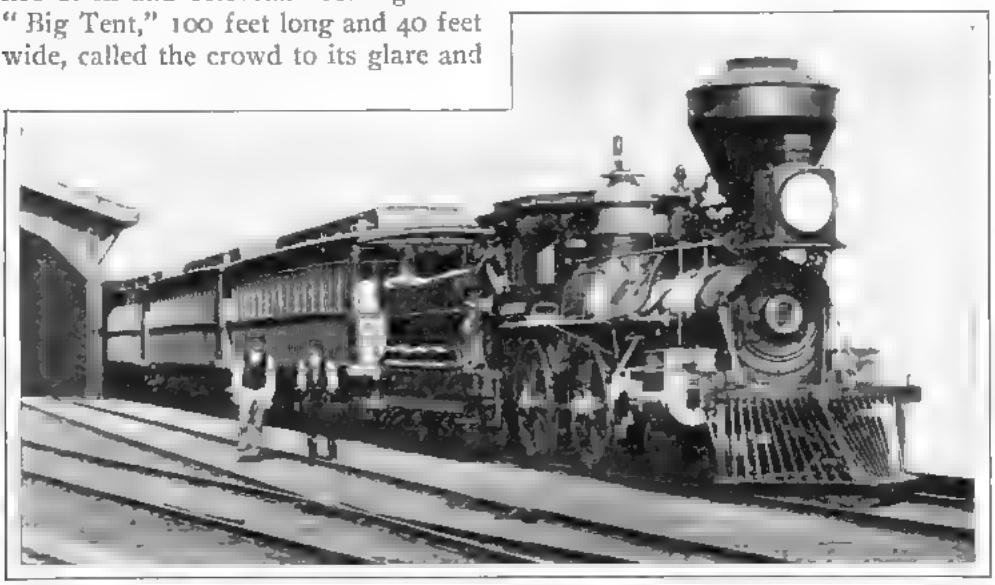
After a while Chevenne became so wild and woolly that a vigilance committee was formed. The military also took a hand, marching in from Fort D. A. Russell. Bad men were hanged to telegraph poles and such few trees as there were. Others were run out of town and told to keep running. Cheyenne was tamed, but presently only 1,500 were left of the population that had risen to 10,000 in the heyday of its wildness.

Laramie, the next moving town, roared for three months. It gave way to Benton, and within two weeks this new outpost of the Union Pacific, on the fringe of the Red Desert, 700 miles

from Omaha, contained 3,000 people in a wild swirl of life.

Twenty-three Saloons

BENTON was a terminal for the stage line, freighting terminus, and, for the time, terminus of the railroad. Water cost $1 a barrel and 10 cents a bucket. The streets were inches deep in strangling alkali. Mule skinners, miners, gamblers, tourists and ranchers mixed with the railroad builders. Twenty-three saloons and five dance halls made life brisk and colorful. At night the "Big Tent," 100 feet long and 40 feet wide, called the crowd to its glare and blare. The only cheap thing in Benton was human life.



Typical Passenger Train Used on the Central Pacific (now Southern Pacific) Sixty Years Ago

Benton lasted sixty days, then lay down in its alkali and died. There wasn't a thing left except empty tin cans, barrel hoops, empty barrels, dugouts and nameless graves.

Green City was born and perished. Next came Bryan, after which the Union Pacific sped on to Wasatch, 7,000 feet up in the mountain ranges and 966 miles west of Omaha. Dodge and his lieutenants, the Casements, were laying rails with incredible speed in spite of all sorts of annoyances, obstacles and controversies.

Wasatch had a life of three months, then curled up and quit like the other moving towns. It was snowed in for most of the three months, and only five of the forty-three occupants of its Boot Hill died natural deaths. One wonders what Wasatch could have done in summer, given a fine free hand by kindly nature.

After Wasatch came the last of the moving towns—Corinne, at the north end of the Great Salt Lake, and Promontory Point. The latter was at the junction of two great railroads—the meeting place of the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific—and it made its hay while the sun of opportunity shone.

Some of the moving towns survived prosperously, others perished utterly and are buried beneath the shifting sands of the desert.

Coming down the home stretch to-

ward Promontory Point, Grenville M. Dodge was harassed by efforts of the suave Dr. T. C. Durant, vice president of the Union Pacific, to manipulate the route in a fashion which thoroughly displeased the bluff old soldier. Matters came to such a pass, indeed, that Dodge felt he was about to be ousted.

General Grant Takes a Hand

A REMARKABLE meeting was held at Fort Sanders on July 26, 1868, at which the question of authority was settled. U. S. Grant, soon to be President, had made up his mind to take a hand in the Union Pacific's affairs. The show-down between Durant and Dodge was at hand.

Durant arose and charged Dodge with having selected impossible routes, wasting money in futile experiments, ignoring the sound judgment of his associates, and failing to locate the U. P. through Salt Lake City

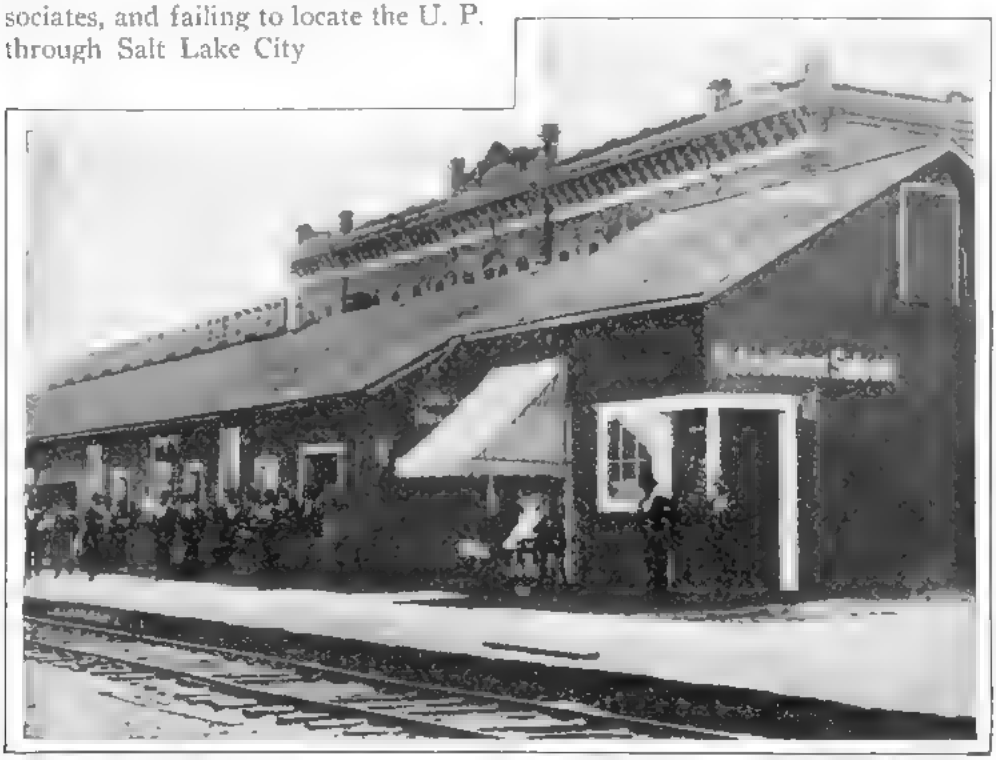
"What about it, Dodge?" asked Grant, leaning back in a cane-bottom chair and smoking vigorously.

"Just this," Dodge replied deliberately. "If Durant, or anybody connected with the Union Pacific, or anybody connected with the government, changes my lines, I'll quit the road!"

There was an electric pause. General Sherman looked at General Sheridan, while Grant shifted his cigar. It was one of the big moments of drama in the building of the U. P. Finally Grant broke the uncomfortable silence.

"The government expects this road to be finished," said he, "and the government expects General Dodge to remain with the road as chief engineer until it is finished!"

Thereupon Durant withdrew his objections, and the problem was settled.



Southern Pacific Station at Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco, as It Looked Shortly After the Transcontinental Railroad Was Completed

But Dodge had one more major situation to deal with—the hostility of the Mormon Church and Brigham Young. Dodge notified Chief Engineer Montague of the Central Pacific that he intended to build the U. P. to the north of Salt Lake City, and that it would be well for the C. P. people to get together with him and decide on a meeting place north of the Mormon capital. In reply Montague hinted that the Central also had decided to give Salt Lake City the go-by, for the best of engineering reasons.

Dodge felt reassured. He told Brigham Young frankly what his intentions were. Young was furious. He preached a sermon in the Tabernacle calling down the wrath of the Almighty on the head of Dodge and the U. P.

Young was in a hole, since he had preached a sermon some time before saying he had been given a revelation from on high which assured him that the transcontinental was to be built through Salt Lake. He tried to intrigue with the Central Pacific until Dodge let him into the secret that the Central, too, intended to go north of his city.

At that he changed his stand, called a meeting of the twelve apostles of the Mormon Church, told them he had another revelation, and that the Lord had commanded the Mormons to help the Union Pacific finish its line to Ogden. Mormon graders and teamsters turned out full force and were of vast assistance in the final stage of the construction work.

The Last Lap Is the Hardest

Men of blood and iron built the 1,776 miles of the transcontinental. No lesser breed could have conquered mountain and plain, whipped Nature to a standstill, and beaten off 25,000 warlike savages. But all that the builders had accomplished in the three years that led up to the terrific spring of 1869, and to the last lap of the desperate race for traffic territory and wealth, were dwarfed by the stupendous achievements of the final drive.

The Central had moved eastward from Sacramento like a battle-ax, crushing all obstacles. The Union Pacific had thrust forward like a rapier. Starting in February, 1863, the Central, in more than three years, had fought its way over the icebound Sierra and down into the Nevada desert to Reno, 158 miles, before it could begin to build on even terms with the Union.

By December, 1868, it had laid down 444 miles, 363 in one year, a mile a day—for "a mile a day in the desert" had been Charles Crocker's blunt ultimatum.

Once fairly in the desert, the black-bearded Crocker set himself for a man-killing drive. The East was combed to meet his demands for material. Thirty vessels at one time were *en route* from New York around the Horn to bring him his precious iron. An army of men felled giant trees in his own California to give him his redwood, pine and cedar.

For the 300 miles he had to cover to reach Ogden, there was nothing the desert had to offer except a bed for his ties and rails—no wood, no water, no food, but plenty of blasting heat.

Through that endless Nevada desert, which had known only the flashing pony express riders, the lumbering stage coaches and the plodding emigrant wagon trains, Crocker led his yellow army of conquest, advancing to meet the white builders who were pushing westward with equal vigor.

Union Pacific Engine, Rogers-1 9, Which Took Part in the Ceremony of Driving the Golden Spike at Promontory Point

It was the Orient against the Occident, the patient, tireless Chinese against the fiery, toil-toughened Irish—and every mile of the distance conquered by those well-matched antagonists was a mile of sheer drama.

From end of track in those ultimate heart-breaking weeks, Crocker drove his graders and rail-layers from sunrise to dusk. Men fell exhausted where they lay, too tired to eat. A train loaded with priceless rails plunged through a trestle, when every minute counted in the furious effort to beat the U. P. into Ogden. Smallpox struck the camps and devastated the Chinese. Bad water took up where the smallpox left off.

Crocker raved and cursed, and did the work of ten men. Along the graded way he built great bonfires and worked his able-bodied Chinese far into the night.

Speed Costs $10,000,000

To the east at Sherman Pass was the only man who could play the great game with the reckless dash of Crocker—Grenville M. Dodge. The thundering echoes of Crocker's construction trains had reached the general's ears, and Crocker's boast of " a mile a day through the desert " had stung the whole U. P. organization.

It had startled Dr. Durant back in New York, and the Ames brothers in Boston, too. When Dodge told them that the speed they were demanding would cost them an extra $10,000,000, they telegraphed back that they cared not a tinker's dam. For every mile of distance they gained on the Central they would draw $64,000 in bonds and 12,800 acres of government land.

Oakes Ames, the shovel maker, who had bet his great factory on the success of the U. P., wired:

> Go ahead. The work must not stop if it takes every dollar we have in the world!

There was no rest that winter for Dodge and his U. P. builders high up in the Wasatch ranges. Neither heat nor cold, nor rain nor snow, nor anything whatever, could be permitted to halt the road's advance. He threw all of his available force into the 400 miles between Green River, Wyoming, and Humboldt Wells, Nevada, with the graders working 250 miles in advance, 10,000 of them with 250 teams.

From five to twenty miles ahead of end of track toiled the bridge and cul-

vert gangs, and at end of track General Jack Casement cracked the whip over 1,000 track-layers and 100 teams. The supply teams, 400 and even 500 at a time, plodded back and forth along the grade, the choking acridity of alkali mingling with the rank smoke from the clay pipes of the fighting Irish. For 1,000 miles to the rear, construction trains were now relaying materials and supplies from the Missouri River, because every mile of track laid down required no less than forty carloads of material!

Slowly, and yet with incredible speed, the two roads approached each other, ends of track lashing forward like the heads of great serpents. Jack Casement, catching fire from Dodge, outdid himself.

While Dr. Durant sat in his luxurious New York office, beautiful with paintings and statuary, and musical with the song of canaries, bombarding the builders two thousand miles away, the Casement brothers, Jack and Dan, began to set records that made railroad men back East rub their eyes—a mile and a half a day, then two miles, then two and three-quarters, and finally four and five miles a day.

The newspapers of the country enthusiastically printed the bulletins of this grand march of empire—a march more thrilling, even, than Sherman's sweep to Atlanta.

A Thrilling Race

In defiance of the Central, Casement's track gangs laid down six miles of rail in one day. Crocker came back with seven. Jack Casement plucked a yellow telegraph message from the hands of his private operator, read the boast of that seven miles and swore:

"No Chinaman can beat me laying rails!"

After a wet night in his camp with a guest party of Governors and generals, the game cock of the Union Pacific crowed at the sun and flapped his wings at his terriers. And on that day, before the amazed eyes of the distinguished visitors, the U. P. had leaped forward another seven miles and a half! Casement wired Crocker:

> How do you like that, you and your yellow bellies?

Crocker roared with laughter and sent back this enigmatic reply:

> The Central promises ten miles in one working day.

Durant, in his beautiful Wall Street office, got the bulletin of Crocker's latest defiance. Not believing in miracles, he telegraphed the Californian:

> Ten thousand dollars you can't do it before witnesses.

To which Crocker replied:

> You're on and we will notify you as to the day.

The U. P. spurred ahead, its Irish chanting the anthem of the road:

> Drill, my paddies, drill!
> Drill, you tarriers, drill!
> Oh, it's work all day,
> No sugar in your tay
> Workin' on th' U. Pay Ra-ilway!

All the way from Omaha Dodge and Casement's Irish had flung that chant at mountain and desert, and now, almost within sight of victory, they were singing it as their battle cry.

On March 3, 1869, the U. P. rails entered Ogden, first at the goal in spite of every desperate coup of the shrewd and able Huntington, in spite of the inhuman driving of Charles Crocker. In Ogden flags waved, the military band played, artillery boomed, and

Tehachapi Loop, a Southern Pacific Engineering Triumph on the Line Between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Photo Taken in 1876, the Year That Line Was First Opened

banners flung to the breeze: "Utah Bids You Welcome."

But the U. P. was in no mood to pause at Ogden. It struck westward again into the stark desert in the effort to shut off the Central completely, and to win more of those royal mile-per-mile bonuses in bonds and free land. It swung westward and climbed the bold ridge which led into Promontory Point

Barely twenty miles beyond, exhausted but dauntless, the Central was limping in. No meeting point had been agreed upon between the two roads, but the hour had come when an understanding was imperative. Millions were being scattered upon the sands of the desert in utter waste. Huntington of the Central and Durant of the U. P. agreed by wire to join their rails at Promontory Point.

By the time that agreement was made, Crocker's end of track was within twenty miles of Promontory, and when Crocker heard that the deal had been made he sent a telegram to Dr. Durant:

> To-morrow we'll lay those ten miles. Then send me your check for ten thousand.

He turned to Strobridge, his first lieutenant: "The hell with to-morrow! We'll do it now, when they can't get back at us!"

Leland Stanford, president of the Central Pacific, had come out from Sacramento to watch Charles Crocker try for an unheard-of record in track laying. The Union Pacific suspended work and its men trooped by the thousand along the Central right of way, like spectators in the bleachers.

Ten Miles in One Day!

CROCKER had prepared for the task with foxlike cunning. He was confident. His men were hardened by four years of toil and were as disciplined as a military force. Ties had been laid far in advance. The camp train had been put on a side track and five long construction trains of rails, spikes, bolts and fastenings were arrayed on the main track, the rearmost sending forth wagonload after wagonload to be dumped far out along the grade.

Sunrise to sunset was set for the working day, but it was not until seven that Crocker, riding a big black horse, lifted his hand for the signal to jump into action. At that uplifted hand eight selected rail carriers—Irish to the last man—seized a pair of rails from the rail truck, ran forward and plumped them down. They were adjusted instantly. One man was told off for every spike, fishplate and bolt.

Pursuing the gang of eight marched a solid column of Chinese, the outside file with picks, the middle file between the rails, with shovels to ballast the roadbed, a third file shoving the rail truck onward over the newly laid rails, keeping even pace with the advance.

The instant that the rail supply was down to a few lengths, the nearly emptied truck was tipped over to one side and another truck piled high was hustled forward along the cleared way. The work proceeded minute by minute, hour by hour, without a hitch.

The U. P. held watches on the swift advance and timed it at 144 feet a minute, a pair of rails laid down every twelve seconds. The Central was sweeping toward Promontory Point at the gait of a fast walking horse! By 1.30 six miles of track had been put down, and Crocker signaled for a noon rest. Dinner was served to the force of five thousand, and at 2.30 the Central gangs leaped back into action. At seven o'clock the ten miles of track had been completed, with 1,800 feet over for good measure, and the sun was just beginning to slant the red rays of its setting behind the black bulk of Promontory Point.

That record has never been touched in all the sixty years that have followed the epic effort!

The names of the eight Irishmen who bore the rails so swiftly for every foot of the ten miles and eighteen hundred yards that blazing day were Mike Shay, Mike Kennedy, Mike Sullivan, Pay Joyce, Thomas Dailey, George Wyatt, Edward Killeen and Fred McNamara. The labor they accomplished at top speed all day was stupendous. Each squad of four lifted 560 pounds in each rail. In their ten miles of unfaltering labor they handled a total of nearly 2,000,000 pounds of dead weight!

The Wedding of the Rails

THAT marvel was achieved April 28th. The next day both roads laid rails in leisurely fashion, and on May 1 they stopped, with ends of track only fifty-eight feet apart, a rail's length. Thereafter both sides rested until special trains from all over the country could bring notables to witness the

crowning ceremony of the wedding of the rails.

Stanford came back from California to represent the Central. Dr. Durant arrived from New York to act for the Union Pacific. With him were General Dodge, the Casements, and other U. P. chiefs, as well as various national and local celebrities.

At the U. P. end a small gang of Crocker's Chinese were working, inserting the last link of the transcontinental as the great crowd thronged into the flat valley, bare except for sagebrush. Infantry kept the track clear as the official party took their places at the juncture of the rails. The Central's locomotive, Jupiter-60, distinguished by its flaring stack, and the Union Pacific's locomotive, Rogers-119, marked by a slim straight stack, were jockeyed slowly until their cowcatchers were but a few yards apart.

The Western Union had strung a wire from the nearest telegraph pole to a special operator's kit set upon a small four-legged table where W. N. Shilling, of the Western Union's Ogden office, was ready to thrill the nation.

From Leland Stanford's private car Construction Superintendents Strobridge, of the Central, and Reed, of the Union Pacific, carried the silver-plated laurel tie. The two rails came next, proudly borne by a clean-frocked squad of grinning Chinese and a laughing Irish squad.

The crowd of two thousand broke into a storm of applause. Photographer Savage, tense with anxiety, squinted through his lens and got his focus. Just before noon General Dodge, the spokesman, asked the Rev. Dr. John Todd, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, to offer prayer. As Dr. Todd offered thanks for the great achievement, the telegraph operator clicked this message to the waiting country:

> To everybody: Keep quiet. When the last spike is driven at Promontory Point we will say "Done." Don't break the circuit, but watch for the signals of the blows of the hammer.

The Western Union had cleared all wires for the bulletins from Promontory Point, and in every city of the Union crowds in front of the bulletin boards excitedly followed the drama.

When Dr. Todd finished his prayer, Leland Stanford spoke for the Central and Dodge replied for the U. P. At 2.40 P.M. in the East, the telegraph clicked off this message:

> We have got done praying. The spike is about to be presented.

The spikes were brought forward, Nevada contributing one of solid silver from the famed Comstock lode; Arizona offering one of alloyed gold, silver and iron; Idaho and Montana presenting spikes of silver, and California paying tribute with two of gold. The telegraph ticked:

> All ready now. The spike will soon be driven. The signal will be three dots for the commencement of the blows.

The spikes from Nevada, Idaho, Montana and Arizona were driven home, and then Dr. Durant took one of the two golden spikes and sent it to its place with easy grace. President Stanford of the Central waited with the last spike of gold, and at a signal set it in its place and raised his hammer. Tense and nervous, he missed the spike and hit only the rail, but that mattered not. "*Dot, dot, dot,*" went the telegraph, and added, "Done!"

Whole Nation Rejoices

AT 2.47 P.M., Eastern standard time, a magnetic ball at the dome of the

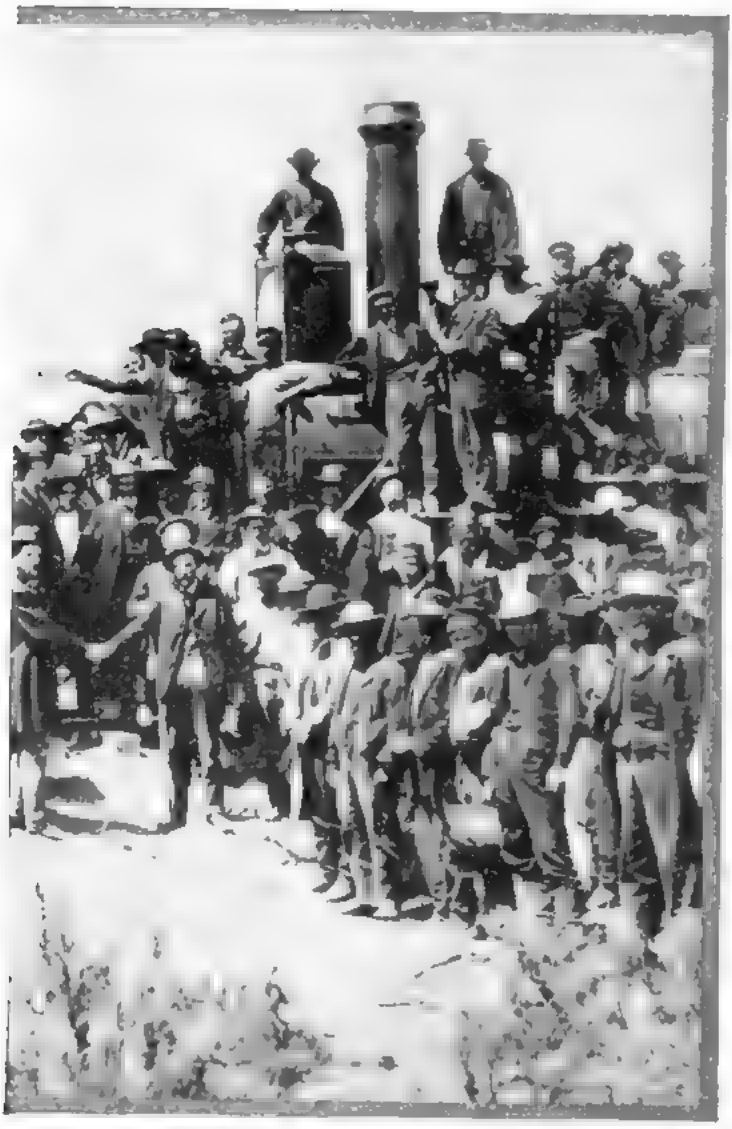
Capitol in Washington dropped, and cheers rang over the city. In Sacramento, simultaneously, there was a tremendous uproar of whistles, bells and cannon. One hundred guns were firing a salute in New York City, and the bells of old Trinity were rung in joyous pæan. The Liberty Bell sounded in Philadelphia, and a vast crowd in front of Independence Hall added its clamor to the national celebration. A procession four miles in length marched in wild enthusiasm through the streets of Chicago, while in Salt Lake City both Mormons and Gentiles met elbow to elbow in the great Tabernacle erected by Brigham Young.

To the President, U. S. Grant, flashed the proud message of success won after years of struggle:

> Promontory Point, Utah,
> May 10, 1869.
>
> The last rail is laid, the last spike driven. The point of junction is 1086 miles west of the Missouri River and 690 miles east of Sacramento City.
>
> Leland Stanford, *Central Pacific Railroad.*
>
> T. C. Durant, Sidney Dillon, John Duff, *Union Pacific Railroad.*

President Stanford and Vice President Durant clasped hands across the narrow gap. Colonel Savage, the photographer, exposed plate after plate. The crowd roared applause. Bands crashed out patriotic airs, and the two engines added their shrieks to the overwhelming chorus.

Dodge and Montague, the engineers and pathfinders for the U. P. and the Central, respectively, took a last whack



Just Before Rogers-119 Met Jupiter-60 on a Champagne Bath S S Montague left and General Dodge Shook Hands on Pass for the Railroads They Represented

at the last spike, and then the two locomotives, Jupiter-60 and Rogers-119, moved slowly through the cheering lane of humanity until their pilots almost touched.

The firemen took the throttles while the engineers, Sam Bradford and George Booth, climbed out of their cabs, each with a bottle of champagne Swinging out upon the pilots they smashed the bottles as the locomotives rubbed noses; Bradford of the U. P. smashing his bottle upon the pilot of the Central's engine, and Booth, of the Central, baptizing the U. P.'s locomotive with the foaming wine

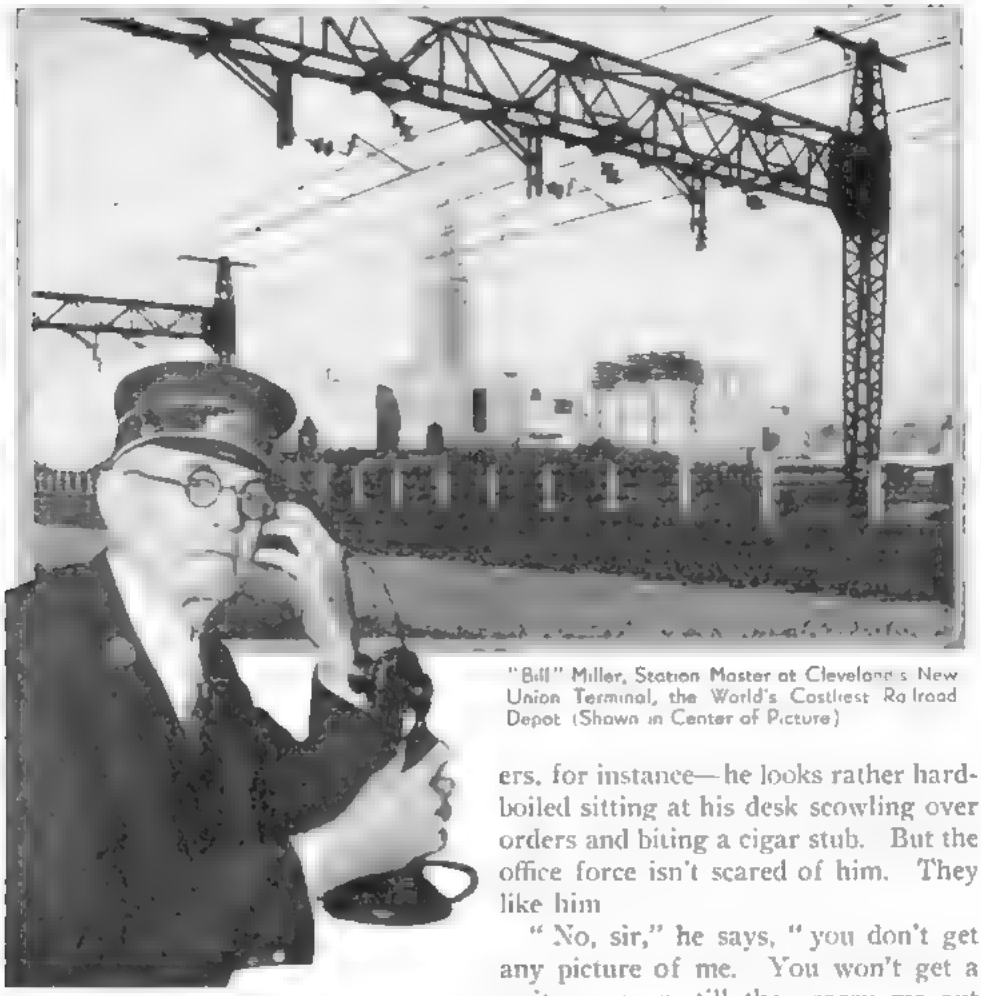
Later track gangs substituted permanent ties and iron spikes and made all secure On May 11 the first transcontinental passengers crossed over the united rails and sped on their way toward the Rockies and the Pacific

The work was done, and well done. Private capital and the National Treasury had poured a flood of gold into the gigantic enterprise. But whatever the cost, the nation was the gainer in tenfold proportion. It opened an opportunity for new wealth. It changed the courses of commerce by putting America into touch with Asia. It gave a new empire to the Stars and Stripes. It united the eastern and western shores of a great continent.

THE END

Along the Streak o' Rust

A New Department of Rail Personalities; Men and Women With Unusual Records of Achievement



"Bill" Miller, Station Master at Cleveland's New Union Terminal, the World's Costliest Railroad Depot (Shown in Center of Picture)

IT'S a good long walk from the portico of Cleveland's new $82,000,000 Union Terminal through the Botticino marble ticket lobby and steam concourse to where "Bill" Miller has his office.

Bill is station master. To people who don't know him well—inquiring reporters, for instance—he looks rather hard-boiled sitting at his desk scowling over orders and biting a cigar stub. But the office force isn't scared of him. They like him.

"No, sir," he says, "you don't get any picture of me. You won't get a write-up even, till they carry me out feet first and folks can see it and say 'it's a good thing the old devil's gone.'"

Bill's cigar went out. There was only an inch of it left. He tilted his head back to light it again without burning his nose at the same time.

"Ain't any use of it. All the New York Central fellows know me any-

way. Think I want 'em looking in the magazine and saying, 'wonder what the danged old fool paid to git that in?' "

It took a lot of argument by Trainmaster E. W. Lossee and half a dozen other friends to make Bill finally agree to pose. It was the first time in his life he ever did it. Cleveland newspaper photographers still remember the time they chased him for two hours before they cornered him, and then the pictures weren't much good.

Family tradition ought to have made Bill a fireman. Instead, he has been a railroad station man all his life. He started working for the New York Central as an usher in 1890. Five years later he became assistant station master, in 1917 station master, and in 1923 chief station master. He has been a devoted, conscientious and hard worker, so when the new Union Terminal was put in operation with a daily schedule of 100 trains, they just naturally kept Bill on as chief.

According to Bill, he never had any "experiences" — everything always went smooth. He remembers the time a burning sleeper was pulled into the station and his family fireman blood came to the surface and he got burned rather badly trying to put it out. But, of course, that was nothing!

Then a long time ago—even before Bill shaved off his long black gay '90s beard—they brought a carload of victims in from a big wreck down-State. Bill had a regular first class fight that time to keep a mob of relatives, newspaper men and just plain curious folks off the car.

Oh, yes, everything has always gone along serenely for William L. Miller, station master in the world's costliest railroad depot.

"I ain't no better than any one else —no, nor half as good as some," says Bill. "So there ain't no sense in writing me up."

But his friends think differently.—*Larry Hawkins.*

* * *

RICHARD McHALE

SIXTY-NINE years on the D. L. & W pay roll and not one demerit mark! That's the splendid record of Richard McHale, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, pensioned recently with unusual honors

In 1861, at the age of ten, Dick began his career as a slate picker for the D. L. & W., which then operated both the coal mine and the railroad. In 1875 he became a brakeman, continuing in active service for the longest of any Lackawanna employee! McHale is happily married and has six children

* * *

REV. SAM L. TITUS

REV. SAM L. TITUS, who celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday last May 11 at his home in Little Rock, Arkansas, surrounded by his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren is one of the very few living men — perhaps the only one!—who took an important part in building the transcontinental railroad (which Edwin C Hill describes vividly in "Steel to the West")

As General Jack Casement's private secretary, Titus witnessed the construction of most of the stretch of the U P. between Omaha and Laramie, and attended the final ceremony of driving the golden spikes at Promontory Point

Beginning as a telegrapher, Sam's early career was spent in New York State among nearly a dozen railway stations on the New York & Erie line. He knew Edison when the electrical wizard was a newsboy on the trains

"Tom Edison often used to ask me questions about telegraphy," he said proudly

During the Civil War, Titus was besieged by seventy-one Confederate soldiers, who, having failed in an attempt to free several hundred comrades in a near-by prison camp, descended upon the station at Almond, New York, to capture the operator and cut off means of communication. Titus saw them coming and telegraphed for aid The raiders were trying to batter down his barricaded door when a detachment of Union soldiers arrived on flat cars and put them to flight.

After the war, lightning struck a station where Titus was employed and partially paralyzed his right arm. It was then he went West with Casement

Later he assisted in building the Nickel Plate and part of the old Canada Southern. While working on the latter, the old man explains with a chuckle, he helped to "steal" a railroad bridge

The Canada Southern and a rival line, also under construction, clashed over the right-of-way near the Michigan-Ohio boundary. The "enemy," going ahead of their track, built a trestle across the Grand River and started laying rails on the Canada Southern's right-of way back to meet their own completed section Titus and his companions observed these tactics in silence. That night they hurriedly laid rails connecting with their rival's track near the bridge

Next morning the Canada Southern had its own track running over its own right-of-way across the other fellow's bridge, and invoked the law to prevent the rails from being pulled up! The defeated line surrendered the bridge and thereafter kept off the Canada Southern's right-of-way

Titus has been an ordained minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church for more than sixty years. He is in fairly good health, reads the newspapers every day and is keenly interested in new developments in railroading —*Gladys Powell.*

* * *

"BILL" SHATOFF

TWELVE years ago he was "Wild Bill" Shatoff, a freight-hopping, soapbox-haranguing American "bum" To-day he is Minister of Transportation of the Far Eastern Soviet Republics and the moving force in the completion of the new Siberian-Turkestan Railroad, 1,700 miles long, which is expected to make arid Turkestan bloom like the rose. Nearly 60,000 men were employed in building that road.

Shatoff, a native of Kiev, fled from Russia in 1907 as a political exile. In the ensuing ten years he saw America from the doors of "boxcar Pullmans," through jail bars, from the back windows of restaurants where he washed dishes and from platforms in radical halls. Part of the time he worked as a "gandy dancer" on the Erie, where he seems to have imbibed a thorough knowledge of railroad construction and of the art of handling large bodies of men—*Eugene W. Poplawski.*

* * *

ELIZABETH CULLEN

IN July, 1917, Elizabeth O. Cullen went to work in the library of the Bureau of Railway Economics, Seventeenth and H Streets, N W, Washington, D. C. This bureau is statistical and informational headquarters of the American railroads and frequently is the temporary "home" of visiting foreign railroaders.

It was intended to be only a month's job, but Elizabeth liked it so much she has been there ever since. And now, as reference librarian, Miss Cullen is a national authority on rail problems. She edits departments in *Railway Age* and in the B. & O. and Kansas City Southern magazines, besides contributing to many other publications. Her hobbies are geology, horseback riding and collecting jewelry

* * *

JOHN M. HORAN

ONE of the world's oldest active railroad employees, John M. Horan, who recently completed seventy-five years of continuous service with the Milwaukee, will be ninety-three next January

At an anniversary luncheon given by company officials, President H. A. Scandrett presented a cash gift from the management. The luncheon was served on a special train of dining and lounge cars parked in the shops at West Milwaukee, Wisconsin, that have long been the scene of Horan's labors. His son and granddaughter, also in the Milwaukee's service, assisted at the celebration

Horan's career began April 17, 1855, as a wood piler, loading cord wood on to wood-burning locomotives, and his jobs have changed with the development of motive power. He has worked as fireman, engineer, machinist, shop foreman, travel-

ing inspector, and now continues in daily service as boiler-washing inspector

* * *

Mrs. MARY S. ROGERS

AFTER forty years as telegrapher for the D. & R. G. W., Mrs. Mary S. Rogers, of Grand Junction, Colorado, has been retired on pension. In 1890 Mrs. Rogers took over that job from her husband, who was incapacitated by fatal illness, and thus began her work at Mears Junction, Colorado, on the old narrow-gauge line through Black Cañon.

Later she was at Gray's Siding on Marshall Pass, at Sapinero, at Curecanti in the Black Cañon, at Salida, Buena Vista, Parlin and other stations on the old scenic line to Gunnison. She was returned to Curecanti just before the station there was closed, and spent a winter in the cañon with the river in front of the house and a tall cliff at the back.

"There was no sun shining in or on my home," Mrs. Rogers said, "from the time I moved there in November until in March, when the sun dipped to the south again."

This veteran op's experiences include having ridden in a hand car for six miles to cast her vote in the first election after the adoption of woman suffrage. Not long ago she walked six miles for a Thanksgiving turkey dinner and was "tickled to death" to get it.

She tells of endless contacts with tourists, those who rode on the narrow gauge trains and the more informal ones who tramped or rode blind baggage. More than once this courageous woman was in danger from chance callers, but her fingers clicked out warnings which resulted in the next train stopping to carry away the callers before they became troublesome.

Mrs. Rogers's hobbies are her children and the writing of verse, some of which has appeared in the Grand Junction *Sentinel*. For some years she was in the employ of her son, Fred Rogers, Mayor of Grand Junction, who is head of the railroad telegraph office there. Prior to that, while the son was learning his father's (and mother's) craft, she was his employer. Thus there has been an unusually close relationship between the two all the years of his life.

Her impressions upon retiring are interesting. "I shall miss the music of the keys and the messages they brought, both sad and gay. For the work in a telegraph office never palls on one, never gets dull. But I feel no regret in closing the key and leaving this office. I want to get acquainted with this busy and beautiful world at first hand once more. I have greatly missed the society of other women. I want to hear my doorbell ring and answer it in person. I want to go down town and take an hour in choosing a dress, and I want to learn to eat with leisure and grace. I want to take a vacation without having to keep my eye on the calendar. And now the company I have been with for forty years has made it possible for me to do these things."

* * *

VIRGINIA KENNERLY

MEET Miss Virginia Kennerly, a stenog in the B. & O.'s mail and express traffic department at Baltimore, Maryland, for the last ten years. Virginia heads the list of the B. & O.'s 2000 women employees in obtaining competitive business for her company, voluntarily and on her own time. In six years she has totaled $8,239.20 and is still going strong. She's a hustler, that girl, and a charter member of the local BandO Boosters Club.

Among other successful B. & O. go-getters may be mentioned Mrs. J. R. Easton, wife of the company's agent at Kent, Ohio; and two Baltimoreans, Miss Matilda Brundick, passenger representative, and Miss Verle Lattin, clerk.

A LOCOMOTIVE TO THE RESCUE

IT was not necessary to shut down the plant of a laundry and dry cleaning company at Roanoke, Virginia, for the mere matter of overhauling a boiler. Instead of closing the place, a Norfolk & Western Railway locomotive was called into service. The engine was backed up to the plant's coal dump and the necessary steam connections were made for the locomotive to keep the plant running.

Manufacturers whose plants are served by rails have been keenly interested in the idea, since heretofore they have been forced to shut down for boiler repair work. *Dwight Lloyd*

Sweet Papa

By Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by Everett Lowry

Ammonia Introduces Her Lady Friend to Mr. Ingalls

Ipecac Meets the Girl Who's Going to be "Miss Haynes Junction" at the Colored Bathing Beauty Contest

IPECAC INGALLS, Pullman porter, loafed momentarily in his car's vestibule while his train wriggled around a lot of Alabama curves, eastbound.

"Old insu'ance man look in he book when he writ me de policy," he gossiped with the boy on the next car, "an' say I c'n 'spect to live thirty yeahs mo', now dat I done live dis long."

"Maybe he look in de *book* an' say dat," opined the other, "but if he look 'round de Greenville depot he li'ble cut hit down to 'bout one week. Livin' an' lovin' ain't likely to mix no longer'n dat in yo' case."

"Meanin' which?"

"Meanin' dat Ammonia gal whut you all time gassin' 'round wid while old train standin' in de Greenville station, dat's whut. Dat gal ain't single, like she tell you; she got husband whut trucks cotton bales all day wid one hand, an' rests hisse'f by givin' boxin' lessons at night."

The undersized Ipecac paled, but you couldn't tell it.

"I cain't he'p de womens follerin' me 'round," he renewed his chronic

complaint. "Dat huccome I's in all dat jam wid Susie now; she done find out I's got twenty dollars in my pants, an' cain't square myse'f wid her twel I spends hit on somep'n nice fo' her in New Yawk dis trip. Womens jes' cain't lemme 'lone, look like."

"Yeah? An' after dat dey *husbands* cain't let you 'lone, neither," the other porter completed his thought. "You got to pick up on one of two things, Ip'cac; either you got to git better on yo' boxin' or faster on yo' feets. Else you gwine keep on bein' a 'sweet papa' 'round dem Ca'lina stops twel you be ridin' up front in a long procession one day behind a band you cain't heah an' totin' a lily you cain't smell."

Ipecac recognized truth when he heard it. But what was a boy to do in whom nature had substituted charm for size? Wasn't anything but that twenty dollar bill in his pocket going to square him at home with his wife, Susie, for the way women had followed him around in the past. And there wasn't any way to tell what was likely to happen around Greenville now.

Heavy bell-work on the part of an irritated passenger craving towels postponed but did not solve the situation which Ipecac was nearing now at every turn of the wheels.

II

LET the old train keep on running, and it would finally get there—no matter who and what was waiting at ten o'clock that night—was Ipecac's rueful conclusion as he made up berths and kept an eye on the schedule and stops. No. 130 kept clicking them off right on the dot.

Greenville getting nearer all the time. Which was like a lot of other things, philosophized Ipecac as he peered more and more frequently into the rushing blackness without—you never could tell until it was too late to do anything.

There were a lot of seat passengers, on at Atlanta, to clutter up Ipecac's business with their baggage and brush-offs, right when he was liable to need all his attention for other matters.

Nervously he shed his white coat and got reluctantly into his blue, as the long lines of lights of cotton mills began to thicken up, off to the south and east. His mental outlook began to take on the same hue—blue. And he opened the vestibule doors on both sides of his car. Safety first, old bulletins said. Ipecac practiced what they preached.

Like a turtle he warily thrust his head out on the station side first. Everything *looked* all right, but a boy who has a way with the women never could tell.

Scrambling red-caps surrounded his car steps. Home-town boys who knew the home-town folks alighting and who among them was liberal with the lucre.

Just back of the red-caps Ipecac sighted a figure familiar but dangerous—Ammonia Edwards. Whereupon discretion born of recent conversation rushed up and took Ipecac firmly by the arm. All attention to the rules and the white folks, became Ipecac. No Greenville siren—with a husband as big and strong as Ipecac had been hearing about lately—could get his attention with a dynamite explosion now.

But the trouble about a good resolution, he shortly and sorrowfully discovered, was not so much in making it as in making it stick. To-night his car was practically emptied, and nobody getting on. Besides, it was far back toward the rear of the train; and late enough so that seat passengers were growing scarce. Which left Ipecac idle.

Off to the right, on the platform

The Electric Sign on the Back of the Observation Car Dwindled into the Distance

nearest the street, something flashed. Not lightning, but Ammonia's come-hither smile.

Ipecac immediately noticed two things; that he didn't have anything left to do around his car until the train started; and that no big bale-and-boxing boys were scalp-hunting around the station to-night, after all.

At which his feet went back on him, and began taking him straight into what was destined to prove the busiest hour Ipecac had known since the time his wife had come upon him, red-handed, trying to pawn her phonograph.

"How you gittin' 'long, Sugar-foots?" came Ammonia's voice.

"Jes' livin' along twel I sees you, 'Mmonia, dat's all," countered Ipecac's skillful tongue, from force of habit.

"Ain't hit so! Well, dey's 'nother good-lookin' gal down heah to'ads de end of de flatfawm whut's crazy to meet you. I been tellin' her 'bout whut a swell boy you is."

"Uh huh? You jes' foolin' dat gal," cackled Ipecac delightedly.

"Come awn, den, an' le's see whut *she* say 'bout dat! She sho is hahd to please, too."

"Cain't leave my car dat fur off," demurred Ipecac. "Fotch *her* on up heah to meet me. Dat do her jes' as much good."

But Ipecac was still moving slowly in the direction of the alluring unknown at that.

"Aw, she's bashful," persisted Ammonia archly. "She jes' wants make talk wid you a minute. Old train ain't gwine yit. Tell you somep'n else; dat gal is gwine be 'Miss Haynes Junction' at de cullud bathin' beauty contest heah nex' week."

Ipecac could resist some things, but not headlines like these. Besides the coast was still clear. And nobody was looking—not even the fearsome Mr. Edwards, who evidently had business elsewhere.

So: "I gives dat bathin' gal a treat right now," he acquiesced so fast that it sounded exactly like his own idea "Let her git a couple of eyefuls of *Mister Ip'cac Bumin'ham*, den, befo' de

contest staht—an' I sees you both next week, if I fix Susie right."

III

THE only trouble about Ammonia's advance notices on the impending Miss Haynes Junction was that, to Ipecac's notion, they were distinct understatements. So that by the time he had finished his inquiries as to where she had been all his life, followed by giving her a rough idea of how good he himself was, something had happened.

Something that instantly gave Ipecac a bad attack of heart failure, complicated with suddenly lowered blood pressure and threatened loss of job and seniority. For—with a sudden flurry at a certain car's steps, up front, that went unnoticed by him—Train 130 was fast getting under way, on the far side of a gap that was already too big for a boy built as close to the ground as Ipecac was to close!

Not that he didn't try. Rather, he went through the Greenville station on the northbound track, as "Second 130," like the "Crescent" going through Keowee. For all of which burst of speed, the electric sign on the back of the observation car he was pursuing merely dwindled into the distance and was gone!

Despairingly Ipecac realized that not only was he left at the post, but left in the lurch. Only if luck rallied around him promptly and in large quantities, would he have a job now after his train reached Spartanburg, thirty-one miles up the line.

Already the panting and pallid Ipecac could see and hear himself in the district superintendent's office trying to put this absence from his car in the right light—and getting about as far with it as a one-legged paralytic in a sack race.

For Ipecac's record simply wasn't in any condition to stand further entries. Four things were on it now that would make the addition of a fifth rather serious, to say the least.

Of all places on the railroad, there couldn't be a worse right now in which to be stranded, either, than in the home town of Ammonia's big, strong husband. Which simply made Ipecac broken out like measles with reasons for getting to Spartanburg.

Under the influence of which circumstances, Ipecac began to slow down, and to shift his activities upward, from his feet to his intellect.

"Brains, whar is you?" he paged an organ that frequently went unused for weeks. "Rally 'round an' do yo' stuff!"

But the best his intellect could offer pained him like a knife thrust. It was the perfectly logical thing of hiring an auto. And what auto hiring would do to the twenty dollars he was taking north to buy a peace offering for Susie would be ruinous.

Despite the haste and pressure of his business, the wretched Ipecac began to shuffle in a circle as he checked off the jam he was in. He had fifty minutes left in which to reach Spartanburg, rejoin his car, and avoid a big scene in the Pullman offices.

But should he succeed in doing this, it would be at the expenditure of so much taxi fare that there'd be neither peace offering nor peace when Susie next laid eyes and the weight of her hand on him in Birmingham. Ipecac and his twenty would both be ruined.

And, as for remaining in Greenville—Ipecac had already thought about that! He'd sooner hire out to a circus to clean out lion cages—with the lions in them!

Ipecac got mowed down in the middle of his predicament by the addition of a lot more trouble. A big blue touring car with curtains up shot out of a side street behind him with cut-out and throttle wide open and two motor cycles right behind it. As it careened into Washington Street on two wheels something caught Ipecac back of the knees, and he found himself jack-knifed and wedged down between the car's bumper and radiator front with blazing headlights on either side.

In slightly less than no time at all thereafter, Ipecac was going out Washington Street like the wind, with no road map and no opportunity to do any back-seat driving. Then around a few confusing corners, and Ipecac was lost on the open highway, at seventy miles an hour, and with whoever was on those motor cycles behind him shooting at the tires.

Ipecac estimated that he'd be beyond Susie and the Pullman Company's earthly reach anyway if they ever happened to hit one, and he gave twenty dollars to charity on the spot—payment to be made when his remains were recovered.

The spread-eagled Ipecac shut off enough wind from the radiator to keep it boiling hot behind him, but in front he was being air-cooled. Gravel, moths, and fireflies stung his face as the big car roared through the night.

All towns looked alike. Ipecac's heart sank as he identified a blur of light as Seneca—a town his train had passed through long before. He opened his mouth to put out an S.O.S. above the motor's thunder—and two angry bees and a large beetle shared his instantly ensuing determination not to swallow them if it could be helped.

Another village flashed past. Behind was more shooting. All Ipecac could see was the road rushing at him. A collision was inevitable at such reckless speed—with him right there in front when it happened. Otherwise, whoever was driving would make the Gulf of Mexico by morning.

Ipecac's eyes were so full of dust by now that he couldn't even guess where he was heading. But it was too late to care about that now. For something else was fixing to happen.

The terrific speed was slackening. The dust-blinded Ipecac felt himself jolting into a ditch, heard doors slam, feet running and shouts of "There they go!"

Slowly the dusky Lothario opened his amazed eyes on—*Spartanburg!* That hadn't been Seneca back there, after all, then!

Then with strong hands and a tire jack, Ipecac was painfully pumped out of his lodgment between radiator and bumper—and into fresh astonishment. This at ten thirty-five, and the station only a mile away.

"*What th' hell!*" summarized the surprise of two State motor cycle police at sight of the frog-eyed and still panting Ipecac, when they returned with two scowling offenders against the law, who had leaped too late to escape.

"I couldn't stop 'em, cap'n, twel dey gits plumb to Spartanbu'g heah—but I sho wuz stayin' wid 'em all de way!" was his startling answer. "'Bleeged to git back to my car now, suh."

Officer looked at officer. But the facts were clearly insurmountable in Ipecac's case.

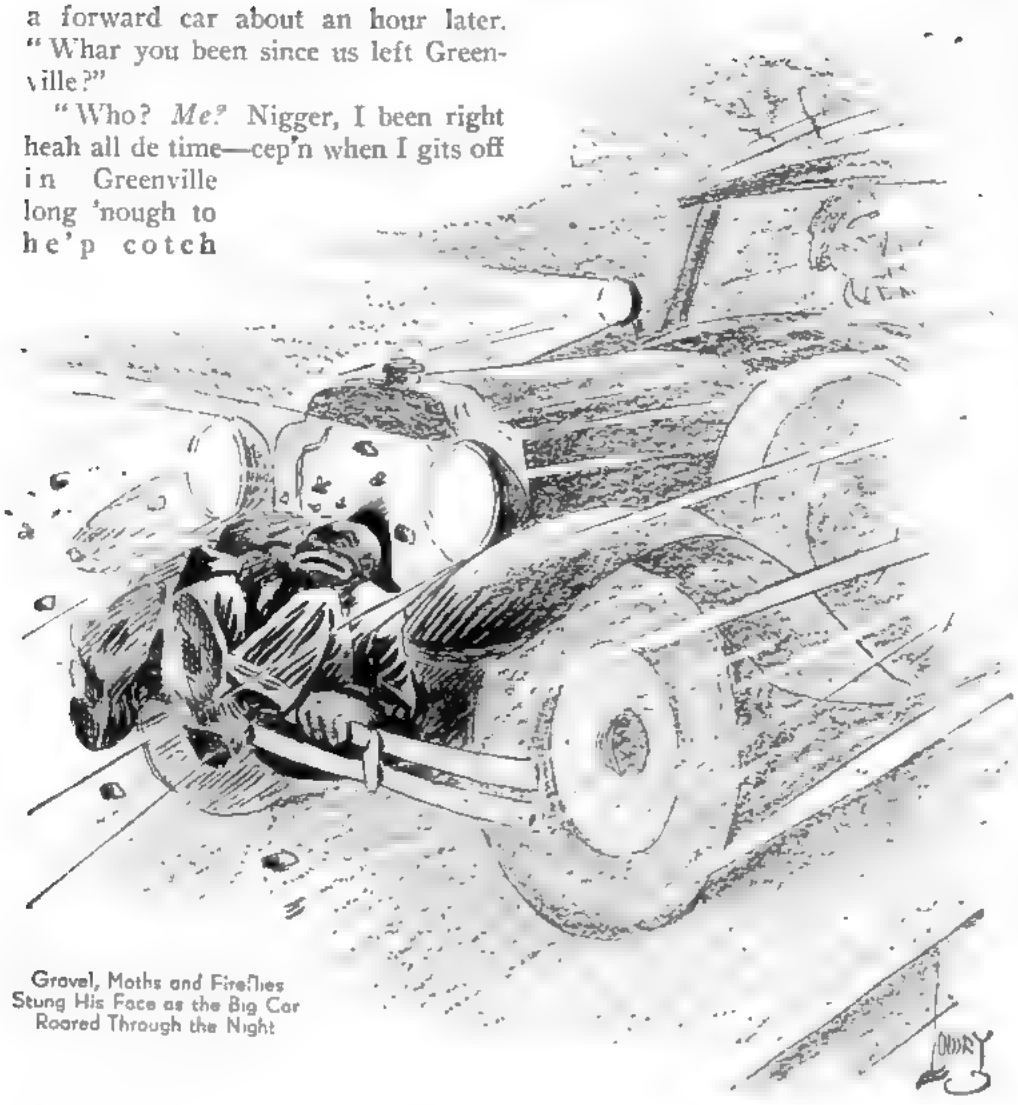
"All right," one growled. "I guess he gets in on the reward for capturin' these birds. That ride was worth it! Get his name, and let's go!"

IV

"You sho missed de big excitement, Ip'cac," gossiped a fellow porter from

a forward car about an hour later. "Whar you been since us left Greenville?"

"Who? *Me?* Nigger, I been right heah all de time—cep'n when I gits off in Greenville long 'nough to he'p cotch



Gravel, Moths and Fireflies Stung His Face as the Big Car Roared Through the Night

couple bootleggers. Sho gwine git Susie fine present now with de reward Whut 'citement is you talkin' 'bout, nigger?"

The other porter shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. What he thought was important news had turned out to be of no major significance whatever. Still, Mr. Ingalls wanted to know the nature of the excitement, and the fellow redcap told him:

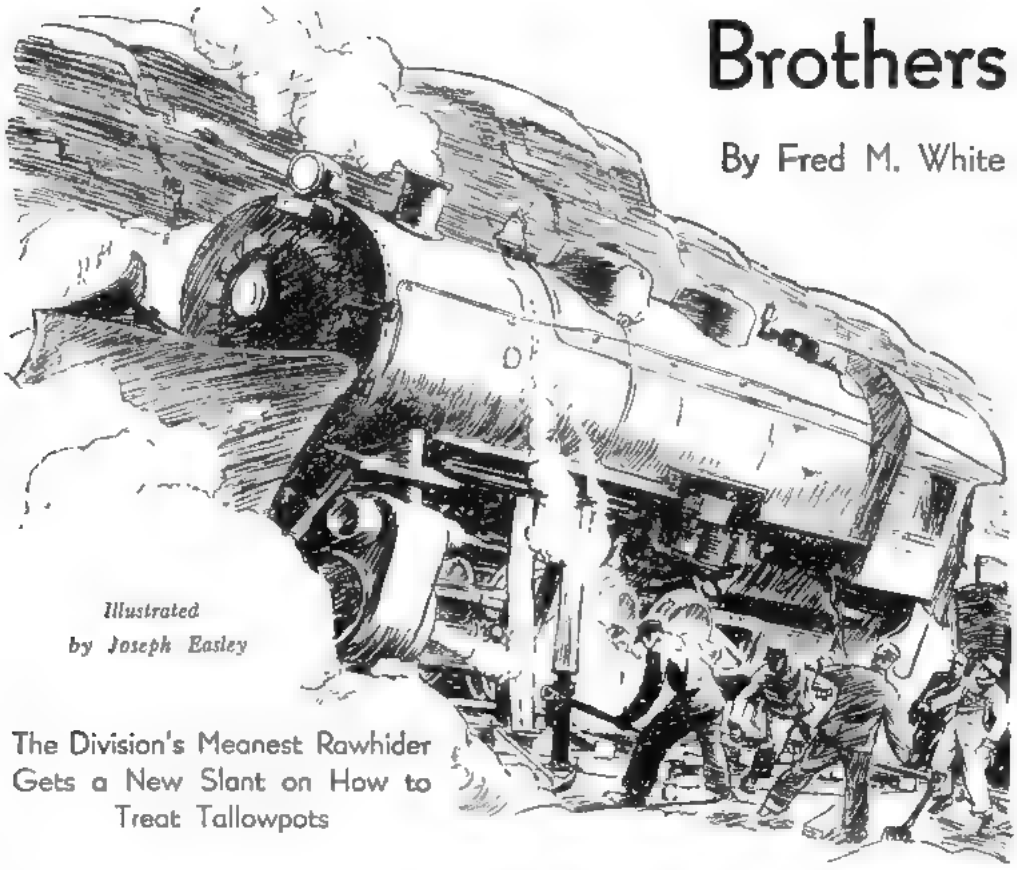
"Aw, nothin'—jes' big boxin' nigger git on heah at Greenville an' ride plumb to Spartanbu'g, back heah—tryin' to find *you* on de train, he say, so he could bust yo' block off. Does you happen to be acquainted with any such party?"

"I ain't know him," murmured Ipecac, as he thoughtfully dug a slight portion of a South Carolina highway from out of one ear.

THE END

Brothers

By Fred M. White



Illustrated by Joseph Easley

The Division's Meanest Rawhider Gets a New Slant on How to Treat Tallowpots

THE stove in the caboose smoked; so did the fireman and three brakemen. The conductor chewed tobacco. Two pairs of wet socks hung by the fire, while from the clothing of the five men rose a mixture of oil vapor and steam. The windows were opaque with frost crystals inside and wet snow outside.

The only sound was the howling of a storm. Silence hung over all.

Train No. 85, westbound through freight, had been snowbound for six hours. Forty-two miles behind, on the other side of the mountains, lay the sub-division point where the train had been made up.

Forty-six miles ahead, down the water grade, was the terminal city where business houses waited for No. 85's seventy-five cars of merchandise. But half a mile ahead of the train, the main line track was covered by a snow-slide fifteen feet deep and nobody knew how long.

Encountering this slide, "Blackie" Coughlan, the engineer, had stopped his train while the stopping was good, and "Bones" Bonbright, the conductor, had ordered him back on a passing track. There Bones had plugged in his telephone and reported the situation to the trainmaster at the starting place.

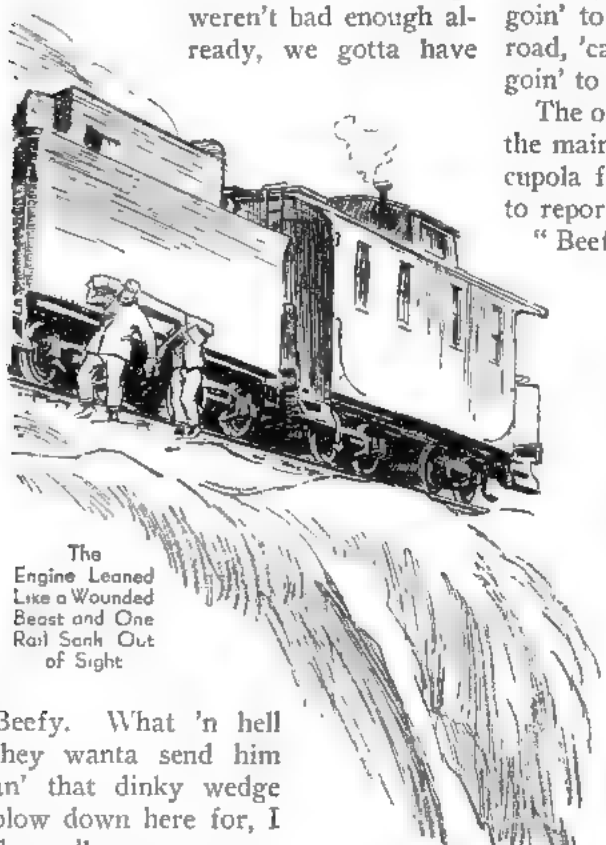
That was hours ago. Since then the crew had been sitting in the caboose while Blackie and "Spike" Leslie, the fireman, took turns nursing the engine.

on the Main Line

A locomotive whistle shattered the silence.

To the men who wear overalls and run the trains, an engine whistle is a personal thing, and all those in the caboose knew who was tooting from the main line.

"There's Beefy," muttered Spike Leslie. "As if things weren't bad enough already, we gotta have Beefy. What 'n hell they wanta send him an' that dinky wedge plow down here for, I dunno."



The Engine Leaned Like a Wounded Beast and One Rail Sank Out of Sight

Bones Bonbright realized how Spike felt and tried to soothe him, for little grudges on a railroad grow into big ones and cause useful tallowpots to lose their jobs.

"Aw, Beefy's all right," Bones deprecated. "A bit cocky, maybe."

"Don't tell me," Spike objected. "I know. Didn't I run with him for goin' on three years? There ain't a meaner rawhider on the division. He's the kind of spoiled egg that cuts in the injector at the bottom of Seven-mile Hill an' then turns his tallowpot in to the master maniac if the pressure's down a couple points at the top. That bozo's goin' to cost me my job on this railroad, 'cause sure as hell some day I'm goin' to hafta punch him on the nose."

The other locomotive clattered by on the main line. Bones climbed into the cupola for a look, then dropped down to report:

"Beefy's up against the slide. Might as well tackle it with a teaspoon."

He twirled the magneto handle of the telephone to call the starting point.

"Bonbright on 85," the other men in the caboose heard. "Extra 2121 is here with the wedge plow.

"Looks like no chance. It's been snowin' hard an' packin' on the rails, an' now it's sleetin'. Ice all over everything. Gettin' no better fast. Yeah, I'll tell him."

II

THE caboose door slid open, letting in a swirl of snow and two figures in overalls and heavy coats, a big man followed by a little man.

"Hey, shut the door!" bellowed Spike. "Cripes, Beefy, our coal's damn near out."

"Well, for cryin' out loud!" the big

man boomed. "You saps goin' to stay here all winter?"

"We're stayin' a while," snapped Bones, "an' so are you. Trainmaster says you're to back onto the sidin' ahead of us an' wait for orders. They've got the wire patched up to the west again an' they're tryin' to get somethin' to clean her out from that end. The supe's raisin' enough hell to melt all the snow himself."

Beefy grumbled at the order, but drew up a chair, which creaked as he sat down.

His nickname suited his figure, but it had been given to him for another reason. It really referred to his habit of "beefing" about the firemen who had to work with him. The little conductor who had come in with Beefy stood by the stove warming his hands.

"This ain't much of a storm," Beefy observed as he hoisted his feet to the only vacant chair. "It's about over, anyhow."

"Hey, Bones!" Spike addressed his skipper. "Better call up the chief an' tell him spring's comin'. Beefy says so an' Beefy can't be wrong."

Again silence settled down, thick as the gloom of the freight crew and the stale air of the caboose. After a while Beefy turned to the little conductor, who still stood by the stove.

"Shrimp," he barked. "Look in that desk; see if you can't find cards."

It was typical of Beefy that he ordered the little conductor around, and typical of the skipper that, though ranking the big hogger in authority, he obeyed. Finding a soiled deck of playing cards, Shrimp presented them to the hogger who took them without thanks.

"Who's game for a little penny-ante?" Beefy inquired, shuffling the pasteboards.

Men rallied around the table and arranged their money in little piles. The caboose trembled as each icy gust hit it. The stove puffed and roared.

After an hour of poker, most of the money in sight had passed into Beefy's possession. He pocketed his winnings and yawned:

"Guess I'll be going. Gotta look after the kettle."

"You would," Spike growled. "A' tallowpot could look after it all right while you was losin'."

"You can't trust a tallowpot out of sight very long," Beefy returned. "Besides, I'm gettin' tired of this place. I think I'll take my wedge plow an' clear the main line. That all right, Shrimp?"

The skipper nodded. He had not spoken since entering the caboose. Beefy included the crew of No. 85 with a wide gesture.

"Anybody else comin'?"

There was a chorus of "boos."

"What th' hell?" demanded Spike. "Clear the line with that wedge plow? You're crazy, Beefy. It can't be done. That blockade is half ice an' she's packed solid. If you don't break your fool neck an' your fireman's, too, you'll get stuck an' have to be pulled out."

"An' don't forget your orders," Bones put in. "The chief said to stay on the sidin' here. It's a good idea for engineers to do what they're told to sometimes."

"Don't be poppin' off at me," Beefy retorted. "You gave me the orders, Bones, an' that lets you out. You dubs can stay here till spring if you want to, but Shrimp an' me, we're goin' some place."

With which he opened the door and vanished into the storm, Shrimp following at his heels.

"Cocky," Bones pronounced. "I'll bet he tries it, too."

"Well, for Cryin' Out Loud! You Saps Goin' to Stay Here All Winter?"

who stayed to guard the rear end and answer the telephone.

As Spike, Bones and the other shacks fought through the blizzard, the wail again came down on the wind and hurried their steps.

"Cripes, can't he lay off that whistlin'?" complained Spike. "He must think we're deef."

The four slogged on to where the snowslide blocked the main line. The caboose and tender of Extra 2121 were still on the rails, but the engine was off the track and half buried in snow. Somehow it had remained upright and Beefy was jerking at the whistle cord. Another ten feet off the track, the engine would have plunged into the river.

A glance showed what had happened. Beside the right-of-way towered the rock wall of the railway cut. The wedge plow, backing up and ramming the blockade at high speed, had com-

"Sure," Spike agreed. "That's all the sense he's got. I sure am gonna punch that guy's nose an' I don't mean perhaps."

III

THE next long silence in the caboose of No. 85 was broken by a wild wailing from the whistle of Extra 2121. Torn and scattered by the wind and deadened by the snow, the blasts came in a series of staccato toots. The distress call of a stricken locomotive!

"Beefy's in trouble," said Bones.

"Maybe the damn' fool has hurt hisself," gasped Spike.

There was a scramble for coats, caps and mittens. The men tumbled out into the storm, except for one brakeman

pressed the snow and ice against this wall and simply plowed itself off the track.

Nobody was hurt. The two crews surveyed the situation and showed why railroad labor organizations are called brotherhoods.

Enmities and grudges were forgotten in the face of an emergency. Beefy and Shrimp had been told to stay on the sidetrack and had gone against orders. Detection would mean enough demerits, added to those Beefy already had, to cost him his job. Shrimp's record was long and spotless, so he might get by.

If it had occurred to any of the brotherhood to let the spineless Shrimp and the overbearing Beefy take the consequences, no one hinted that he had such a thought.

Spike was the first to get into action. "There's a section gang back about two miles," he said to Bones. "You could go call 'em up an' tell 'em to come here. They've got a hand car. The only way to get this baby back where she belongs is to build the track out under her."

"I'll bring 'em," Bones agreed. "The rest of you get busy while you're waitin'." The storm swallowed him as he made for the telephone.

Beefy's caboose yielded jacks and coal shovels, whereupon the trainmen set to work digging out the snow around the stranded locomotive.

Presently Bones returned with word that the gandy dancers were on their way. While the trainmen labored, the wind died down and the snowfall stopped. Ties were dragged from a near-by pile and laid under the locomotive. On these jacks were placed and, inch by inch, the ponderous engine was lifted clear of the ground. This took two hours of intense work.

Then around the bend came the section gang on a hand car, and the foreman was drawn into a huddle.

"We gotta build a shoo-fly under this hog," Spike told him. "We gotta get her back on the rails before anybody finds out she's been off. It's Beefy's neck an' Shrimp's if we don't. They run against orders."

"Yeah?" questioned the foreman. "Where we goin' to get the frogs an' rails for this here shoo-fly?"

"Out of the main line," said Spike.

"Tear up the main line? I should say not!"

"There can't no harm come of it. There ain't no trains runnin' through here for a while. This one tried to—an' look at it."

"Naw. I ain't tearin' up no main line to get somebody else out of trouble an' get myself in. It's my neck if I'd get caught at anything like that."

"Say," Spike wanted to know, "are you a rail or a farmer? You goin' to stand around an' see a hogger an' a tallowpot get the hook just because they tried to do somethin' an' had a little bad luck? Cripes, I didn't think we had nobody like that workin' on this railroad."

"All right, all right," the foreman waved. "You can't build no shoo-fly standin' here chewin' the rag about it. Get outta my way. Come on, Mexies. *Arriba! Rompe* the main line. *Hace* shoo-fly under engine. *Muy pronto!*"

IV

Brotherhood trainmen forgot their high calling and joined with Mexican laborers in loosening bolts and spikes and dragging rails from the main line to fasten on the newly laid ties under the engine.

The track-moving job was half finished when a man, waving his arms

and shouting, came plunging down the right-of-way from the direction of the stalled freight. It was the brakeman who had been left to man the telephone. He drew in great lungfuls of air and hailed them in gasps:

"Rotary plow—coming through—from the west.—On her way—now.—Supe's aboard— *Main line—must be —clear!*"

Having dropped his bomb, the brakeman stumbled back toward the caboose and the telephone he had risked his job to leave.

"Now, ain't that nice?" said Spike.

"Shut up an' get to work," Bones directed. "We got a good hour before she can get here."

Shrimp was helpless, while Beefy was fetching and carrying as the others ordered him. In the white stillness that followed the stopping of the wind, every sound was magnified. Labored breath of straining men fogged the crisp air and the clang of metal on metal broke sharply over the snow-clad scene.

From the two conductors to the lowliest Mexican the men worked in tense excitement. Sweat dripped from their faces to freeze on their clothing.

At last the track was in place under the engine and a gaping hole in the main line showed where the rails had been torn up. Any train hitting that hole was bound for certain destruction.

Bones directed the work. "Ease up on the jacks now," he ordered, "an' let her down slow."

The engine was inched down—one hundred and five tons resting on the newly laid rails. Then it leaned like a wounded beast and one rail sank out of sight.

Spike was under the low side. In peril of being crushed, he leaped for a jack and wrenched the bar. Then he sprang to another under the very belly of the listing locomotive and gave that a turn, too. Bones and the section foreman came to his rescue and together they kept the engine from rolling over.

"More ties!" yelled Spike. "Uncover some gravel an' rocks. We gotta ballast this rail."

At that moment a distant "*whoo-oo whoo-oo*" sounded from beyond the snowslide and for a second the trainmen stopped in dismay.

"O—oh!" howled Beefy. "It's the rotary an' she's gettin' close. What 'll we do?"

"Get a shovel an' find some more gravel," Bones advised.

"It's all right," Spike assured. "The block signals will hold her till we get things fixed up."

"Block signal hell!" Bones corrected. "You think they're stoppin' for any block signals in this snowslide? Half the semaphores in this gorge is froze up tight an' they always quit at red. They're not payin' any attention to block signals. They've been told the line's clear of everythin' an' they're comin' through."

"Then we'd better send a flagman to stop them," the other tallowpot spoke up.

"Yeah, an' get us all fired?" Bones shoveled gravel while he talked. "Bud said the super's on that rotary. Just let him find out we've been tearin' up his main line an' our railroad days will be all over. Stop talkin' an' get busy."

Laboring feverishly, the trainmen and Mexicans raised and ballasted the low rail. Once more the locomotive was lowered. This time the new track stood the pressure.

Beefy, with a trace of returning cockiness, sprang for the throttle and opened it a notch. Nothing happened. Back another notch came the lever.

then Beefy, in desperation, threw it wide. There was not enough steam in the boiler to move the engine!

"*Whoo-oo whoo-oo!*" Beyond the slide, and closer now, another whistle sent the echoes flying.

Spike, shovel in hand, was the first to reach the fire door. He yanked it open and scanned the coals with practiced eye. They were hot enough to take more fuel. He started the blower and, calmly as if firing up in a roundhouse, spread fine coal on the embers.

Over the hushed landscape of white-clad hills and blue-green river came the drone and roar of the big rotary plow as the whirling blades cut into the far end of the slide. The tone of the roar climbed the scale and welled louder as the plow forced its way nearer, half a mile away, then a quarter of a mile.

"Try her again!" yelled Spike.

Once more Beefy put the throttle bar in the first notch, then in the second. The steam was far from running pressure, but it would serve. The big pistons moved, drivers bit the rails.

Back into the main line moved Extra 2121 to couple with her tender and caboose. After her swarmed one fireman, two conductors, three brakemen, a section foreman and a lot of Mexicans, tearing up the rails of the shoofly to put them back where they belonged.

Over the top of the snow blockade showed the smoke of the engine pushing the rotary, and the racket of the big plow echoed from the hills.

With the last rail in place, a dozen spikes were pounded into the rails at once, then Mexicans and brotherhood trainmen jumped for Extra 2121 to catch a hand-hold anywhere.

Beefy put her in reverse and opened the throttle wide. Spike Leslie spread coal with the skill that made him known as the best fireman on the division.

Back along the main line and into the siding tore Extra 2121. Bones, leaping from the pilot, just had time to throw the switch and clear the main line as the rotary, with a scream of triumph, burst through the blockade and thundered past.

The Cocky Engineer Sprawled into a Snowbank

Ten yards from the engine of the freight train, Beefy applied the air and ground to a stop, while trainmen and Mexicans tumbled to the ground.

"There," said Beefy, as he swung jauntily from the cab. "We got out of that all right, an' you saps were afraid to take a chance."

Bam! Spike's fist, flying in a round-house swing, landed squarely on the offensive nose and the cocky engineer sprawled into a snowbank.

"Ah—h!" breathed Spike with a great sigh of relief. "Here's once, Beefy, when you can't turn in a tallow-pot for insubordination!"

STALLED IN RECORD-BREAKING SNOWDRIFT

RUNNING at thirty-five miles an hour, a double-headed local train of the Alberta & Great Waterways Railway nosed into a tremendous snowdrift, estimated to be fifteen feet in depth, last May 21, on the line between Lac la Biche and Edmonton. Railway officials declare that never before in western Canada has a train been stuck in a snowdrift that late in the season!

The train, nearly an hour behind schedule, with George Nicholls at the throttle, rounded a bend north of Bon Accord, Alberta, and plowed into the drift, which extended for hundreds of yards and higher than the engines' smokestacks.

"It was the most exciting moment of my life," Nicholls said later.

The train slid to a standstill in the center of the drift, with the snow covering the top of the locomotives and most of the four coaches. A survey showed that no damage had been done and, beyond a severe shaking up of all the passengers, nobody was hurt. However, the drift was impassable, so it was necessary to send to Edmonton for a snow plow and two extra jacks. These arrived after about eight hours, whereupon the train was towed out of the drift and got on its way again, arriving at Edmonton nearly ten hours late.

There was no diner on the train. Passengers felt the pangs of hunger until coffee and hot biscuits were kindly provided by residents of Gibbons, payment for which, in true Western fashion, was refused.—*Gilbert J. White.*

"OLDEST" RAILWAY ELECTRIFIED

THE Mumbles Railway at Swansea, England, has recently been electrified. This line, said to be the oldest in the world, was opened in 1807, and for the last 123 years has been operating practically all of the time. At first, horses drew the cars over the tracks. From 1807 to 1840 it was a favorite testing ground for inventors who desired to discover the flaws and advantages of their locomotives. George Stephenson is said to have tested several of his earlier models here. Now electricity hauls the modern trains over the original five-mile stretch of road. —*John Caldwell.*

PYGMY ENGINES AND AUTOS

PYGMY steam locomotives and railroad autos—cars powered with automobile engines—operate side by side on a nine-mile stretch of railroad in England. The little locomotives are about one-twentieth the size of the modern engines, but are like the big ones in nearly every essential detail. The auto engine is used to operate a large steel car.—*Dwight Lloyd.*

The Boomers' Corner

BROTHERS, come and gather around this fire while we break the chill of the October morning and let's all stick forth a welcoming hand to greet Brother C. H. White of Galesburg, Illinois, who was dividing his time between the pleasant following of a boomer and the more arduous tasks of a circus man back in 1875. Brother White should have had recognition in these columns some time ago. Now we are ready to go ahead with the welcoming ceremonies and at the same time recall some of Brother White's past for the benefit of the brothers who used to know and work with him.

It was back in the spring of 1874 that Brother White went to Boston to join his father who was an animal trainer and boss animal man with the P. T. Barnum Hippodrome. Brother White's father, by the way, was with the Barnum outfit until 1840 when he retired and, according to the worthy brother, was able to tell a great many things about the old days in the circus. In the winter of 1875, says Brother White:

My father and I with several other animal keepers went with twenty cages of animals to Detroit to join Springer, Warner & Henderson circus. We traveled by railroad for three months and then the show took to the overland trail while I went back to Lansing, Michigan, with my father's performing den of cat animals and with two or three other cages.

In the spring of 1876 I took sick in Halifax and came to Jersey City, where I started my first railroading. It was on the northern branch of the Erie. I joined on as a news agent for the Union News Company and stuck it out for a year. Then I went with the Barnum show again, stayed until the fall and went back to the Erie still as a news agent. My next railroad experience was as a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad and I was a conductor there in 1888. I worked around a while, finally coming West to the great Burlington System, where I went into engine service. I was retired recently after thirty-three years of service because I lost the sight in my left eye.

In the story in your magazine about "Railroading the Circus," I was with the Barnum outfit when it had that fast ride down the mountain on the B. & O. and it was some ride, too. It took every brake on the train to get it stopped. We had one of the old camel back engines and there weren't any air brakes in those days. Nothing but strong arms. A bunch of us showmen, at this time, pitched in and helped the brakemen.

I enjoyed your story about Daniel Willard. He was out on the Burlington with us for a number of years and was a very fine man to work under. In the March number your story of Mr. Williamson also was well liked. He is at present our president and we were lucky to get him, as he is every inch a railroad man. I have met him once or twice and found him very pleasant.

I would like very much to hear from any of the old-timers who might see this letter.

And we do sincerely hope that any of the brothers who know or worked with Brother White will get in touch with him.

* * *

Drop Him a Line

It is always a hard lot to hear from one of the worthy brothers who is having trouble. Here's one who is laid up with a bad knee in the hospital and since he has time to read a lot, some of you fellows with whom he has worked and traveled might do well to drop him a line.

DEAR BOOMER:

Have been a reader of your RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE for some spell. As I am in the Arkansas City, Kansas, hospital at present with a bum knee, I read quite a bit, and, boomer, you must pardon the pencil, for I'm almost burying my last pie book.

Say, I like Earl H. Foreman from Tucson, Arizona, letters, also his suggestion of a national

order for us boomers of the rails. Now I, for one, do not doubt D. Sloan's record, for I know such is possible, for I am only thirty-two years of age and have somewhat of a boomer's record myself. Hired out at the age of sixteen on the B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Maryland, four months, Nickel Plate, fifteen months; New York Central, one month; K. C. M. & O., one year; C. R. F. & P. Railway, two years; A. T. & S. F., one year; P. & S. F., four months; G. C. & S. F., seven months; B. C. & R. N., two months; Fort Smith & Western, three weeks; D. & R. G., two months; C. C. C. & St. L., two months; L. E. & W, fifteen days.

As I understand D. Sloan to say there are no jobs on the west coast, some one please advise where they are and how can an experienced man get a job. Everywhere I go they are hiring students, but refuse to talk to a boomer with good service letters. Also I am now a few months delinquent in my B. of R. T. dues. Some one solve my problem for me. I worked for P. & S. F. Railways in Kansas, was cut off account of reduction in forces. Later was in government hospital when called back, didn't get call until too late. Now they tell me they did not have my home address. How can I go about reëstablishing my seniority or explain how a man can go to work—where and how?

Hope this appears in next month and I hear from D. Sloan and Foreman.

J. A. Murphy (Scarface),
General Delivery, Arkansas City, Kan.

* * *

From Brother Van Horn

Now from East Hadden, Connecticut, right up here on the eastern seaboard, comes C. Van Horn whose address is Box 62. Brother Van Horn says he would like to hear from some of the boys on the Southern Pacific and also on the Pennsylvania, Erie, Great Western, Milwaukee, New York Central and other roads on which he has served. Welcome Brother Van Horn to our midst.

* * *

Now for a Boost

It is always good to hear from the brothers who appreciate just what we are trying to do with this magazine, so we take a lot of pleasure in reprinting the following:

Dear Boomer

I sure was glad to see the Old-Timer on the news-stand shelf once more, for I supposed it had gone like the rest of some of us old-timers—on the dump—but glad not so.

I at one time thought I was quite a boomer, but I find out by reading some of your letters that I "ain't no boomer nohow," for I have only covered twenty-three different roads in yard and road service, and it has been baggage, express, passenger brakeman, freight brakeman, yard foreman, yardmaster, freight conductor and passenger conductor, but I, by accident, lost one of my wheels near Soldiers Summit, Utah, and so was cast in the scrap pile as far as railroading is concerned. But when I hear one of those big boys roar I sure want to be back.

Yes, boomers will be boomers, for they never could get by without an argument, and now I see some of them want the cover design changed, some want the fiction cut out and others want more of it, and there is one fellow that does not like *Honk* and *Horace*, and I would not be surprised to see *Honk* and *Horace* fall out before long if they are real boomers as they say they are, and no wonder they are called boomers, for they are never satisfied.

I would not be surprised if some guy comes in and tells you how you want your eggs some of these hot mornings after he has had a bad night in the yard or had to work short-handed and do without his ice water.

Now as to the stories and articles—they are all good and I read them from "kiver to kiver" and wish for more.

Oh, yes, I sure did have one good laugh some time ago when I read the story about the new yardmaster, "The King," for it just sounds like some guy that had cut his baby teeth as to railroad service, for I can remember some guys very well when they made their first trip as conductor or first nite as yard foreman. I remember not only others, but myself as well—I sure did swell up and am not sure if I had any buttons left on my vest.

Well, so long, and be sure and have no press trouble next month, for I sure want you to run on schedule, and if you are going to be late take one of those new ways of travel—like Will Rogers, *via air*.

J. C. Briggs,
Box 403, Vinita, Okla.

* * *

Just a Couple of Brothers

This one is too good to keep. Brother Hilker sent it in under the title of "Two Passenger Boomers" and we hope you will enjoy it as much as we did.

Yes, in the '90's a boomer could get a passenger job, strange as it may seem.

Long Beach, Long Island—not California—was a quiet resting place for tired New Yorkers on Saturday afternoons.

Tom Oliver and myself got a passenger run from Pearsalls to Long Beach on the Long Island Railroad. Tom had a hatful of switch keys from other roads on which he had worked which was all the reference necessary and proved that he

was capable of handling any job having to do with the transportation of freight or passengers.

W. H Blood was the super, and a man by the name of Franklin, trainmaster at Brooklyn, New York. I had seen the elephant in New York and was broke when I asked for work. He gave me an order for a uniform and it took me almost half a day to get to the tailor, for horse cars ran mighty slow those days. The tailor promised to hurry up the job, which he did. I borrowed enough from Mr Franklin to tide me over until I donned the uniform, and was all set to go when it was finished

I got a pass to Pearsalls, stepped off the train and went right to work for Wallace Lane, who was the conductor. Ohn was the engineer, although at times we had "Crazy" Bently. They seldom wheeled them too fast for a boomer, but Bently sure had the sand up in my neck when we had him for our engineer.

He would shake dice in the emporium at Pearsalls and although we would keep yanking out our watches and yell that we were then five minutes after leaving time, he would assure us that he would pull us in on time regardless of how late he was leaving the terminal—and he would. He would open that old mill wide and sail around curves and over the bridge at Wreck Lead at a speed that would make you think she would never stay on the rails. I'd look back along those passenger coaches and wish they were box cars, for then there would not be so many lives lost when we went into the ditch, but we never did. There were only a few cottages and a hotel at Long Beach.

Braking was mostly done by hand. We had the vacuum brake, but it could not be depended on as any old-timer will know. It would go on after you had smashed a couple of drawbars, or knocked a water glass out of a passenger's hand, broke it into fragments and perhaps a piece would enter his eye, and then the company was in for a damage suit

Mr Beach, then editor of the *Scientific American*, owned a cottage at Long Beach. He was a most arduous worker. He would occupy two seats and they were strewn with his notes, exchanges and matter pertaining to his periodical

There were others of note, New Yorkers whom I cannot recall

When the resort closed in the fall and our last trip was made for the season, we had a clambake for crew, friends and, in fact, any one who cared to join us. An old clam digger prepared the feast, and what a feast it was—wine, whisky, beer and a mountain of baked clams baked as only an expert knew how to prepare. If you were able to light a cigar there were plenty of cigars for the after luncheon smoke

On this last trip we were to have been transferred the following day to the main line. We pulled into Far Rockaway where we were supposed to turn the engine

"Ever hear of a passenger brakeman turning an engine?" snorted Tom, my side kick

I never did, I said, and we quit. "Con" would not speak to us until we reached Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, and then he growled

"I hope I never see you two boomers again as long as I live." And he never has, and I suppose he has made his last run long ago. It was a shabby trick for us to quit as we did, for Lane always bought the drinks, gave us a piece of change at the end of the day and a word of praise for our work

FRANK A. HILKER,
1513 Madison St., Chicago, Ill

* * *

A Brother on the Border

We have no doubt but that there are many advantages to living on the Mexican border as Brother Blackwell told us when he sent the following in to let us know that he was still around:

DEAR BOOMER:

As an ex-railroader, and a reader of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, the thought that a section or at least space in your most excellent magazine devoted to the interest of those employed in clerical capacities of the railroads would prove of interest to a great many possible readers, and, incidentally, stimulate sales and circulation.

Though I am only forty-seven I have spent a good many years in the service. To be exact, fifteen in train and yard service as switchman, yardmaster, brakeman and conductor. Fifteen years in office work, yard, freight, division, general and executive offices. Now that I am out of it, perhaps for good, I look back over those thirty years, and recall many hard, trying experiences, but many, many more pleasant and happy days. On the whole, I have but few regrets and certainly none that I took up railroading.

Taking stock I find that while I have accumulated very little of the world's goods, I have gathered a wealth of experience, a pretty good idea of folks, who and what they are and why Have experienced much in common with my fellow men, and am therefore perhaps a little more human than I might have been had I been tied down to one place.

The boomer section holds a special interest for me. I have worked practically all over the United States and for almost every large railroad in the country. Have a record that would make the "Wandering Jew" look as staid and settled as the Rock of Gibraltar. Back in the old hand days of billing I worked in every freight office in St. Louis, and East St. Louis, most of them in Chicago, and hundreds of them in other cities. In St. Louis and East St Louis I recall such men as King Kelly, agent of the Clover Leaf, "Dirty" Silliman of the Wabash. Among the billers and rate men: Scully, Owens, Pick, Burke, Riley, Walsh, Wyscott, and many others—all stars. In Chicago, Monahan, George, Wallworth, Malloy, Noonan, Hough and others. In New Orleans, Mobile, Birmingham and many other cities some great characters, all boomers, but all *rails*.

It is some of the tales of those old days that I was thinking might get and hold the interest of the clerical men of to-day. There are very few of the old-timers left in the business. Like myself they had to get out

BEN D. BLACKWELL,
Mission, Texas.

Months Before Harvest Time, the Repair Gangs Get Box Cars Ready for Grain Traffic

The Big Grain Rush

Railroads Form Mighty Barrier Between Well-Fed Present and Hunger-Haunted Past

By Earle W. Gage

IN the realm of modern railroading there's no romance to compare with the continuous movement of millions of cars of grain. Day and night the galloping grain specials, like shuttles in a giant weaver's loom, snort back and forth across the face of the continent, feeding hungry millions.

Train after train keeps pouring an avalanche of grain into the mighty hoppers and drives the wolf away from the world's door. Our efficient railroad systems form a mighty barrier between the well-fed present and the hunger-haunted past.

Long since Canada has led the world in wheat production, and now, pending the recovery of Russia, stands second as an exporter of wheat. *Last year the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railways handled two and one-half cars of wheat for every car handled by all railroads serving the wheat belt of the United States,* the average haul being from the heart of the continent a thousand miles or more to the head of the Great Lakes or to Pacific ports!

To collect, sort, and distribute the nearly four hundred million bushels of wheat contributed by Canada each year to the world's larder, calls for the most efficient grain handling system in existence

The movement is characterized by clean-cut, up-to-date bulk handling methods. Advantage is taken of the

flowing properties of the wheat, which is loaded, cleaned, weighed, moved, stored, reloaded and transshipped without once calling upon the "main strength and awkwardness" of hand labor.

This may be likened to a gigantic water system, in which the vast grain fields of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta may be called the watersheds

Thousands of country elevators, each holding anywhere from 15,000 to 50,000 bushels of grain, are the collecting basins, feeding the pipe lines (railroads), which lead to the immense storage reservoirs (the interior and terminal storage elevators), having a capacity of millions of bushels of grain.

Thence, main supply culverts (railroads), to the service reservoirs (tidewater elevators), with discharge pipes pouring rivers of grain into the holds of waiting ships.

A Perennial Drama

WHEAT-GROWING is a race between frost and frost, in which a snorting locomotive plays a leading rôle. Just as soon as the spring thaw starts melting the snow, trains begin to carry extra hired help to assist the farmer in plowing, disking, and seeding, preparatory to transforming the bleak prairies into velvet-carpeted wheat fields.

At every prairie station one may see men dressed in the canvas and fleece coats of the plains, or the mackinaws of the big woods, tumbling off trains. Good chaps they are, lean, clean-shaven, humorous, and game for almost anything. They toss their kits into sleighs and take the front line trenches.

Thus the railroads deliver the first army to take the annual grain field.

Hanna, Alberta—a Typical

Tractor Hauling Binders. A Familiar Scene in the Granary Country

About this time we find men in the car service department as busy as bees. Thousands of cars must be put into A-1 condition, with never a crack or hole through which grain may leak out. Hundreds of new cars are ordered to replace those which have been wrecked. Transporting grain is strenuous work, and every car shows the effects of being shuffled in the great pack of a single season.

New locomotives of immense hauling power also are needed, and fleets are ordered annually for delivery not later than August first. Those already in service are ordered to the giant "livery stables" to be overhauled and made ready to transport another crop.

Each year the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific are building larger, more powerful steam jacks to handle grain more efficiently. Each year longer trains are run, with reduced expense in money and time.

"Notwithstanding the keen competition in the field of modern transportation in recent years," T. C. Knight, of the C. P. R's. Winnipeg Transportation Department, announced proudly, "our lines accomplish a feat so gigantic in the movement of the grain crop that it is unequaled in the history of transportation. As an illustration of the rapidity in the handling of traffic

Canadian Prairie Town Built by King Wheat

in these modern days, *grain equal in volume to the entire crop of forty years ago is now transported every 24 hours by the C. P. R!"*

The Sweetest Symphony

As soon as the young wheat starts to sprout, the head traffic men in every part of the far-flung system study the crop reports that tick over the wires from remotest grain towns. Week after week, like generals in a mighty conflict, they build up their plans of combat, in readiness to tackle that mountain of harvested grain.

Patiently the wheat grower observes the incessant rains and floods and prolonged dry spells, but with no more eager eyes than does the railroader. District for district, leaders scrutinize the whole situation; watch the farmers fight the weather and push out into the fields as soon as the soil is dry enough to hold a reaper; keep track of every hailstorm, as spring matures into summer; anxiously look for signs of rust and cutworm; rejoice over the healthy acres; keep on planning and toiling.

As the wheat gets into the shot blade, we see a vast army of trackmen going up and down the lines, replacing steel, reballasting, strengthening bridges, getting ready to carry the strain of the speeding wheat trains.

Tracks are gone over, inch by inch; locomotives and cabooses are overhauled; cars built and repaired; the whole system is keyed up to concert pitch, in readiness for the sweetest symphony played by the railroads—*plenty and prosperity!*

Long before the reaper and binder is busy in the fields garnering golden grain, 50,000 to 60,000 harvest hands have been assembled and rushed to the grain country from the East, the West, from the United States, from Europe.

"Harvest specials"—long trains carrying hundreds of happy-go-lucky men eager to get into the annual battle of the wheat fields. These are distributed by the C. N. R. and C. P. R. along the lines, to every farmer in need of extra help, all the way from the head of the lakes to the Rockies, from the international boundary to way up in Peace River.

Before bundles of grain are tossed into the maw of the hungry threshing machine, the car service officials have mobilized many thousands of "empties" and distributed them throughout the hundreds of miles of grain country, even to the remotest settlements, where sturdy homesteaders are carving a new empire out of the fertile, virgin prairie.

A few here, many there, as needed to handle the crop, more than 100,000 empties are shuffled, shunted and delivered onto the center of the arena of wheat.

Much Farther Than the Moon

If all these box cars were coupled into one long train it would require a fleet of the most powerful locomotives even to move it. Stretching from the head of the Great Lakes to the Rockies, spanning the three empires of the Prairie Provinces, which they serve, these cars would comprise the largest train devoted exclusively to the handling of one product—*wheat.*

Nearly each one of these 100,000 cars makes the cycle from country loading platform or elevator to the towering terminal elevators, and back again, not less than four times. *Thus we have 400,000 cars, which, hitched together, would more than span the American continent, from Atlantic to Pacific!*

To handle these galloping grain

trains calls for the service of some 2,000 locomotives. Each averages 150 miles every 24 hours. In 60 days this fleet of leviathans speeds 18,000,000 miles. The moon is but a paltry 238,000 miles away!

The locomotives do not dump the 100,000 box cars promiscuously over the map. A careful, scientific study of the crop reports and estimates shows the traffic men just where how many cars are needed, and when.

Every day during the harvest season, traffic men have their fingers on the pulse of the grain country, standing ready to make quick decisions when the patient shows signs of needing a stimulating supply of cars.

Truly, the car service department has been named "the eagle-eye of the railroad." By means of the carefully assembled records of this busy office, there is no "guess-so" involved in handling the annual grain crop.

When cars are needed at any given station, the office receives the wired report, as it gets daily reports of cars loaded, destination and all necessary particulars. At a moment's glance at their records, the car service men are in a position to supply operating officials with complete data showing the number of cars available at each station; number of cars loaded and rolling; amount of grain on hand in country elevators, and where; and

Track-Laying Machine Rolls Back British Columbia Frontier

C N R. Engineers Open Big New Grain Empire of North

all other essential facts required to insure efficient dispatch of the farmer's crop.

Furthermore, these wise boys also know where each car is, whether standing still, rolling, or at terminal elevator awaiting unloading and a trip back to the heart of the wheat country.

Some funny things occur in this connection. The agent at Underhill, Manitoba, loaded Canadian National these grain cars, and so varied their destinations, that a statistician in the operating department of C. N. R., estimates that the chances of the same car returning to the same siding in four weeks, is about 600,000 to 1. Which only goes to show that anything *may* happen in this railroading game.

An army of extra men are put to work, in train and engine service, switchmen, car-riders, clerks, telegraph

A Grain Special Steaming Out of Dauphin, Manitoba

freight car No. 309,417 with grain for the head of the lakes, one day last summer. This same car returned to almost the identical siding four weeks later. But now it contained merchandise from Winnipeg for the wheat town, but the agent had some difficulty to convince the farmer, whose wheat it had carried to market, that his grain had ever left the siding!

So complex are the movements of operators, dispatchers, and other lines. The peak load of the grain movement occurs during three months, when a temporary extra army of men, from twenty to forty per cent above normal, is employed. Yet, it must be a trained army, able to perform its work at an unusually difficult time when equipment is taxed to the limit.

Between 3,000 and 4,000 extra men are rushed to the grain country,

A Giant Caterpillar Tractor, Combined Harvester and Thresher, Cutting a Wide Swath in a Saskatchewan Wheat Field

mostly from the Eastern divisions, to carry on during the grain rush. Mostly, these are men who have not sufficient seniority to hold regular jobs all the year around with the lines, though they are experienced in every class of train and yard service, and they return, like the robins, year after year.

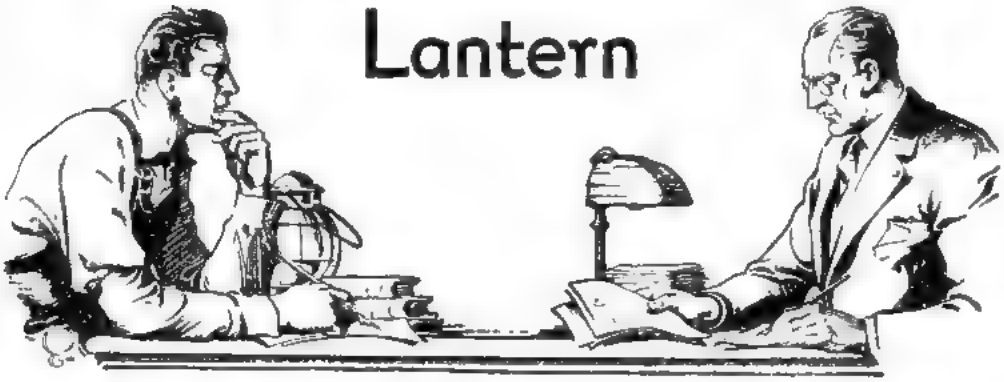
Likewise, to staff the grain fleets, wholesale temporary promotions are made on the Western lines among the year round crews; firemen become engineers, wipers are transformed into firemen, brakemen become conductors, *et cetera,* yet these promotions are based strictly on the rules of company service, and men, even possessing seniority, are not promoted until they have passed a rigid examination to determine their fitness for superior jobs.

The balance of the necessary force is built up from young men living in the various localities along the lines, who take over minor positions, and are under the control of experienced men. As the "imported" men grow more experienced, they secure permanent positions on the Eastern lines.

At the height of the season, trains from the wheat fields are rushing into Winnipeg over the Canadian National *at the rate of one an hour,* and at the same time are rushing into many other terminals in Canada and the United States. Thus a steady stream of bread-producing golden grain is kept flowing toward our table.

THE END

By the Light of the Lantern



WE want to be as useful as possible to our readers, but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are obliged to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. Letters concerning positions WILL NOT be answered. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials. The editor begs that readers sending in questions will not be disappointed if the answers do not appear as early as expected. Delays are often unavoidable for two reasons: the magazine is printed two months in advance of the date of issue, and it frequently takes weeks to secure correct answers, owing to the complexity of the questions.

J. E. H, Dallas, Texas—Diameter speed represents the limit of ordinary service speed and is a relative term used in calculation for counterbalance. There is no doubt but that in most every case a locomotive can and does exceed its diameter speed at many times.

PLEASE give me the addresses of McKay & McAldus, Globe Locomotive Works, Blood Locomotive Works, Taunton Locomotive Works, Mason Locomotive Works, Rhode Island Locomotive Works, Booth & Company, R. Norris & Son, Grant Locomotive Works, New Jersey Locomotive Works and Hinkley Locomotive Works. —J. A., McGregor, Iowa

All of these locomotive works have long ago ceased to operate. The principal locomotive builders to-day are the American, Baldwin, and Lima.

WHAT is the tractive power and diameter of the drivers of the 6000 and 6100 type locomotives of the Canadian National Railways?

(b) What is the tractive power and driver diameter of the Canadian Pacific Railway 2300's?

(c) What is the power of the largest locomotive in service on the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific?—J. P., Marshfield, Ore.

(a) The 6000 type on the Canadian National has a 23-inch driver diameter and a tractive power of 49,600 pounds. The 6100 or Northern type has 73-inch drivers and 56,800 pounds tractive power.

(b) The Canadian Pacific's 2300's have a driving diameter of 75 inches and a tractive force of 45,000 pounds.

(c) The largest locomotive in service on the Canadian Pacific is class T-1 or the 5900 type 2-10-4. This engine has a tractive effort without the booster of 77,200 pounds and with the booster 89,200 pounds. The loaded weight of the engine is 452,500 pounds. Its driving wheels are 63 inches in diameter and its cylinders are 25½ x 32. It carries 275 pounds of steam. The largest locomotive in service on the Canadian National is the 4100 series, a Santa Fe freight type 2-10-2. This engine has 29 x 32 inch cylinders, 80,200 pounds tractive effort without the booster and 91,735 pounds tractive effort with the booster. The driver diameter is 57 inches and the total weight of the engine is 400,240 pounds. It carries a steam pressure of 200 pounds.

WHAT is the 800 class locomotive on the Western Maryland like compared with the Mohawk type 2800, New York Central Lines?

(b) Is our 1111 to 1130 class the largest two-cylinder locomotive on rails?

(c) How does our 901 to 925 compare with the B. & O. Mallets?—D. R., Hanover, Pa.

(a) Your 800 class locomotives are of the consolidation or 2-8-0 class and with their total engine weight of 294,000 pounds there is little

comparison with the huge Mohawk type built for the New York Central. Your 800's have a tractive force heavier, of course, than the Mohawk. Yours is 68,200 pounds while the Mohawk with its booster is only 73,020 pounds. Your 800 is built for heavy duty on pretty stiff grades and your 61-inch driving wheels would never break speed records with heavy tonnage. The Mohawk locomotive has a total engine weight of 364,000 pounds and 69-inch drivers.

(b) Your 1111 class engines of 2-10-0 type certainly develop a high tractive force of 90,300 pounds, but the engine is not as heavy as the Great Northern 2100 of Santa Fe type 2-10-2 or the B. & O. Santa Fe type, both of which outweigh and outdistance the 1111 in length. The Great Northern 2100 carries 432,340 pounds of total engine weight and the B. & O. stacks up at 440,340 pounds. These are two-cylinder locomotives.

(c) Your 924, for instance, with its total weight of 498,500 pounds and its tractive power of 121,000 pounds, compares favorably with many Mallets and is heavier than the B. & O. 7100 series, which are the 2-8-8-0 type.

HOW many miles of track are operated and how many locomotives are owned by the Rahway Valley Railroad?

(b) Can you tell me where I can get a full set of locomotive pictures?

(c) What is the largest type of locomotive operated by the Central Railroad of New Jersey?
—W. K., Newark, N. J.

(a) The Rahway Valley Railroad operates fifteen miles of track standard gauge, and its equipment consists of four locomotives and one freight car. The locomotives are coal burners.

(b) We know of no place where one can secure a complete set of photographs of locomotives on any one railroad. These are usually collected over a period of years, from various sources.

(c) The largest locomotive operated by the Central Railroad of New Jersey is a Mikado or 2-8-2 type. Its total weight of engine and tender is 550,000 pounds.

PLEASE give us the following information on the Forney 0-4-4 type locomotive, number 49 on the New York Central lines: power diameter, driver diameter, size of cylinders, area of fire box, name of the builder and where the engine is in service. R. E., Williston Park, N. Y.

According to the New York Central Railroad records, this locomotive was built by the American Locomotive Company in July, 1910. The original number was 49, which later was changed to 1920, and the locomotive finally was sold in July, 1926, to Carroll Brothers, Buffalo, New York. The power diameter, inside, 58 inches, power pressure, 160 pounds; driver diameter, 157 inches; cylinder, 16 x 22; grate area, 72 6-10 square feet.

P. J. W., Toronto—The Canadian National Railway advises that in regard to the Baltimore Exposition no awards were granted, but the Northern type 6100 locomotive exhibited by the Canadian National Railway was given a place of honor immediately next to the British 6100, which was the first unit in the parade. A photo of the Canadian National's largest locomotive operated in the Rocky Mountain territory was printed in our May issue. This engine has 29 x 32-inch cylinders, 57-inch driving wheel diameter, and a total engine weight of 400,240 pounds. It carries 200 pounds steam pressure and its maximum tractive effort is 80,200 pounds.

L. Q., Toronto—Herewith is a table of the type, class and weights of engines in service on the Canadian National Railways:

Type	Class	Weight
2-6-0	700	308,544 lbs.
0-6-0	7500	308,300 "
0-8-0	8200	414,550 "
2-8-0	25-2600	363,500 "
2-8-2	3200	444,800 "
	3500	520,450 "
	3400	455,100 "
4-6-0	1500	312,856 "
4-6-2	5570	370,000 "
4-8-2	6000	594,860 "
4-8-4	6100	657,600 "
0-6-0	7150	265,884 "

W. L., Kansas City, Mo. The Southern Pacific 2400 class engine has 22 x 28 cylinders, 77-inch driver diameter, carries 200 pounds steam pressure. The tractive effort is 29,000 pounds and the weight of engine and tender in working order is 347,600 pounds. The 5200's on the New York Central have 25 x 28 cylinders, 79-inch driving wheels, carry 225 pounds of steam and develop a maximum tractive power of 53,200 pounds with the booster. The weight of the engine and tender is 631,000 pounds. The Santa Fe 4088 is a Mikado type, has 27 x 32 cylinders, 63-inch driving wheels and a tractive force of 63,000 pounds. It carries 200 pounds steam pressure and the total weight of engine and tender is 627,900 pounds.

D. H. K., Duluth, Minn.—The Northern Pacific class W3 or 1800 series is considerably heavier and develops 63,460 pounds tractive force, as compared with the C. M. and St. P.'s

8300 type, which has a tractive force of 54,720 pounds. The total weight of the Northern Pacific 1800 is 552,500 pounds, as compared to the Milwaukee's 480,500 pounds.

S. W., Knowlton, Quebec, and J. M. L., Wilkinsburg, Pa.—The locomotive booster is a simple two-cylinder steam engine mounted on a bed plate of cast steel. This engine is geared to the axle trailer truck beneath the locomotive or the axle and the tender truck and is engaged automatically or disengaged as required. It is used for its additional tractive force in getting a start on heavy trains.

WHAT ten passenger trains traveling a distance of 100 miles or more have the fastest scheduled running time in the United States?

(b) Where is it possible to purchase an up-to-date copy of standard train rules covering the operation of passenger trains?

(c) Is there a book obtainable which has all signals originated by the boomers and used by railroad men at the present time?

(d) What is a railway traffic inspector and what are his duties?—K. L. K., Milwaukee, Wis.

(a) RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is now compiling a list of the fastest passenger trains in the United States and will probably have it ready for publication in the next issue.

(b) You may obtain a copy of the standard code of the American Railway Association train rules, block signal and interlocking rules complete by addressing the association at 30 Vesey Street, New York City. There are various prices according to the binding.

(c) There is no book which contains the signal code originated by boomers.

(d) The answer to your question relative to traffic inspector may be found on page 411 of the June RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

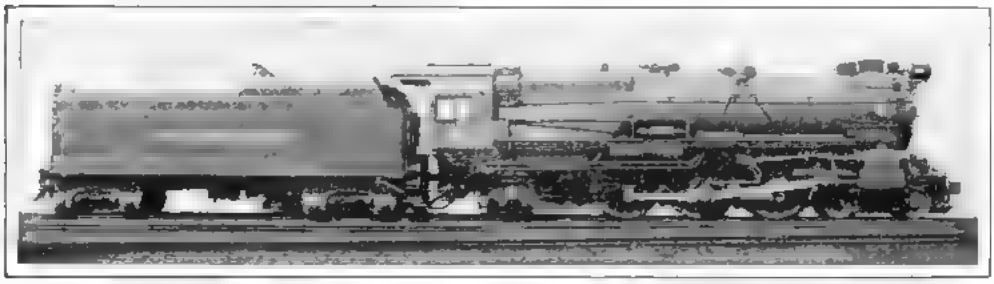
G. H. B.—We are reproducing herewith a photograph of the largest passenger locomotive in service on the Pennsylvania Lines. This is known as a K5, has 27 x 30-inch cylinders, 80-inch drivers and carries 250 pounds steam pressure. The total weight of the engine and tender in working order is 563,000 pounds and the tractive power is 54,675 pounds.

W. K., Jr., Lancaster, Pa.—The Boston & Albany Railroad is one of the oldest in America. During the nearly one hundred years of its existence it has played an important part in the development of Massachusetts and New England. The parent road, the Boston & Worcester Railroad, was chartered January 23, 1831. It ran its first train on April 16, 1834, from Boston to Newton, a distance of seven miles. This was the first train hauled by a steam locomotive in New England. Service was extended to Worcester on July 3, 1835. Through freight trains began running between Boston and Albany as early as January 1, 1842.

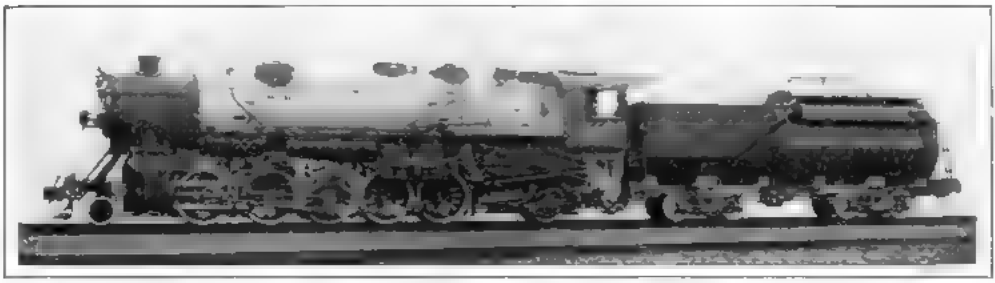
The Boston & Albany Railroad came into being in December, 1867, through the consolidation of the Boston & Worcester and the Western Railroad, the latter line extending from Boston to the western boundary of the Commonwealth. The construction of the latter road over the Berkshire Hills stood out in its day as an important engineering performance. The grades are steep, the climb over the mountains is not an easy one, and the way is full of curves as the route winds along the banks of the mountain streams.

By further consolidation of the Albany & West Stockbridge Railroad and the Hudson & Boston Railroad Corporation in November, 1870, and January, 1871, the line was extended to the Hudson River. This completed the present main line of the Boston & Albany Railroad. The operation of the Boston & Albany Railroad by the New York Central Railroad became effective July 1, 1900, the lease being for a term of ninety-nine years.

G. J. F., Charleston, S. C.—The Atlantic Coast Lines operates the Santa Fe type of locomotive, or 2-10-2, in its freight service. These engines, built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, are noted for their trimness of line and tre-



The Largest Passenger Locomotive in Service on the P. R. R.



The Santa Fe Type of Engine Has Trim Lines and Tremendous Power

mendous power. A picture is reproduced here This locomotive has 30 x 32 cylinders, 63-inch drivers, and weighs, with its tender in working order, 613,000 pounds. Total wheel base of engine and tender is 83 feet, ½ inch. The engine carries a steam pressure of 195 pounds, burns soft coal and develops a tractive force of 75,700 pounds. This engine has a superheater, power reverse and stoker equipment.

P. McK. F., Moncton, N. B.—You will find the data requested elsewhere in these columns this month.

HOW many miles of track does the Trans-Siberian Railroad operate, and how many locomotives, and of what type?—T. J., Warren, Ariz.

The entire length of the Trans-Siberian Railway is 11,394 kilometers which is approximately 7,080 miles. Of this 5,000 miles is in main track and the rest in branch lines. There are 3,000 locomotives now in operation and these are of various types, from the 4-4-0 to the Pacific or 4-6-2 and the Consolidation or 2-8-0.

WHAT are the specifications of the 6800 class of locomotive now in use on the Pennsylvania Railroad?

(b) What are the specifications of the 6600 class locomotive operated by the New York Central Lines?

(c) What types of locomotives are used by the Chicago and Eastern Illinois?—H. R. W., Terre Haute, Ind.

(a) The M-1 class engine, or 6800, on the Pennsylvania Railroad has 27 x 30 cylinders, 72-inch driving wheels and an engine wheel base of 41 feet ½ inch. These engines carry 250 pounds steam pressure and have a total weight in working order of 385,000 pounds. The tractive power is 64,550 pounds.

(b) The 6600 class engine on the Big Four is known as the Hudson or 4-6-4 type. The cylinders are 25 inches x 28 inches and the driving wheel of 79-inch diameter. The boiler pressure is 225 pounds and the wheel base of the engine is 40 feet 4 inches. Its weight in working order is 352,000 pounds and its engine tractive effort is 42,300 pounds. In addition, there is a booster which furnishes 10,000 pounds tractive force. These engines were designed for high speed heavy passenger service.

(c) The Chicago and Eastern Illinois uses principally for its passenger service the Pacific type engine or 4-6-2, and for its freight service the Mikado or 2-8-2. The Pacifics are numbered in the 1000 series and have a 26½ x 28 cylinder, 73-inch driving wheel and weigh 272,000 pounds in working order. These engines exert 41,200 pounds tractive power. The Mikado runs in the 1900 series, has a 63-inch driving wheel, 28 x 30 cylinders and weighs 317,500 pounds in working order. The tractive power of these engines is 55,600 pounds.

K. H., Hamilton, Ohio.—Please see the above answer for your query on the Pennsylvania's M-1 and M-1-A locomotives. We give you the additional information on the M-1-A that its complete weights have not yet been determined. The Twentieth Century Limited is perhaps the most widely known train in the world. As to your query on trackage, this information is not available. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad has one engine of the 4-8-4 class which has just been received and which is being experimented with in both freight and passenger service. That railroad does not have any Decapod or Santa Fe type locomotives.

The American Locomotive Company built the Milwaukee's Pacifics.

D. T. R., Homestead, Fla.—The grade on the Pennsylvania Railroad going into Madison, Indiana, according to the blue print of the engineering department, is 5.8 per cent. The grade is ascending for northward trains and extends from Madison Station to North Madison. You will note that it is much steeper than the grade referred to in Charles Frederick Carter's article called Operated But Not Built, out on the Canadian Pacific.

Rolling Wheels

Something Terrible Happens to the Roundhouse Boss, But Sea Gulls Bring Him Good Luck

By Don Waters

Author of "Clothes You Wear," "Indefinite Leave of Absence," "Blood and Steam," etc.

Illustrated by M. Burs

"I Knew You Would Come," She Said in a Low, Husky, Charming Voice

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

A BOOMER, in telling this story, records the stirring events of his life. He began as an apprentice machinist in Chicago, served his time and became involved in a strike. To escape a blackball he went South and found a roundhouse job.

There he developed a device that would save money in engine operation, only to have it stolen from him by Bob Dorset, his foreman. Dorset was made master mechanic, and at once promoted the inventor to the roundhouse foremanship, to forestall complaints about the theft.

About this time the Boomer met Mary Henderson, daughter of the superintendent, and gave her brother George a good job. George padded the pay roll, but our Boomer saved the Hendersons' honor by covering his defalcations.

This incident hurt the superintendent's pride and led to a fist fight in which the Boomer beat up Dorset. Thereupon Henderson, socially ambitious, forbade his daughter to associate with the Boomer and encouraged Dorset to call on her.

Mary loved the Boomer, however, and secretly sent flowers while he was laid up at the hospital from an acci-

dent. A few weeks later they met again, without the father's knowledge. The Boomer, risking death, rescued her from a burning passenger coach.

Meanwhile he had perfected another invention, which Dorset tried to grab by offering him a tempting promotion, but the Boomer refused. Then Dorset inveigled him into signing away his rights, under false pretense, for inadequate remuneration.

The company's business was expanding, and our hero, in the capacity of roundhouse foreman, demanded additional motive power.

CHAPTER XVII

T length I received word that new motive power was on the way to me. A month later the first two arrived. Big, powerful, hundred-and-twenty-ton superheaters, carrying a hundred and ninety pounds boiler pressure. Fine engines that could whip their loads at a sixty-mile clip hour after hour without faltering in their stride.

As business steadily increased, train dispatching was speeded up, automatic electric block signals were installed, a great part of our division was double-tracked, and sidings and passing tracks were lengthened.

The tempo of railroading had intensified. I noticed that the engineers and firemen were mostly young fellows now. Promotions were rapid, as our tonnage had increased enormously in recent years, and occupational hazards eliminated a number of the older men; death by natural causes and by accident picked them off one by one. But Rule G got more. There was no place along the right-of-way where booze and steam mixed—for long. I felt rather sorry for some of the fellows who were discharged, yet it was company orders, and I knew the justice that lay behind those orders. I wish now we had been stricter still.

With a start, one day I looked at the calendar. It was eight years since I had taken over the shop foremanship on the Mountain Division.

The enthusiasm I had felt when I first came on the job seemed to be slipping. I didn't get the keen enjoyment out of having a good record for train movements; I no longer felt like staying up all hours of the night to help work on some job in the shops. Those plans and improvements that had come so readily to me a few years back, I no longer had them. I often times caught myself regretting that I had not taken up Dorset's offer for a master mechanic's berth

Occasionally I recalled the words of Eugene V. Debs I had heard in that smoke-filled hall back in Chicago years before—"The finer things of life, books, and music, leisure." I had none of them. Life to me was one day following another, with much the same routine. The eight years of a man's life just before he turns thirty are the best years he'll ever see, and I had given those to the job. In all that time I'd had only one vacation, and that the trip I made to Chicago.

Eight years of work and worry, of missed meals and sleepless nights—and what had I got out of it all? A bit of an income from the packing idea, hopes maddeningly deferred with Mary Henderson, a bitter enemy in the master mechanic, and another enemy in Mary's father.

Colonel Henderson scarcely spoke to me those days except on business. He treated me with cold politeness, and

damn little of that. I knew why. The superintendent of motive power had jacked him up for not backing me in my demand for more power. The colonel could not forget that nor could he forget other things which concerned him and me more personally. It was pathetic.

I could see how things were going. The division had outgrown the man at its head. The colonel had not expanded with it. He was too conservative, too cautious to cope with the added responsibilities. It did not come as a surprise to me when I heard the news that he was to be transferred to a little one-train-a-day-each-way branch which led off the main line on our division twenty miles out from the terminal. We used to call it the Hoot Owl branch.

This was a keen disappointment to me. I had few contacts with Mary. I know now it was my own fault. I was too busy in the first place, and too proud in the second, to visit her home. And, of course, she could not meet me any place else. She had family traditions. She loved her father and respected his wishes.

Of her brother George I heard occasionally. He was doing nothing, living off his father. What time he wasn't drinking and gambling, he was making love to a rich widow old enough to be his mother.

Nevertheless, I was depressed at the news the Hendersons were leaving, and I made up my mind that I, too, would leave. I was tired of the petty details of my job. I applied for a six months' leave of absence and transportation. I wanted to go as far away as I could. I ordered passes for California, but I took a long chance and ordered them for two!

Perhaps—Mary Henderson. A thin hope grew strong in me, the more I thought of her. Plans for the future opened up like a vision.

I swallowed my pride and decided to present myself at her father's house, although I knew he would give me a cold welcome. It was a balmy spring evening. A soft south wind carried on it the damp fragrant smell of growing things. The full moon hung like a bronze disk just above the swaying tree tops.

I stopped just inside the gate. The scent of a lilac bush in full bloom hung heavy on the air. High up in a tree a mocking bird burst into melodious limpid music. I stopped for a moment under the spell of the loveliness of the night, and then took a step up the gravel path.

Off to one side, beneath the dark shadows of a rustic seat overhung with vines, a moving shimmer of whiteness met my eyes. It was Mary. In a few quick steps I was beside her. She stood up to meet me.

"I knew you would come," she said in that husky, low, charming voice of hers. "I knew you would come before we left."

Unconscious of what I did, my arms were around her, and then she was weeping on my shoulder. But a man does not tell the intimate associations he has with the woman he loves . . .

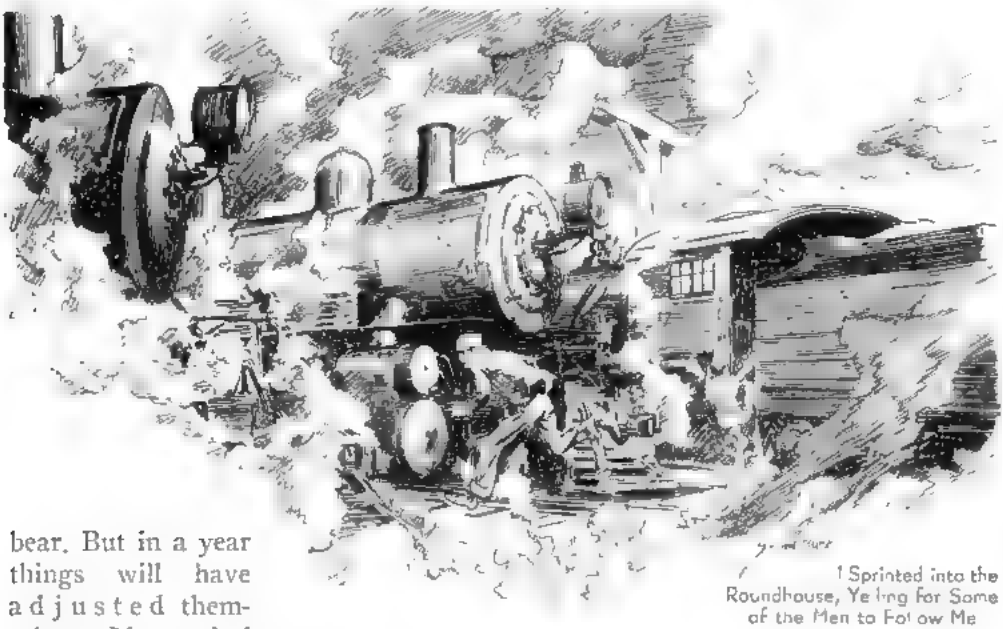
I left her that night, a song of gladness in my heart. Mary had promised me that if I would wait a year for her she would marry me then.

"I'll gladly wait," I said.

Her father was broken-hearted over his transfer, which amounted practically to a retirement, even though, to ease the blow, they had given him the title of general manager of that little Hoot Owl branch. He'd spent a quarter of a century at the head of the

Mountain Division, and they had shipped him off it. His son, for whom he had great hopes, had turned out badly. All this Mary told me that night.

"I cannot leave my father now," she said. "It would be more than he could bear. But in a year things will have adjusted themselves. If you feel then as you do now, I will gladly go with you." I realized she meant it.



I Sprinted into the Roundhouse, Yelling for Some of the Men to Follow Me

CHAPTER XVIII

KNOWING that I couldn't go to sleep the way I felt, after leaving Mary, I went down to the roundhouse and began to make out some reports that were due in the morning. I also wrote a letter to the bridge and building superintendent, asking him when he expected to begin the long deferred erection of the new roundhouse he had promised me.

Our roundhouse had been enlarged time after time. Temporary enlargements, four stalls at first, then six more, and finally ten new stalls had been added. The old roundhouse was of brick, the new additions of wood. They never were intended to be permanent, yet once up, there they stayed, a fire menace which culminated in a calamity that night.

The additions on the roundhouse had carried it around till it met the oil shanty. In fact, the door of the oil shanty opened right into the end of the roundhouse.

Sitting there beside my desk at about midnight, with a soft mellow glow of satisfaction welling up in me at the thought of Mary, I looked idly out the window at the familiar surroundings.

Suddenly it happened!

First a dull smashing roar.

Then a livid streak of fire lit up the interior of the roundhouse and a rolling billow of flame shot between me and the front end of the engines inside

Glass from broken windows tinkled loudly as they splintered and burst out.

A loud series of yells and shouts arose above the roar of the flames. I

leaped from my seat, started for the door. As I did so, a man passed in front of the shop office, running fast and yelling frantically.

He was a pillar of fire, burning from head to foot! Astonished, I could scarce believe my eyes. He swept around in back of an engine. Like a skyrocket trailing sparks from his burning clothes, he vanished behind a string of cars. I could see the glow of his progress as he went up toward the yard office.

My first impulse was to pursue and overtake him. Then I remembered my heart; I couldn't run far. A glance toward the roundhouse showed me that there was more pressing work closer at hand. I reached for the air whistle valve and blew the fire call; that would get the men around the shop in action. Then I phoned the city fire department.

After that I sprinted out into the roundhouse, yelling for some of the men to follow me. We must get out those superheaters. I jumped up into the cab of the first one, rattled the reverse lever over the quadrant into the back corner, jerked the throttle. She did not move, and when I looked at the steam gauge I saw that she was dead.

I flung myself out of the cab across the smoke-filled aisle to the next one. It, too, had no steam. I met the night roundhouse foreman coming down out of the third. In a few quick, excited sentences he told me they were all dead.

We got a switch engine across the table, coupled on to one and started to drag her back. The turntable boy was excited, and he hadn't lined the turntable track up square with the house track. When the switch engine backed part way out of the house and her tank wheels hit the table track, it slewed and she went onto the ground.

By the time we got her back it was too late to do anything. The blaze was so fierce then that a man could not get within fifty feet of it.

A hard night that, fighting the fire. It spread fast, and inside a half hour, by the time the city fire trucks came roaring down the road behind the shops, the roundhouse was ablaze from one end to the other, the flames so hot that we couldn't get near enough for our hand pump to throw water.

Nor did we have water long to throw. The pump up the river took that occasion to burn out its motor. We ran the tank dry and then stood around impotently watching the roundhouse go up in smoke while the city firemen were vainly trying to run a suction line to the river to get water.

Not that we gave up easy, for I had the hostlers back all the engines around which were outside the roundhouse, and we sucked their tanks dry of the water that was in them.

The roof caved in. I don't know what sort of composition covered it, but it burned furiously. At daybreak the fire went out by itself for lack of fuel. We managed to save the shop office and the storeroom, although the glass was broken in all the windows and the paint scorched off the sides.

The turntable was out of commission, its control house a pile of charred timbers and tangled wires. The cables leading to the coal chute were down, burned clean of insulation, and the substation that housed the transformers which supplied us with power was but a hollow brick shell outside, and a mass of twisted switches and transformers inside

These things did not matter so much to me. They could all be repaired. What mattered most was the engines we had been unable to get out of the

roundhouse. I took one look at them. So hot had been the fire that the brass whistles and bells were melted down on their stripped boilers; the cabs were but twisted sheet metal; side and main rods had been warped and bent out of shape. The division was, indeed, in bad shape. All those fine locomotives practically ruined, and we needed them so badly.

I, too, was in bad shape. I had overdone myself that night. I sat in my chair, listening to the story of how it had started. A Negro supply hand had come on the job with a quart of whisky, and refused to share it with any of the rest of the laborers. He'd drunk himself sleepy, lay down in the oil shanty to drowse it off. Some Negro, either for a joke or out of revenge, touched a torch to his oil-soaked clothing and he'd gone up in a puff of flame. That started the oil house. A barrel of gasoline overturned, ran burning through the roundhouse. The rest I knew.

As the night foreman finished his recital, I half started to rise from my chair. It was on my mind to find out what had become of the oil supply Negro. I have never found out. A sharp pain, like a knife thrust, struck me under the heart. My head reeled, things went black before me. The last I remember was putting out my hands to ward off the edge of the desk that rose up to meet me.

CHAPTER XIX

Six months have passed since I wrote my last line on this tale. In those six months many things have happened.

I went down to the beach one afternoon and was leisurely strolling along its smooth, hard-packed surface when my attention was attracted by a big flock of gulls that wheeled and screamed in the air just ahead of me.

A man seated on a piece of driftwood was throwing popcorn to them. He glanced up at me, smiled wryly, and said with a touch of irony: "They are a lot like humans. Watch that big brown fellow there."

He tossed a particle of popcorn into the air. A big brown gull drove through the flock, swooped, knocked a smaller one out of his way, and grabbed the food.

"The law of life," remarked the man on the log. "Nature gave him a little more breadth across the wings, added a dash of pugnaciousness to his make-up, spiced him with a bit of ruthlessness, and he gets the morsel by that narrow margin. A heedless boy with a rock might cripple him just a little, any one of a dozen minor accidents of nature may overtake him, and then some other bird will flap him off to one side, and he'll be out of the popcorn class."

I don't know what made me say it, but I guess John MacNeil's philosophy struck me as being pretty close to the truth then.

"By George!" I exclaimed. "You've hit it. I know. I'm—"

He stood up, reached out his hand, introduced himself, and said quietly: "There 're two of us, then."

We sat down together, and inside a half hour we had become confidential, as lonely men will. He was a lawyer, of MacNeil, Thompson & MacNeil, Chicago. We had a common bond there. I told him of my experiences in the Windy City and the strike that had caused me to leave there.

To show how small a place this world really is, he, too, had seen the troopers that morning when they fired

on the mob at the Rock Island shops. He had been passing down Forty-Seventh Street on a street car when it happened. Just to think that over a decade ago we two who had been near the same spot should now meet a half a continent away!

That afternoon passed faster than any I had spent since I had come west. The sun setting over the San Pedro hills, outlining the big hulks of the battleship fleet in the outer harbor, was the signal for us to rise.

MacNeil invited me to dine with him that night in his apartment in a large hotel overlooking Long Beach. Before dinner was half over he told me how it had happened that he, like myself, had been suddenly jerked out of a busy life and put into one of idleness.

He had overworked on a big criminal case that he was defending in Chicago. Day and night for eight months he had scarcely taken time for meals, and often went with but a few hours' sleep at night. Rather shamefaced, he admitted that while he was summing up, making his appeal to the jury, he collapsed, a nervous breakdown. His doctor, like mine, had ordered him to California to rest and idleness.

I told him my history, the work and worry of railroading, my experience with Dorset; how he had defrauded me.

MacNeil listened, his head cupped in his hands. As my recital continued, I saw his attentive expression deepen, his eyes began to shine.

There was a ring in his voice which surprised me when he asked: "That contract you signed with the master mechanic, have you it with you?"

I thought a moment.

"Home, among my papers."

I did not think he could do anything about it. In fact, I had already got legal advice and had been informed it was binding.

"Bring it down, nevertheless, and let me see it," he said when I mentioned this.

Next day I met him on the beach. He read the paper. I can yet hear the tone of his voice:

"'I . . . hereby agree to assign all my rights . . . interest in patents . . . issued to me by the United States Patent Office . . . one-third interest in Acme . . .'" He looked up. "You got a third in that aforementioned company, did you?"

I nodded. He went on reading:

"'There are no verbal understandings or extraneous agreements affecting this contract other than those herein expressed.'"

He folded up the contract and handed it back to me with a laugh.

"That thing isn't worth the paper it's written on. I can beat it on half a dozen counts. In fact, I think when it was drawn, the man who made it up had that very thing in mind."

"How is that?" I asked.

Then he told me. "It wasn't notarized. That is, the signatures were not legally sworn to." He opened it, pointed to my signature. "Is that yours?"

"Certainly," I stated.

"Look here, your name is misspelled in the contract, then. Not only that, but no contract is legal unless there is value received, expressed and stated. In other words, he gave you a third interest in a corporation, leading you to believe that would embrace your latest inventions. And he didn't do that. He formed a new company, and in doing that he did not include you in its formation. That's a clear case of fraud, obtaining something under false pretenses."

My interest was aroused.

"It's an established point in law," MacNeil went on, "that a contract between two parties wherein one assigns something to another, must carry with it value received. If he had given you one dollar, and written into the contract, 'For the sum of one dollar and other good and valuable considerations,' the contract itself would be legal—and still worthless."

"Worthless?" I questioned. "Why, you just said it would be binding. How is that?"

He did not answer my question; he asked me another which astonished me. "You like railroading? Would you go back if you could?"

I did not answer. He read my reply in my expression.

"All right. Neither he nor you have any rights in those things. You admitted you conceived the idea during your period of employment by the railroad. In fact, fabricated and fashioned the devices while you were in their employ, with their goods and materials."

Readily I agreed that such was the case.

"Very well. Then those things all belong to the railroad corporation in whose employ you were at that time. There have been several hotly contested cases regarding that feature of employment. A precedent was established several years ago." MacNeil smiled. "I know. I won the case that established it. Come on up to the hotel tonight," he invited me. "We'll talk it over."

I went. There was another man there, MacNeil's doctor, who had come to California with him. We three sat down, and before the night was out I had got well acquainted with old "Doc" Campbell, a sensible sort of a fellow, who, as I have good reason to know, was well up on his job.

We had a nice supper together, and a friendly game of poker afterward. I know now that Doc was quizzing me about my condition, but then I thought it was but a friendly interest he showed. So cleverly did he bring out my story that I never knew I'd given him all the details till afterward. I told him how the company physician had treated me at home; how he had suggested a period of rest and quiet away from the railroad, and how he had urged me to go to make use of my passes.

I told Doc Campbell how he had warned me that my time was short; I did not have but a year to live at best, and would probably not last that long around the railroad. I had no reason to doubt him, for I knew I was in bad shape physically.

I fancied a look of speculation and comprehension swept across Doc Campbell's face when I made this statement. At this point John MacNeil broke in with a little chuckle:

"This master mechanic, Dorset, how much influence did he have?"

"Oh, he swung a pretty big stick," I informed John.

He said nothing more just then. I wondered at the seeming irrelevance of his question. I studied him for a few moments. But MacNeil was one man who could do a lot of thinking and not by the slightest sign betray what was going on in his keen mind.

CHAPTER XX

THAT night I scarcely slept. I saw through it all. Dorset had been on the division at the time I collapsed. He had seen his shining chance and had

put a bee in the company doctor's bonnet. Of course I had not been well for some time, but even at that, I was not nearly in such bad shape as they made me believe before I left.

Next morning Doc Campbell went over me, listened to my heart, felt the bump over it where the fractured rib in mending had raised a lump. He whistled, ordered an operation.

Within a month after I had left the hospital I was in better shape than I had been for years. It was amazing. Life sure opened up for me. I'd light out early, and in long, free strides walk for miles down to Santa Ana, to the orange groves, out to Signal Hill, to the oil fields, and once I made it clear down to Laguna Beach, stopping overnight at the beach, and riding a bus back next day.

My muscles hardened, exposure to the bright sunshine tanned my face. I was a well man again. I knew that by the fact I was hungry most of the time.

One night the Doc, John MacNeil and I sat around the little table in the apartment. It was ten o'clock and we were just getting well into our regular game. A nice straight came to me. I sat tight, sweetened the kitty a couple of times and raked in the pot. I had got onto the two highbinders, and could break even with them now. By George, any one watching us play would think the chips were worth a ten-dollar gold piece instead of a red penny apiece!

"How's this for a lucky break?" I inquired good-humoredly. "Some hand, eh?"

"Take it away," Mac said as he threw down his cards. "I'd show you mine, only you'd get too much of a kick out of what I held."

He arose from the table, went over to his desk.

"See if you can get a raise out of this epistle I just received to-day."

I opened the sheet of paper. The old familiar letterhead of the mechanical department struck me full force. The letter impressed me even more. I went through its contents like an eel going through a goose. Good thing for me my heart had just been overhauled, for I could feel it beating like a trip-hammer when I finished reading and saw the superintendent of motive power's name affixed to the bottom of the page.

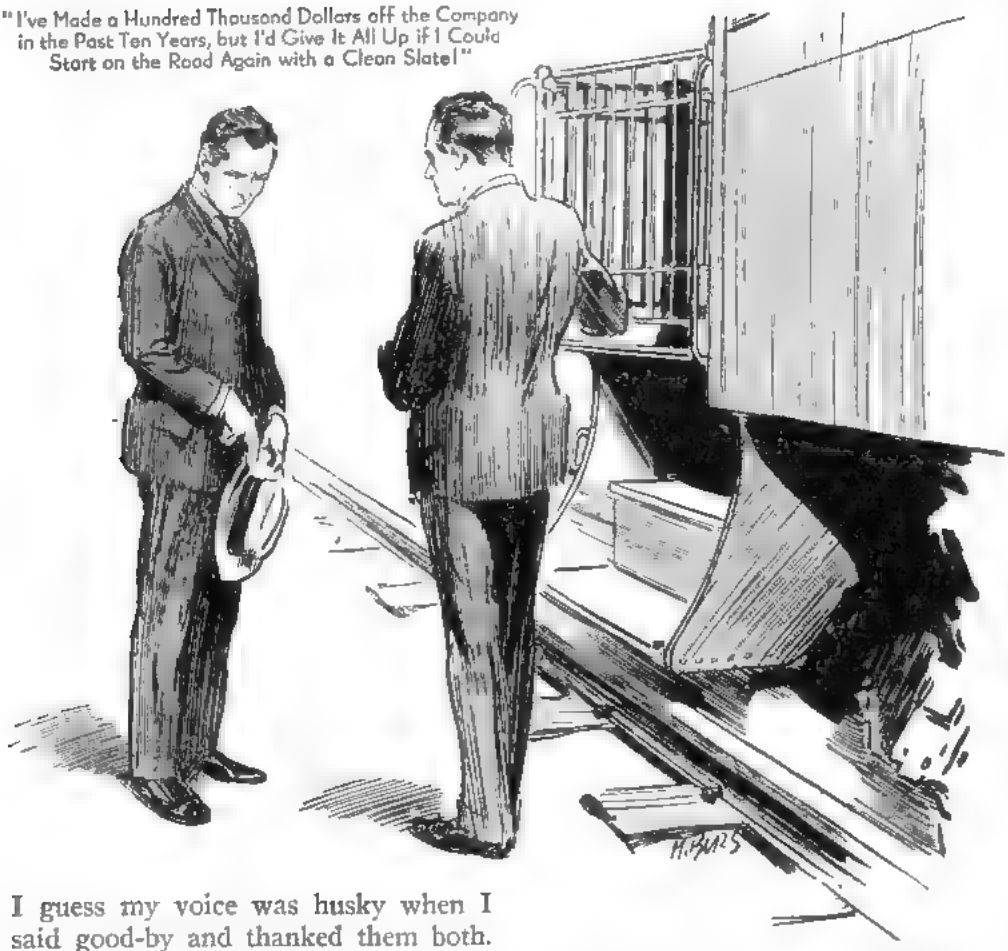
Old Man Hill thanked John MacNeil for calling his attention to the true state of affairs concerning the several mechanical appliances mentioned by patent letter number. His kind offers to arrange to have these patents assigned to the company were thereby accepted.

I looked up dumbly. "But where do I come in?" I asked. "I might as well have left these in Dorset's possession as to turn them over to the company."

MacNeil laughed. "Think so?" He put his hand into his inside coat pocket, and handed me another letter. "This came in my care, attached to the communication you have just read," he stated in a matter-of-fact voice as though it were but small moment.

Quickly I read the short note. The contents gave me one big thrill. The superintendent of motive power inquired how soon I would be able to report back to work. My services were needed on account of pending changes in the mechanical department. Would it be possible for me to return before these changes became effective? Like Poe's "Raven," only that and nothing more. I knew what he meant, and I got into action.

I shook hands with Doc and John.



"I've Made a Hundred Thousand Dollars off the Company in the Past Ten Years, but I'd Give It All Up if I Could Start on the Road Again with a Clean Slate!"

I guess my voice was husky when I said good-by and thanked them both.

I hurried from the hotel, caught a taxi, and inside a half hour I was back in my apartment at the little bungalow court where I had lived since coming to California. I left the place as it was, flung a few clothes into a suitcase. The taxi waited outside. The rest of my belongings I left where they lay. Little I cared what became of them.

We wheeled it down to the depot, and I caught the midnight flyer bound east.

Lying in my berth that night, the long drawn out *whooo! whooo! who! hoo!* of the crossing blows on the engine ahead sounded like grand opera to my ears. The *rat-a-tat-tat* of the rolling wheels clicking over the rail joints was the sweetest song I'd heard in many a long day.

I was going back to where I had left off. Back to the old streak of rust where I had molded a career. Back to youth, activity and ambition. Truly, no man ever took up railroading without a thrill nor left it without a pang. But, best of all, I was going back to the little girl I knew was waiting for me down there by the Hoot Owl branch!

CHAPTER XXI

And now I'm master mechanic of the road, riding in a private car. Master mechanic of the road I came on as

a boomer machinist with my feet hanging over the edge of an open box car door. I've finally squared it off with Bob Dorset, and yet when I think of him I feel no great pleasure in victory. Bob was a good man, a clever mechanic, who, had he traveled the right road would have gone far.

We shook hands the day I took his place; shook hands and called everything square between us. As we stood on the ground beside the rear platform of this coach, the Louisiana Limited, our crack train, came drifting round a curve.

Nineteen steel coaches, solid vestibuled from the tank to the glass inclosed observation car on the rear, a million dollars' worth of polished brass and varnished mahogany led on by one of our new thirty-two hundreds.

A sweet sight, that fine train drifting easily along at seventy miles an hour, that enormous superheater, her green jacket smooth as a hound's tooth, her polished bronze headlight case glinting like gold in the morning sunlight, her side rods and outside valve gear a shuttling blur, the counterweights on her big drivers lifting and falling fast as they pushed the steel behind.

She slid around the pitch of the curve before us, hit the straightaway. Got-to-get-on! Got-to-get-on! her exhaust a rumbling roar bellowed out the stack. She boomed past us. Mike Donahoe, the engineer, lifted his gloved hand in salute.

Waa! waahoo! he blew a greeting and a notice-my-signals call on the big whistle. Mail and baggage, express and parlor car, diner and observation coach, slipped past. We watched her roll down the grade, heard the exhaust grow louder as Mike opened up for the hill ahead. The sun glinted for a second on the polished treads of her observation coach wheels. Finally she vanished around a curve.

I turned to Bob Dorset. A misty film of tears obscured his eyes.

"By God, that gets me!" he said in a trembly voice. "I've made a hundred thousand dollars off of the company in the past ten years, but I'd give it all up if I could start on the road again with a clean slate!"

His head hung, his shoulders sagged. He shook my hand again.

"Don't make the mistakes I have. Take care of your job. You'll see many chances to pick up easy money. Let them go." He dropped my hand. "Here's luck to you!" There was a choking sob in his voice when he turned to leave. "I'm discredited, I'm through railroading. You're a lucky man, you've got what you want."

I knew then that he was not referring to the job alone, but to Mary, who could be heard singing inside the coach!

THE END

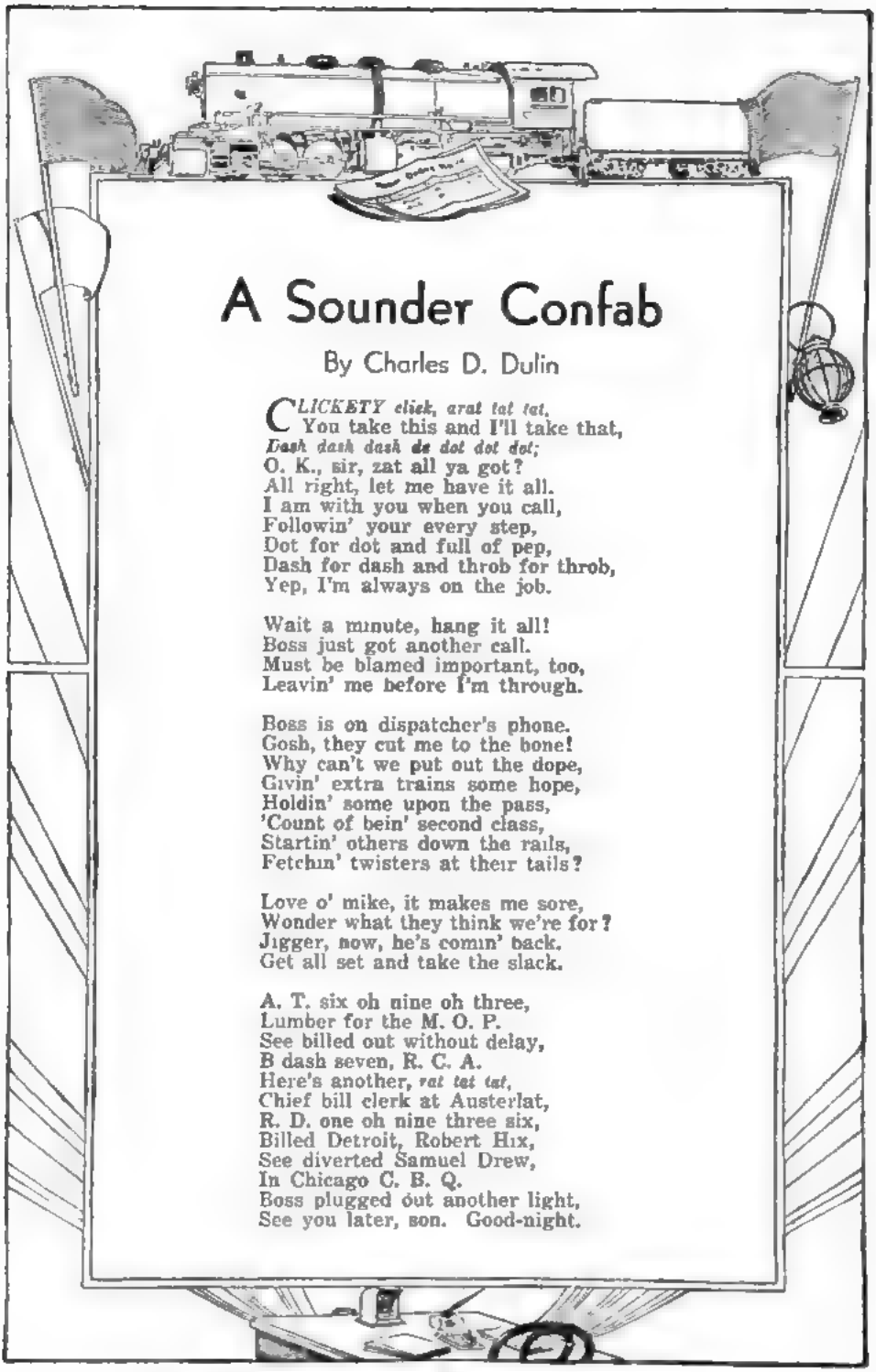
Max Brand's Greatest Novel

Is Running as a Serial in RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

If You Haven't Yet Started to Read This Western Thriller

"THE MASK OF CHING WO"

Turn to Page 456 and Begin It Now



A Sounder Confab

By Charles D. Dulin

CLICKETY click, arat tat tat,
You take this and I'll take that,
Dash dash dash de dot dot dot;
O. K., sir, zat all ya got?
All right, let me have it all.
I am with you when you call,
Followin' your every step,
Dot for dot and full of pep,
Dash for dash and throb for throb,
Yep, I'm always on the job.

Wait a minute, hang it all!
Boss just got another call.
Must be blamed important, too,
Leavin' me before I'm through.

Boss is on dispatcher's phone.
Gosh, they cut me to the bone!
Why can't we put out the dope,
Givin' extra trains some hope,
Holdin' some upon the pass,
'Count of bein' second class,
Startin' others down the rails,
Fetchin' twisters at their tails?

Love o' mike, it makes me sore,
Wonder what they think we're for?
Jigger, now, he's comin' back.
Get all set and take the slack.

A. T. six oh nine oh three,
Lumber for the M. O. P.
See billed out without delay,
B dash seven, R. C. A.
Here's another, *rat tat tat,*
Chief bill clerk at Austerlat,
R. D. one oh nine three six,
Billed Detroit, Robert Hix,
See diverted Samuel Drew,
In Chicago C. B. Q.
Boss plugged out another light,
See you later, son. Good-night.

He Watched Them Out of Sight Down the Winding Street

The Mask of Ching Wo

A Gentleman Bandit Devises a Clever Scheme to Get Rid of a Bride He Doesn't Want

By Max Brand

Illustrated by Fred Small

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THE Buffalo Flat of gold rush days, before the building of the transcontinental railroad, was a wild, lawless town on the Sacramento River in California. Li Wo, a merchant living in its Chinese quarter, arranged a marriage between his son, Ching Wo, and wealthy Fow Ming's daughter.

Ching was young, studious, and cultured. Fow Ming was aware of this, but did not suspect Ching was also a dashing highwayman known as "Handsome Harry" Delancey—a romantic figure, widely feared and secretly admired, upon whose head a price was set. Fow Ming had not the least idea that his prospective son-in-law was playing a bold dual rôle, nor why he was doing it.

While Li Wo and Fow Ming were on their way to San Francisco to bring back the bride, Ching was arrested and thrown into the lock-up by Sheriff "Lefty" Wilson, who recognized Delancey's stickpin on the Chinese youth. Ching feigned ignorance, claiming he had been given the pin as a birthday present.

Later he escaped from jail and wrote a note, signed Harry Delancey, in which he said he was releasing the Chinese boy. He threatened the sheriff with reprisals if Ching were persecuted further.

Then the youth secretly changed into his white man's garb and, in the rôle of Handsome Harry, he routed stage-coach robbers, rescuing Margery Linton and her father. Because the girl found favor in his eyes, Ching refused monetary reward and welcomed

an opportunity to escort the Lintons to the town of San Salvadore. The night was dark and the road dangerous.

CHAPTER XIV

ON the outskirts of the town Ching Wo left the Lintons. San Salvadore was roaring like a storm wind, but an elderly man and a girl would be safe enough in that wind, Ching understood.

Moreover, it would be too sensational an entrance, riding the horses of the very men who had robbed the stage, and carrying into San Salvadore the loot which the robbers had taken! So he said good-by at the verge of the lights.

Margery Linton barely touched his hand, but her father gave a prolonged grip.

"Delancey," he said rapidly, as one almost ashamed of his emotion, "we've gone farther to-night than we've traveled in all the rest of our lives, and without you we never would have come to harbor. The property they would have stolen — why, that's a small thing. But as for the rest— I can't talk about it. But from this moment I hope you'll look on our home and whatever we have as your own. Good-by, Delancey."

Linton rode off with his daughter. She had not spoken, but unexpectedly she glanced back and brushed away a tear.

Ching Wo was satisfied. And, indeed, what words could have compensated for that sudden, instinctive turning of her head?

He watched them out of sight down the winding street, and then set about his own affairs. As surely as hawks fly for prey, so Ching Wo journeyed under the guise of Delancey to pounce upon fat game. This very evening San Salvadore would be his hunting ground.

He had to look to El Rey, first of all. In a thicket near the waters of the creek he put the stallion. Then he ventured to a near-by livery stable and bought hay and crushed barley to give the gray a liberal feed.

Sometime before morning Ching Wo might need the full strength and speed of the big horse again. So he waited a moment, studying the breathing of El Rey and, with a few wisps of hay, rubbing the sweat from his body.

At last Ching was convinced that the big fellow would do well enough, so he left the thicket and boldly entered town.

Like many another mining hamlet, San Salvadore was strung out beside the windings of a creek. There was one main street, from which alleys and short crossways forked at irregular intervals.

Down the main street Ching Wo walked with a light step. Keen was his eye as he strolled along, whistling merrily.

Most of the people were wandering aimlessly, looking for fun and fighting, or merely bent on hearing the latest gossip. Some dropped in at the wide doors of dance halls, gambling saloons and mere drinking bars, while from the same doors others came out.

In the crowd were miners, still wearing the heavy flannel undershirts in which they had worked all day. High-hatted gamblers were sauntering about to take their turn at a table, or looking for easy victims. There were dark-faced Mexicans, always in defensive groups of two or more, and tenderfeet newly arrived from the East, with a

hungry and half frightened look in their eyes.

But there was one overmastering tone in all of these people. The ground which had been cursed for Adam's son had given up raw gold, and every man there was dreaming of wealth. There was not a mind which was not partly in the world of fancy, sitting in shining coaches, or walking through the halls of great mansions.

Ching Wo, searching for his prey, studied faces and clothes. He had found one and then another promising victim. Suddenly he heard an accusing voice:

"I've got you now! That was a cold hand you lifted on me, you dirty cur—"

Such words bring only one kind of rejoinder. The crowd melted swiftly back to either side from the path of danger, and Ching Wo saw a slender youngster shaking his fist in the face of a burly fellow with a brutal face and his neck cloth set off with a great diamond stud.

The latter seemed to be considering his denouncer thoughtfully, for a moment. Then his hand jerked back and came into view again, bearing a shimmering Colt.

The boy, too, made a convulsive effort to get out his weapon, but he was slow—slow as death, it seemed to the expert eye of Ching Wo. A gun roared, and it was from the hand of the tall man.

Ching Wo saw the victim clutch his shoulder, where the bullet had torn through. It was not a death, but it was perhaps an arm ruined for life. And Ching, slipping back through the wave of incoming people, drifted after the victor.

The latter, without haste, but with long strides, was withdrawing from the hurly-burly, and now sauntered steadily up the street. Plainly he was a cautious man, and knew the rules of the game. There were such things as vigilante movements, and one never knew when these might start. So the gunman would withdraw to his own place and wait there until the excitement had died down.

Like a hawk steadying for the swoop, Ching Wo held on the trail. This was his victim for the day!

The big man, passing quietly down the street, came to a narrow and dark alley, where the slanting moonlight did not reach the street. Ching Wo, following, saw the gunman whirl about, at bay. From the hips up, moonlight bathed the fellow and shone upon his savage face. Dark shadow covered the rest of him.

"Who are you?" asked the stranger.

Ching laughed. "I'm a hawk."

"Bah!" came a sudden grunt of disgust. "You're a drunk, and a fool!"

"I'm a hawk," persisted Ching. "A wild hawk looking for easy meat."

"You're a half-baked slice of nothin' at all," declared the other, "an' if you trail me another step — get back onto the main street or I'll bash your face in!"

The bully came with his left hand poised heavily, and his right hand ready for the draw that might be necessary; but Ching Wo leaned against the wall and laughed, with the moonlight on his face.

"A hawk, a hawk!" said he. "And there's a sign to put on you, my friend, like this!"

Something in his voice, in the clear enunciation of his words, seemed to warn the big man of danger. At any rate, he paused abruptly in his advance and made again that lightning movement of the hand.

It had been more than fast enough before, but now it was ages late. With one unbroken movement, the long Colt slid into the hand of Ching Wo and continued in an outward flash until it was dashed into the face of the other. The long barrel clanged against the skull of the gunman, and he sank in a drunken stagger.

The arms of Ching Wo received him, laid him gently on the ground, and the hand of Ching Wo slipped a stuffed wallet from his coat, the diamond from his scarf, and the gold watch from his waistcoat pocket. Then, with the touch of a knife, the money belt strapped about his waist, next to the skin, was clipped in two and dropped into the pocket of the boy.

Still Ching was not done, for he took out another of those little gems of feather work which represented a gray hawk, and arranging this with upward slanting wings and forward-stretched feet, like a stooping hawk about to strike. This he fastened into the crown of the stranger's fallen hat.

Then he stood up and dusted his hands and knees. Still a trifle worried, he stooped once more and laid his hand upon the heart of the stunned man.

That heart beat steadily, regularly.

"What the hell is this?" growled a voice behind him, as a pair of men turned into the alley mouth.

"Poor fellow's drunk as a lord," said Ching Wo calmly, stepping back from his victim. "He's fallen on his face and cracked his head. You'd better get him home if he's a friend of yours."

The youth was moving backward all this time. At length he stepped around the corner and slipped into the next group of men that moved in the main street crowd, as he heard a voice shout from the alley:

"It's Doc Peters! He wasn't drunk five minutes ago— Hey, where's that smooth-talkin' kid?"

But the "smooth-talkin' kid" was already lost in the heart of the crowd, walking with a light step and a cheerful whistle still upon his lips. He had the flushed face of one who has just come from the gaming tables a winner.

Thus he went on through the street, regardless of shouting and confusion that had grown up behind him. Apparently the friends of Doc Peters were making some disturbance.

But the disturbance did not come near him; and soon Ching sat on his heels beside the feeding gray stallion and counted in his hands seventeen hundred dollars, besides sundry incidentals!

CHAPTER XV

Sheriff Wilson was entertaining in his office the other political power of Buffalo Flat. This was the mayor of the town, "Fatty" Rourke.

Rourke's office did not bring a large salary, but he found other ways to build up a pleasant income. His labors consisted in warm hand-shaking, bright smiles, and many speeches. He had a gay strain for weddings and a solemn strain for burials, and he could touch many strings in between.

As for the sheriff, he had to run upon his record in office and his notable courage. His record had been excellent up to the moment Harry Delancey rescued his prisoner, Ching Wo. The liberation of a Chink was not very important, but it had caused several thousand men and women to laugh at Lefty Wilson.

So Lefty had sent for the mayor and asked for his advice, as an expert politician.

Said Fatty Rourke: "Give 'em time. They'll come around to you, Lefty. They ain't any doubt about that!"

"Ain't there?" growled the sheriff. "Man, the election is short of a month away, an' Porson says he's gunna run. It wouldn't be easy to beat Porson, no matter how many scalps I had at my belt. Gents don't throw votes for you when they're laughin' at you, Fatty, an' you ought to know it!"

"Take things easy," insisted the mayor. "This here Chink that's got away, he don't amount to nothin'."

"Sure he don't. It's Handsome Harry that makes all the hell for me."

"Delancey's slick," agreed Rourke, "but you ain't the first man he's dodged around."

Wilson nodded.

"Bud Hall was found dead in the woods, halfway between here and San Salvadore. Likely it's more of Harry's work."

"But Hall was one of Red Phil Saunders's gang," said the mayor. "I dunno that they's any need to cry over that kind of spilt milk."

"Maybe not," said Lefty.

At this there was a knock upon the door, and it was pushed open before the sheriff had time to answer.

The jailer appeared in the opening, an odd expression on his face. "They's a Chink here wants to see you, Lefty."

"Damn all the Chinks in the world!" said the sheriff bitterly.

"This Chink is by name of Ching Wo, an' I figgered—"

The sheriff nodded, whereupon the silk-clad form of Ching Wo, slender and shrinking, entered. He looked paler than ever. His eyes, opened very wide with fear, were fixed upon the face of Sheriff Wilson.

The sheriff, in the meantime, had risen slowly from behind his desk.

"Ching Wo!" said he.

The boy shuddered.

"Ching Wo, what in hell am I gunna do with a jail-breakin' Chink like you?"

Ching's lips parted, but no words came. He stood as one regarding a nightmare.

"The kid's scared to death," said the mayor. "Give him a chance, Lefty."

"You sneakin' lyin', yaller-skinned monkey!" growled Wilson. "What brought you back?"

Ching Wo again attempted to speak, and finally gasped:

"Ching Wo flaid!"

"Is he?" grinned the mayor. "I never seen a Chink much more paralyzed than this one."

"Maybe he is," Lefty agreed, "but if he's scared now, he's gunna clean pass out before I'm finished with him. I'm gunna make this here kid a damn' fine example. I'm gunna skin him, an' tan the hide, an' cover a dog-gone saddle with the pelt! That's what I'm gunna do!"

This he said with appropriate gestures, coming halfway across the floor and acting as though he were about to rip the poor boy in two the next instant. Ching Wo raised one arm and put it across his face to ward off a possible blow, and cringed lower against the wall.

"Hey, Lefty," the mayor interceded, "listen to me, will you?"

"Well, what is it?"

Still glaring at the young Chinaman, the sheriff allowed himself to be drawn into an opposite corner of the room.

"Look here, Lefty, is this here Chink important?"

"Him? Not a bit, except—"

"Not a bit is right. Suppose you raise hell with the kid, what good is

that gunna do you? People will say you're lettin' the big guns get away with murder, while you take it out on the little ones. Here comes a scared Chink, an' gives himself up after he's been set free. Well, that's a feather in your cap. You hurt Ching Wo, an' the boys will call you a bully. But you treat Ching Wo white, if you take my advice."

"Feed him on chicken an' cream, eh?" retorted the sarcastic sheriff. "Make him at home in the jail, you mean to say!"

"I'd never take him back into the jail at all," said Fatty Rourke.

Lefty elevated his eyebrows.

"You wouldn't what?"

The mayor's smile beamed.

"I'd turn him loose. I'd let him go, an' tell everybody that what you want is the bull, an' not the calf. That 'll make a hit. The boys will all see that you're a man's man, an' that's what they want for sheriff in this here county!"

This bit of political diplomacy was a long reach above the head of Lefty Wilson. He could only blink.

"All right," continued the mayor. "I've said my say. You do as you please, but mind you, they's a couple of thousand votes for you in this if you handle it like I say!"

"You think so?" muttered Wilson.

"I know it. It's a grand play for you."

The sheriff sighed, still with hungry eyes fixed upon the boy. But then, as though suddenly seeing the light, he grinned broadly.

"I see what you mean," said he. "Maybe you're right. Besides, I got nothin' ag'in' the young Chink. He's always been a quiet citizen as far as I know. No opium, no gamblin', no nothin'. Well—"

He strode up to Ching Wo.

"Listen to me, Ching," he blustered. "I oughta take an' chuck you into a jail an' keep you there for life. I'd oughta half starve you in a dark cell. But you're young, an' I reckon Handsome Harry made you go along with him. All right, kid, you get out, vamose, get along, an' if I ever hear of you an' Handsome Harry Delancey again in the same breath, I'm gunna hang you up by the ears an' leave you to dry in the sun. Now, get. You savvy?"

Ching Wo listened with an amazed face. Suddenly he broke into a profusion of very low bows, and so, with murmurs of joy and gratitude, he backed out of the room.

He went out onto the street and passed down it slowly, pausing for a moment at the corners, and sometimes looking behind him. At length he turned about, for he had seen Mayor Rourke coming rapidly toward him.

A moment later they rubbed elbows in the crowd. Neither spoke. Each looked blankly and fixedly straight before him, but suddenly the good mayor felt a solid little weight chug home into his coat pocket, and a smile creased his cheerful face.

He knew very well what was in the package. It was a pile of beautiful, freshly-minted ten-dollar gold pieces, twenty-five in number, and he could tell himself that he was doubly paid—by the gold of the Chinaman for the good he had done him, and afterward, surely by the gratitude of the sheriff for such good advice.

Nothing could be better business than this. A certain sense of joy which was almost virtue swelled the mayor's heart. Every person who passed him on that street nodded to himself and was glad that the political

fortunes of Buffalo Flat were committed to the hands of so worthy a man!

CHAPTER XVI

CHING WO went home, and there, having passed through the outer rooms which, during all of these years had served as so effectual a blind to the police of the white man's town, he entered the real house of Li Wo.

The first thing he saw was, in the shrine room where the Buddha stayed, just below the image itself, a big card lined with red paper. On the outside was the image of a phœnix; inside, two needles, strung with silken thread, were stuck fast.

He knew well what it meant. It was the Chinese betrothal card, now drinking the same incense smoke which went in the service of the Buddha itself, and more sacred and binding upon a Chinaman than a Christian marriage actually completed, oaths and all.

Ching Wo, looking upon this, felt his skin prickle. Chills slid like serpents down his back.

He examined the card well, and found it contained a long and honorable list of the girl's ancestors, as in duty bound it should.

Then, unable to remain longer in front of the thing, he muttered rapidly a few prayers to the Buddha, feeling sick at heart.

After that the youth went in search of Li Wo, and found him in the garden, seated in the full strength of the sun. Li's head was bared, and his yellow face wrinkled with a smile of contentment.

Ching fell upon his knees and greeted his father. Li Wo bade him rise.

"I have completed everything," said he, "and it is all well. I have seen the girl, Yen Ming, with my own eyes, and found her simple and virtuous. She is graceful as a lotus flower, and fragrant as wild honey."

The boy's heart shrank, for he remembered the words which he himself had spoken on the night before, when he had ridden down the road toward San Salvadore. Wild honey! It brought before him the face of Margery Linton, the very sound of whose voice stirred through his mind like far-off music.

He lowered his eyes, murmuring, "I am glad."

"You are not very glad," said his father dryly. "However, you will be glad later. But you have been away?"

"I have been away."

"Then, where?"

"El Rey was stolen from the old Negro who keeps him. I followed him to San Salvadore."

Suddenly Ching felt it would be much better if he said nothing about the two Lintons

"And there?"

"I found the horse. Also, I found a man carrying more money than he needed. He was not a good man; he was a bully and a gambler—"

"Listen to the boy!" said the father almost fiercely. "You talk of good and of bad as though every white man were not devoted to the devil! But go on—what did you do?"

"I took his wallet, his money belt, and his diamond."

He laid them, article by article, on the lap of his father as he spoke.

"There were two hundred and fifty dollars more. I gave them to the mayor, because he made my peace for me with the sheriff. You know that I have been in his hands since I left you?"

"I know," said Li Wo. His eyes burned as he looked at the boy. "I

thought it was the end, and that from this moment you would have to live like a hunted rabbit. But is your peace really made?"

"Yes. I paid the mayor money; I went and trembled before the sheriff. That was all!"

He sneered a little as he spoke, and Li Wo laughed while he counted the money and weighed the gold dust.

"There is enough here for your marriage; more than enough," said Li. "We can feast a hundred for ten days on this, if we choose. But we will not choose. Filled bellies are for pigs, and not for men, as I have often told you. A lean dog is a quick wit. Ching, you came from his trail without being recognized?"

"Yes. The little sign of the hawk, my father, is all I left behind me."

At this the father stretched out both hands and brought them together, clenched as fists. Great was his exultation.

"For ten thousand blows and curses and revilings and robberies which they have inflicted upon our people, you will repay them with your life, my son!" Li was greatly excited. His breast heaved rapidly. "Ching, you carry with you the tablet of your mother?"

"Always," said the boy.

"You say prayers to it every day?"

"Every day of my life."

"I have told you that a white man caused her death, my son. Now I am going to tell you the whole story. Sit down!"

Ching been hoping and dreading to hear this for these many years. As he slipped down upon his knees, his face was bloodless with anticipatory horror.

"We left Foo Chow together, your mother and I," said Li Wo. "We sailed on a fast ship out of the Min River and headed across the great sea for Hawaii. And from the first the white men looked from the corners of their eyes at me, because I sailed with them in the cabin, and not with the coolies in the hold of the ship. However, I did not pay much attention to them, because already I knew that they were dogs, unclean swine, liars, untrue to their parents and—"

He paused, and waited until his emotion had subsided a little.

Then he went on: "Your birth was not due for another month, but this was how you came to be born. There had been a theft from the captain's cabin, and he, like a devil, accused me, and ordered me to give the thing back. I could not give it. It was a little string of pearls which belonged to his own wife, who was with him on board the ship. And she—do you hear, Ching Wo? She, also, was about to have a child!"

His excitement mastered him again, so that his lips worked violently.

"The ship's captain was Malcolm Foster, whom I have often mentioned. When he accused me of the theft, and I told him truthfully that I did not have the pearls, he swore that he would beat them out of my skin. He triced me into the rigging and flogged me—with his own hands—like a dog—and I fainted under the strokes!

"Your mother came from our cabin and saw the whip fall on my naked back. She fell to the deck, and the next day you were born, as we came near to Honolulu harbor."

Li Wo raised his voice a little.

"Now listen and see how the gods first punished the brutal man. For, as you were taken from the side of your mother, and as she sickened and asked for help in the fever, I ran to the captain and begged him to send the ship's doctor to her. But he laughed. He

struck me in the face and drove me away. His own wife, he said, was sick, and the doctor had to be with her.

"I sat by your mother's side and watched her grow mad with fever. I prayed to all our household gods. I even prayed that my son would die if my wife could live.

"But my prayer was not granted. The child lived. After a while I knew my wife was dying. I ran again to the captain and begged for help. I found him sitting with his head in his hands!

"Listen to me, Ching Wo, and you will see the power of the gods; how terribly they strike, and how quickly! The head of this man rested on his hands, and he was sick in his face, and white. For his wife had given birth to a male child, also, and that child was dead, was dead, was dead!"

Li Wo laughed horribly, rocking himself back and forth.

"At last the ship's doctor came, looked once at my wife, and said it was too late. I could only sit by her side and say to her many times, as she cried out in her delirium:

"'Wei Sung, all is well, for our child is a boy. He is strong, and he smiles in his sleep!'

"So I sat by her until at last she made a small cry in the middle of the night, and thus she died."

Li Wo drew his robe over his head. Ching wavered a little on his knees, but not with weakness. It was a fierce and overmastering passion that consumed him, made him tremble as a flame trembles, for he felt as though he had been walking the deck of that ship and had seen all that his father had told him, and that he had leaned over his own mother and watched her die.

At last, his face still half muffled, and his head bent, Li Wo muttered:

"Malcolm Foster, as you probably know, has already reached San Francisco, and already he has left it. He is traveling up country toward San Salvadore!"

Ching leaped to his feet. "I shall go and meet him, then. I shall go and make him welcome to this country, my father!"

Li Wo, fiercely contented in spite of his grief, said slowly: "Later, my son. But now your bride is coming to you. After the wedding you shall meet Captain Malcolm Foster!"

CHAPTER XVII

When Fow Ming carried his daughter to meet her future husband, it was agreed that he would take her overland in a carriage especially hired for that occasion.

A mounted courier and guide went on ahead, and reached Buffalo Flat several hours before the carriage would arrive. He gave warning to the groom and the prospective father-in-law. Li Wo, being already prepared, sallied out to meet the welcome guests.

He was going several miles down the road from Buffalo Flat, on foot, in order to do greater honor to rich Fow Ming. In the meantime Li enjoined his son, who had several bachelor hours remaining on his hands, to spend most of this interval in prayer for the happiness of the union, and for the purity and the virtue of his household.

But Ching Wo prayed for only ten minutes. Then he slipped from the house with a bundle under his arm, went down through the river trees, and drew from the water the same tin boat he had used before.

It was mid morning. Under the bright hot sun, which turned the face

of the river to thin steam, he shot the skiff down under the shadow of the bank and across to the other shore.

There the young man landed in just the place where he had arrived on his previous excursion, and there he changed his dress among the trees.

But on this occasion he made himself like a poor peon, with a straw sombrero on his head, and a greasy mustache, and the cheapest of blue jeans, and heavy, clumsy boots upon his feet. He decorated himself still more with a strip of narrow plaster that puckered the skin along one side of the face and gave him the appearance of one who had been wounded severely in a knife fight.

In a few minutes he had transformed himself into a dangerous-looking ruffian. The mildness of Ching Wo was shaken off with his silken garments, and a young brute stood in his skin.

He went on to the house and found the Negro chopping wood. The aged darkey paused, ax poised in air, and stared at the youngster.

"It's I, Uncle George," said the boy. "I've come for the pinto again."

"It's a mighty dog-gone down-headed hoss, that pinto," responded Uncle George, "evah since you rode him out that day on the trail of Red Phil Saunders an' his men."

"Hush!" Ching warned. "Don't let even the trees hear you say that."

"Lord, Lord," ejaculated the old man, "I ain't even gunna think that name, then. I'll get yo' hoss for you, honey."

"I'll get it myself, Uncle George," said the youth.

Presently he rode out of the barn with the pinto beneath his knees.

He traveled at a steady canter until he had put some distance behind him. In this manner he left the woods and emerged into a clearing where a small shack stood.

At the door he drew rein and called. Two voices answered. Then two Mexicans came to the door and looked out. They stared at the horse, they stared at him.

He said to them in good Spanish: "It is I, my friends."

"You are yourself, perhaps," said the older man, knife scarred as much, in fact, as Ching now appeared to be, "and you yourself may know your own name; but what is that to me?"

"You are Jose Pinal?"

"I am Jose Pinal."

"That is Ricardo Pinal?"

"That is Ricardo Pinal, to be sure."

"You are the men who held up the Los Baños stage last winter?"

They drew a little closer together and looked at him out of narrowed eyes. They said nothing, but ventured to exchange one expressive glance with one another.

"You are the friends, also, of Henry Delancey?" asked Ching Wo. And suddenly he laughed.

Jose Pinal uttered an exclamation and stepped closer, peering hard. "All the little devils! This is Señor Delancey, Ricardo, and we are two bats who cannot see when the sun shines! *Señor*, dismount, come into our house. I wish to God it were a palace for you. Come in! *Santa Maria!* I never see you without thanking God for the neck which you kept from being broken!"

"I cannot come in," answered Ching. "But if you have no great business for the next ten days or so, I can give you work."

"We have ten cows," said Ricardo frankly, "and they are better without us than they are with us."

"I'll pay you five dollars a day

apiece. Take enough food to last you, but be quick. We need to ride hard. I know that you don't let your horses rest between steps!"

They did not say a word. One of them ran for the horse corral and soon had caught up two horses and saddled them. By that time his brother had made up two small packs. And in ten minutes they were riding down the road at Ching's side. They asked no questions, but while they cantered on together, Ching told them briefly his plan.

Half a mile farther they found a ferry which quickly put them on the farther side of the river. Still they galloped on down the river road until they came to a forking of the way.

Here, in a grove of oaks, they halted at Ching Wo's direction, and waited.

It was not yet noon. The air was still, the sun very hot, the fields covered with shimmering waves of reflection like the dance of almost invisible flame. Not a horseman or a vehicle appeared on the way. They could hear the cooing of doves from the trees on a near-by slough. A steamer went swiftly down the river, trailing a great black cloak in the air behind it.

Then Ching Wo saw what he wanted. It consisted of a carriage such as was often hired out for private journeys in the days before railroads penetrated that section of California. Two men were on the front seat. One, even at a distance, was seen to possess the queue of a Chinaman.

"They are coming," said Ching Wo.

At this, Ricardo and his brother put over their heads great masks, which were black draperies of cloth with ample eyeholes, and secured beneath the chin with strings so that the blowing of the cloth might not impede vision.

They uncased their rifles, also, and crouched at watch, while the carriage rolled closer, its two horses kicking up a single cloud of dust that sagged away slowly to the south. The body of the carriage was covered with an iron-braced shade, from the sides of which thin curtains hung, but the stirring of the curtains revealed two people inside.

The carriage reached the forking of the road, slowed, and turned to follow the river way to Buffalo Flat. At that moment Ching Wo stepped out before the heads of the horses with a leveled revolver in either hand.

The battle ended that instant without a blow.

It was a half-breed Mexican who drove the horses, a man with a fierce face which suddenly turned yellow with fear. He rolled from his seat and dropped like a log to the roadside. The Chinaman beside him, though his own face contorted with pale terror, actually gripped the rifle which leaned beside him, but he thought better of it, and jerked his hands above his head.

In the meantime there was a wild outburst of Chinese chattering from the carriage. Ricardo Pinal had taken from the carriage a slender girl, veiled heavily from head to foot, tottering so slowly on her pathetic little bound feet that Ricardo lost patience. Picking her up in his arms, Ricardo tore off the veil and carried her bodily away.

After her loomed the formidable figure of Fow Ming. He leaped from the carriage and jammed his breast right against the muzzle of the rifle of Jose Pinal, demanding the girl. Then, suddenly controlling himself, he said, in fairly good Spanish:

"My friends, I am not a poor man. Give me back the maiden. I will pay you well for her. What is she worth to you?"

"Stay over there back by the carriage," said Jose Pinal. "*Amigo!*" he called to Ching. "Search the other pair!"

Ching searched them. He got a mere handful of silver from the pair, but Fow Ming yielded a great harvest. Two pockets were crammed with his wallet and his purse, and both were filled. Then he was made to reënter the carriage. Enter it he would, but he was in such a state of fury that Ching stepped close to him and said:

"She will be as safe as if she were in your house, and after a time she will come back to you. Make your heart easy And—collect your money to buy her again!"

Ching could have laughed as he thought of the irony of this.

Then, ordering the carriage to be turned, he sent it clattering up the road at a brisk trot.

Picking Her Up in His Arms, Ricardo Carried Her Away

CHAPTER XVIII

THE plan of Ching Wo was very simple. He and Jose Pinal returned at once by the same ferry over which they had crossed, leading the horse of Ricardo Pinal. He himself was to wait until night, and then row across the river in a boat which his brother would bring over. Fow Ming's daughter would then be kept in the house of the Pinals and well treated, but carefully watched as long as it was the pleasure of Ching Wo.

There was only one difficulty or danger, and this was for the boy to return to his house before his father, disappointed and waiting on the road, should go back to Buffalo Flat and the house on the river. For that reason, with Jose Pinal, he made good time back to the ferry, found it about to start, and immediately embarked.

The ferryman regarded them with

a sour eye. He was an ex-sailor, with one wooden leg and a formidable bulldog pipe forever clutched between his teeth.

The pair paid no attention to him, but as they disembarked, Jose Pinal cast a single ugly glance. "That old fool sees too much and thinks too much. Well, who cares? I suppose the Chinaman will pay a big ransom for the girl, *amigo?*"

The Mexican grinned.

"Whatever he pays," said Ching, "we split into three parts. But keep her safely, and don't frighten her. If you do, she may jump in the river and take herself off your hands. He will hunt for that girl with men and dogs and money. And if he finds her at your house, you're apt to have your throats cut."

Ching spurred the pinto into the river woods, and rode rapidly back to the place of Uncle George. With the old Negro he left the pinto, then hurried on to the place where he had hidden the tin skiff.

A few moments later, once more it was the silken clad Chinese boy who sent the boat skimming across the river to the farther shore, sank it by the bank, and presently sauntered into the house of his father.

He came with a blank face, but with every nerve tingling as he passed the ancient gardener and felt the eyes of the old man trail after him and make a tremor in the small of his back.

There were suspicions about him among the servants of the house, Ching Wo well knew. His frequent absences could not be taken for granted by a people as cunning and wily as these. And all of his careful modesty, gentleness and obedience, which he was forever showing in the house, and his long hours of study when he was at home, were now serving only to excite their suspicions the more.

Ching Wo went straight to the shrine.

For the very soul of the boy was tormented with misery and self-doubt. To him the most sacred of earthly things was his father. It hardly mattered that he knew Li Wo to be a rogue, a thief, and often a hypocrite. That father he had disobeyed and secretly thwarted, for which disobedience all of the household gods might forever curse him.

So Ching prayed prostrate before the grinning face of the Buddha; but he found that prayer was hard, for the smile of Margery Linton formed in the candle smoke and dissolved, and formed again, and left him trembling half with joy and half with superstitious dread.

Then he felt eyes behind him. Rising, he saw Li Wo at the entrance curtains, with the dust of the road on his finest clothes, and his face puckered with rage. The father demanded:

"Where have you been?"

"I have been out on the river," Ching answered.

"And why on the river?"

"It was the last day when I could sit on the river and dream of marriage, father."

"Sit and dream! Sit and dream!" said the father. "Where would you have been if I had come back before this with your wife?"

"I should have heard you on the river road, father, and it would have been easy for me to come back here before you."

The whole face of Li Wo withered with suspicion. But he spoke not another word on the subject. He had said enough already to make Ching's soul a thing of lead.

"Shall I go into the garden?" asked Ching. "Is it there you have left them?"

"I have left them in the dust of the road!" Li Wo snarled bitterly. "I have left them in the heat and the light of the road!"

Ching thought it best to merely gape at this.

"All the devils slide into the bodies of Mexicans!" said Li Wo fervidly. "May they die as they live; may they blow away like dust; may they feel fire in their veins instead of blood!"

"Mexicans?" inquired Ching Wo in a troubled voice.

"You fool," said Li Wo, "why do you stand there and gape like a baby? You have horses and you have some knowledge. Go at once! Three Mexicans have stopped the carriage of Fow Ming and stolen his daughter to hold her for ransom! Why are you standing here? Go, go!"

He added, as the boy bowed and turned: "No. It's much too late for that. It would take days and days. And when you found her you might find her dead. No, that is the care of Fow Ming. He who prides himself on looking like a warrior—he, the hero—he the great man, the rich man! He could not keep her safely, and now let him pay for it! There are other girls in San Francisco. I shall find you another, and we shall not wait for the daughter of a fool, no matter how rich he may be!"

His fury as he denounced Fow Ming quite overmastered him, so that Li Wo had to walk up and down for a moment. Then he said: "It is time to be calm, quiet, and thoughtful. I have great things to tell you. Go into the garden and let tea be brought there. No, let it be wine! I shall come out to you at once."

Ching Wo was very glad to have this terrible interview ended. Hastily he went to the garden and had hot *sumchu* brought in little covered cups, and a stock of it in a covered pot. When Li Wo came, they sat down on mats and sipped the pungent liquor.

It was late afternoon. The sun began to pour slanting golden streams through the trees along the river bank and the river mist was burning like a pale golden fire. Li Wo sat facing that sun, his eyes squinted against it, so that he had a most evil look.

Then he said: "The man who flogged your father and murdered your mother is to be this night at Slater's Crossing! He expects to go further, but two of his horses will turn very sick this afternoon, and he will stop at Slater's Crossing." The Chinaman laughed viciously. "What do you propose to do?"

"I?" asked Ching Wo, his eyes opening in surprise. "I shall meet him to-night in the hotel at Slater's Crossing, and surely he will be dead before morning."

Li Wo continued earnestly:

"With Captain Foster are five men. They are going with him to the mines, and every man is a chosen fighter, every man has sailed under him as their captain. The Americans fight as though they love death. Suppose you find them all sleeping in one room?"

There was a moment's pause.

"This captain is a snake," said the boy calmly. "Who would be ashamed of stealing on a snake and cutting off its head while it slept?"

A smile of singular brightness appeared upon the face of Li Wo. "Go, then. All the spirits of your ancestors wish you well. Oh, Ching, we have lost a good Chinese wife for you, but if the murderer is killed, I shall find

you the finest daughter of a mandarin!"

CHAPTER XIX

SLATER'S CROSSING was not eight miles back from the river on the road to San Salvadore, and Ching Wo reached it in the dusk of the day after a slow and easy ride. There was no need for speed now; and El Rey might well require all his strength before the morning came.

Moreover, the rider desired a slow gait to match with his own meditations, for his mind was full.

He had seen suspicion glint from the eyes of his father, and the sight had not been pleasant.

Well he knew that no Chinaman's soul can hope for happiness hereafter unless he passes into his moment of death filled with reverence for all his ancestors—above all, for his father and mother.

Upon the thought of that mother he never had seen, he had poured out his heart, as a boy knows how to do, and worshiped her, and made an image of her in his mind, beautiful, and with his own pale skin. For she had possessed that same pallor, Li Wo often had told him, coming as she did from the north, where there are tribes almost as white-skinned as the Caucasians.

It was a clear-eyed youth who rode into Slater's Crossing that evening, and in the stable bought oats and hay for his horse. The horse itself he left in some woods at the rear of the hotel, for it well might be that he would need to leave the place so quickly that he could not wait in the stable until his mount had been brought out and saddled by a sleepy groom.

His action elicited no comment. For one thing, the hotel was crowded with people on the way to and from San Salvadore, and the stable was fairly filled.

The hotel was the cheapest sort of frame shack. Voices could be heard from one end of it to the other, but it counted fifty beds in some fifteen rooms, which sometimes were put side by side. That was not the limit of its accommodation, for often travelers were glad to make down their bunks in rows in the barnlike dining room, and even in the kitchen, paying fifty cents a head for the privilege.

It was a typical overflow night at Slater's when Ching arrived, after providing for his horse. He found the veranda filled with men who already had eaten their supper; the second table was now full. The bar was jammed and barkeepers were liberally pinching out gold dust to pay for the drinks.

Ching was reasonably sure that the people of Slater's Crossing did not know him, but he could not tell what travelers might have seen Handsome Harry Delancey.

In that name was half his pride. In that name he rejoiced with a peculiar malice, because it meant that he had met the white man in his own field and been accepted upon a certain high plane. He was considered a dandy, an exquisite. He—Ching Wo!

His white teeth flashed in the darkness of the veranda as he listened to the fragments of talk about him.

Suddenly a chorus of thundering voices broke out in a chanty, attracting many of the hotel's patrons to the spot from which it emanated. Ching went with them, for he had smelled the salt sea in that ballad, and from the salt sea came Captain Malcolm Foster.

"Who's up there?" he asked the man next to him.

"I dunno who. I can't see with my

ears," was the rough answer, but a fellow behind them spoke up:

"That's Foster's sailors. They figger to make a pretty clean-up at the mines."

Loud laughter and cheering followed the next song, when the window of the corner room, next to that from which the uproar proceeded, was jerked up with a slam, and a gruff voice exclaimed:

"Belay that, you shellbacks. Belay that, and turn in. The next watch will be on deck before morning. Turn in and shut up, the lot of you!"

The sailors instantly were silent, and even the listeners muttered rather respectfully.

"That's the skipper, Cap'n Foster. He's a flyer, too, they say. He's come out in ninety-three days—"

"That's a lie!"

"It ain't. I—"

But Ching strolled away. He had learned what he wanted to know—the location of the room of Captain Malcolm Foster. He could not help wondering if the worthy skipper would turn out with that watch which was to appear before the morning!

CHAPTER XX

What Ching had seen at the window was a pair of burly shoulders and a short, dark, square-trimmed beard. He was glad of that picture of the man, for it fitted perfectly into his idea of the brute who had flogged his father and caused the death of his mother.

He sauntered slowly down the veranda, still listening, until a name caught and stopped him.

"Doc Peters?"

"He's heading back for San Salvadore."

"Never knew that crook had left it. He always made the cards be good to him!"

"Sure, he's been personally introduced to all the aces, Doc Peters has; but a while ago he skinned out of San Salvadore like a wild cat was clawin' his back."

"Vigilantes, eh?"

"Aw, no. Didn't you hear he had had the sign of the hawk put on him?"

"What's the sign, anyway?"

"Why, I've seen one of 'em. A mighty neat-made little bird that's like a hawk. Handsome Harry sticks it on any gent he's downed."

"What for, I'd like to know?"

"Well," said the first speaker, "I figger it's like this. Delancey seems to fight fair. He's never gone after a gent that didn't have a chance to fill his hand. An' when he drops a man, he puts a signature on him, as you might say."

"He didn't sign the Morgantown murders," remarked the other.

"Because he didn't do 'em! You can lay to that. The kid is straight, I tell you. Poison, sure. But straight, if you foller my drift."

Ching Wo went softly on through the night, for a stroll in the woods. He was satisfied with this little conversation, for it justified the character which he had tried to maintain under his false name. He was no mere murderer, to these men; they recognized his qualities and gave him credit for them.

He smiled when he thought of Doc Peters, rushing away from San Salvadore, and only returning when he had managed to gather together a bodyguard of friends, no doubt.

But there was a somber meaning in this, also. For if men took him so seriously, they would begin to make life much harder. His face, his voice, his

ways of action were becoming known to greater numbers.

At length Ching felt it was time to return to his work and, in fact, when he went back to the hotel he found every light had been extinguished.

He Went to the Veranda and Climbed Cat-like Up the First Pillar

He waited for a moment before the hotel. Gradually he could hear the snores of many heavy slumberers. This was reassuring, so he hesitated no longer, but went to the veranda and climbed cat-like up the first pillar. It was made of a pole with the bark left on, giving him an excellent handhold and leg grip. Soon he was on the veranda roof.

Here he had to go with a redoubled caution, for he knew that the shakes with which it was covered were dry with the summer heat, and would crackle more than twigs breaking under foot, unless he went as softly as a snake.

Long minutes went by, as Ching edged his way up the slope of the veranda roof, but not a sound did he allow to come from beneath him, in spite of the pressure of his weight.

He was just beneath the corner window when a voice called out loudly from a near-by room: "Shanks! Shanks! I give up!"

There was a growling answer: "What the hell?"

"I had a dream," said an apologetic answering voice.

"You have another dream like that and I'll bust you one, you poor thickhead!"

Cots creaked as the disturbed sleepers turned. Beneath the corner window the boy lay, still as a watching cat, waiting, waiting through the long minutes, until he heard the beginning of a new snore.

Then he rose to his knees.

The window was not open sufficiently for him to pass through. He examined the frame of it with what care he could, having to feel with his fin-

gers, since the light was too dim for seeing. He could tell that the frame was warped. For that very reason, no doubt, the window had not been thrust up higher.

And now the youth began a more difficult labor. He had to lift hard, but as he lifted he had to make sure that the sash did not give with a sudden screech under the weight of his hand. It was a simple thing, and yet of the utmost delicacy.

Moreover, the strength of his exertions must not make him pant, for sailors, as he knew, may be light sleepers.

Twice and again Ching had to pause, breathing with care of the pine-scented air, and listening, listening. Again he resumed the work, and finally the window began to give, creeping little by little up until it was wide enough for him to enter.

Again he paused, waited for his breathing to grow quiet. Then, putting his head through the gap, he threw his very soul before him into the darkness of the room.

It was very black. He could only make out the shape of a bed in the center of the eastern wall. It was a very small chamber, and for that reason there was only the one cot. For this, also, he was thankful. He felt sure that the man he sought was delivered utterly into his hands.

Then he slipped a leg through, found the floor, and stepped softly in.

One step, now, would bring him to his prey. The heart of Ching Wo was as hard as a flint.

From the corner beside the window he heard a faint click, and a torrent of light blazed at him from the suddenly unhooded lantern.

It dazed Ching Wo, but even when dazed his instinct told him what to do. He dropped for the floor as though the shaft of light had been a sword passing through his heart, and as he dropped the roar of a gun filled the room!

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

NEW PIT FOR CAR INSPECTION

TO enable rapid inspection of the under side of freight cars for defects, the Pennsylvania Railroad has installed an inspector's pit beneath a "hump" track in the yards at Altoona, Pennsylvania, from which he is able to watch the bottoms of the moving cars as they pass over his head The pit is placed at a slight elevation in the center of the track, with an entrance at the side Floodlights and a spotlight facilitate the work of the inspector, who marks defective cars with a whitewash spray operated from the pit by compressed air

At the same time he sprays a car needing repair, the inspector also presses a button which rings a warning bell in the conductor's room at the top of the hump, so the defective car can be cut out The cars move over the pit at about two miles per hour, and the pit inspector is able to find many repair cases not spotted in the ordinary yard inspection—*Dwight Lloyd*

SMALLEST TRAIN IN BEST FARM LAND

WHAT is said to be the smallest train in the country is located at Tabor, Iowa It runs between Tabor and Malvern, a distance of eleven miles and is owned and operated by E V. Stopper. Small cars are powered by Ford engines to take care of business in slack season The road is known as the Malvern & Northern line. The Interstate Commerce Commission puts a value on this road of $135,000 because it would cost that much to build it now, but Stopper says he wishes some one would offer him half that amount The road runs through the world's "bread basket," for it is in this district that a government report says is the most productive farming community on record To do heavy hauling over his road, Stopper borrows an engine from the Burlington railroad.—*Dwight Lloyd.*

On the Spot

WELL, how do you like the new covers? We have been getting quite a number of comments from the readers who know what appeals to railroad men and we find that the August cover, for instance, registered one hundred per cent with the brothers.

We thought so well of the one that followed it in September, drawn by Harry C. Temple, that we had some prints made without lettering, published a coupon and invited the fans to write in for a free copy, provided they sent a two-cent stamp to cover the mailing cost. As this is being written we have not had a chance to gauge the popularity of Mr. Temple's painting, but early indications are that thousands of railroad men will avail themselves of that September offering.

One reader wants to know something about Mr. Temple. Yes, Harry is an old rail. A number of years back he was a telegraph operator on the Nickel Plate. The story of how he turned artist and became one of the finest illustrators of the day is something to make interesting reading for "Who's Who in the Crew" whenever we are successful in getting Harry to pose for a photograph. We know you would like to have a good square look at his face and you won't be disappointed.

In the August issue we tried something new in the line of fiction. We gave you the beginning of a great serial by one of the greatest of all fiction writers—Max Brand. We realize, of course, that this was no railroad story, but it had been suggested that the brothers would like a story now and then that was a little bit removed from the rails. Apparently some are not so pleased with our choice. For instance:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

There is certainly no end of wonders in this world. I recently met a long lost friend in Atlantic City—RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. In my youth I was a rail and somewhat of a boomer, having worked on eleven different roads, alternating between firing and braking. The war came along and I participated long enough to come out permanently crippled and faced by the cold realization that a leg was all but gone and my railroading days were over. I am now in the real estate game and rather successful, but I still have the old love for the two streaks of rust

Now to return to the magazine. It was a delight again to turn the pages. How many years have passed!

It was odd, the manner of our meeting. The American Railway Association was in session at Atlantic City. I visited the exhibit. Entering the hall I was approached by a young man who thrust something into my hand. You can imagine my surprise when I beheld the old magazine

And now about the stories—stick to railroad stories. Why is this Max Brand mixed up in the magazine? What right has the stuff he writes to find a place in *our* magazine? It is a railroad magazine for railroad men and those who love the railroad. Let it be that and nothing more.

The cover for August is beautiful. I would suggest you also have different character studies of the boys and I think the old red cover idea is by far the best.

R. B, Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

He's a Pharmacist

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Here goes! I've held off as long as I could, but it's no go. I'm going to try and horn in with the gang On the Spot. To make it worse, I am not a railroader and never have been. I am a registered pharmacist with a railroad complex.

Your magazine fills a long-felt want. The fiction has a natural swing to it that only men who know the road can write. I really enjoy the non-fiction articles best, however.

R. W. D.—San Francisco, Cal.

* * *

More About Speed

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

In answer to the request of P. H K. of Shelly, Pennsylvania, I might offer for consideration the schedule of the Canadian National Railway's crack Montreal to-Toronto train. She rackets along the 335-mile drag in just under six hours, which is the fastest long distance haul on the continent, if not in the world. This includes stops, and the maximum speed reached is just over 74 miles per hour. I believe the London and Scottish Railway in England holds the long distance non-stop speed record for its run to Edinburgh from London. I don't know the scheduled time, but perhaps some other speed fiend could supply figures.

H A. D., Toronto, Can.

* * *

A Poet He Would Be

A fireman from the Middle West has something more than baked brains. We would say that he had a streak of Poe somewhere in his make-up. He says:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I am venturing a little poetic atrocity called "A Locomotive Fireman's Bill of Complaints." It attempts to tell some of the feelings of the tallowpot who has been provoked almost to madness in the day's work by some of the persons, things and conditions described and depicted in this poetic effort. I can say that whatever shortcomings it may have as poetry, it is at least forceful and to the point. I don't know what you will do with it, but anyhow RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE shall continue to be read by me as long as I am able to scrape up two bits in these days of prosperity (?).

ALONZO WALTERS,
Member Lodge 698, B. of L. F. & E.,
Chicago, Ill

A Locomotive Fireman's Bill of Complaints

I don't like brakemen worth a damn,
Especially the "shack"
Who "cops" my seat while I'm at work,
Serenely leaning back,
Leaves not a place for me to sit—
His skull I'd like to crack.

I hate him when? While I'm at work,
Perspiring, heaving coal,
He drinks the water from my jug—
O, blank his blankety soul!
I'd love to cram him 'neath the wheels,
And watch them o'er him roll.

I hate a fussy engineer,
Who wants all things just so;
The water measured in the glass,
The pop valve mustn't blow,
The needle on the steam gauge must
One certain pressure show.

I hate a rotten engine—one
That won't, to save your soul,
Steam worth a damn; I hate a tank
Of dirty, rotten coal.
A smoke inspector I could kill
And roast in fire his soul

I hate the "wash woman" gossiper,
Who knows the latest bunk;
Who stops me and insists that I
Must hear his lying junk
It makes me feel that I would like
To hit him with a chunk.

I hate the wages and the work,
I wish that I were rich,
I'd build a railroad of my own,
With just one single switch,
Thru which I'd send "kerplunking" down,
All trains into the ditch.

* * *

Spotting the Spotters

Up on the Dakota Division of the Northern Pacific is a conductor by the name of H. L. Childs, more affectionately known as "Cupid." If you will remember, there was a story by him

in the true experience department in the September number. Cupid likes to have his say, and so we are giving him some space to speak his mind.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Ever since the good old mag made its début, this reader and, you might add, amateur typewriter thumper, has watched its columns with a double interest.

So far, absolutely no kick coming on my part; the stories are, like any publication's, of a variety So far the articles have been A-1. Would like more of them. Especially those of instructive and educational value. Take, for instance, the World's Largest Locomotive. Your humble servant has had the privilege, if such it could conscientiously be termed, of working or rather in charge of a few of the trains that it has pulled, but in the mag I learned more of its innards than I might have learned in a lifetime of working behind it, for, let me say, we are a way, way back and mighty inconspicuous in the little old hack.

In the same number, in the article "Highballing the Broadway," it gave us an opportunity to get quite well acquainted with the pilot of the mag. Through correspondence, have learned, or rather concluded, that he is just as genial as he looks. Believe he is earnest in doing all possible to give us some real stuff.

Let us all root for a publication that is putting us and our doings before the world, and when I say world, I mean it, for we see letters from foreign countries among the "Spotters"

CUPID, Mandon, N. D.

* * *

They Want Old Copies

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Have just finished reading the return of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. I have enjoyed it very much and want to congratulate you upon such a fine magazine. I wish you would tell me how to get hold of some copies of the old RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. Do you know where I could get them? Will either buy, borrow or steal them.

J. S. B.—Terre Haute, Ind

Leo Scherer, Box 7, Hartford, South Dakota, also is seeking back numbers of the old RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE and he would like to hear from anybody who has some.

* * *

Likes War Stuff

Now from Massachusetts comes a reader who knew what it was to try to move ammunition and supplies on the narrow gauge lines of France:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

The last and only time I wrote to this department I was located in sunny France with the Canadian Engineers constructing and operating Petite Chemin du Fer or, in other words, narrow gauge, hauling ammunition, rations, or what have you? Shortly after the RAILROAD MAN'S was missing from its accustomed place, for what reason, I know not. Last January I happened to be in Manchester, New Hampshire, and having a few minutes to wait for a train to Boston, I had me a little walk around and I am glad I did, for I was amply rewarded by discovering the December number of the present RAILROAD MAN'S and, believe me, the trip back to Boston ended all too soon, for I was deep in the good old magazine. I read it regularly and sure enjoy it from cover to cover

Your article in the July issue, "On the Quiet Western Front," was interesting to me, for we spent quite a few months around the vicinity of Lens. I am sure there must be some of the boys who could write us some good yarns of those days, if they would only try.

If R G Summers of Syracuse, New York, sees this I wish he would write to me or any others who hanker to drop a line. I will be only too glad to answer.

K. H. MAC DONALD,
48 Reed Avenue, Everett, Mass.

* * *

Can You Help Him?

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I will thank you very much if you will advise me if any pictures or photographs of locomotives or coaches used on the old Florida Railway and Navigation Company or Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad in Florida, between the years 1884 and 1896 can be procured, and if so, the price. I do not care so much about the pictures of the coaches, but would certainly like to get some of the pictures of the locomotives used in those days. WM. R. COULTER, Bronson, Fla.

* * *

J. E. Smith

Since the announcement of the death of J. E. Smith, author of Observations of a Country Station Agent, many letters have brought heartfelt expressions of sympathy and regret, and we are reproducing one of them.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

With sincere sorrow I note that our old comrade, J. E. Smith, has "signed off."

To you, Brother Smith, Godspeed!

While we lament your untimely passing, still must we congratulate you for the works by which we shall remember you. Memories of the many chuckles you gave us with your droll philosophy will remain in our hearts long after the sterner happenings of life have been forgotten

You made a good run, Brother, and have gone on into the great terminal which we are all heading for. There were no "demerits" marked up against your record over the road of your life You have carried green signals which announce that all of us are pounding along the old rails behind you.

And when we arrive, to report to the Great Trainmaster of the Universe, may he tell us, as he now has told you—"Well done!"

And now, Brother J. E. Smith, until we meet you at the end of the line, over there, farewell—and good luck.

WALT. R. BETHEL.

* * *

Iron Horse Jockey

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

In the April issue, 1926, of the *Missouri Pacific Lines Magazine* appeared a story entitled "The Fable of an Iron Horse Jockey in Rail Slanguage." Written by me. Ever since the story appeared Iron Horse Jockey has been slang for a hoghead on the Mop. I would like to see this term I invented in your slang list. I like the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE fine. I started reading it in 1912, and I'm glad you staged a comeback

J. H. MCKINLEY—San Antonio, Texas.

* * *

Knows Old Timers

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I find in your magazine a story by Charles Anthony Roach, at one time a brakeman on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. He speaks of a hoghead and a conductor whom I am personally acquainted with. It makes me feel good to hear him talk of the old towns along the C. Division, especially the town where the box car wedding took place, for I have set out and picked up lots of cars at the stock pen at the same place. Matt O'Haren is still on the same old pike as engineer, and also Hacker Smith. To-day they are running the crack passenger train for the Company

G. W.—Alton, Ill.

* * *

Fooling Block Signals

Recently the question was brought up whether it is possible to set block signals by running a wire across the rails. We said it is. Luckily for us an English reader, who seems to know all about block signals, upholds that answer, and says the signals are often set by accident.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

May I congratulate you on producing such an interesting magazine? I feel sure it will be appreciated by all railroad men. The stories are of a high standard, and the departments contain some very interesting and instructive information.

A recent paragraph in the Light of the Lantern section that dealt with the short-circuiting of an automatic block section caught my eye. I am engaged in the maintenance of power signaling equipment in the London area of a large British railway.

As you know, the "track circuit" is the vital part of any power signal equipment, and it is really the susceptibility of the track relay to assume the occupied or "danger" position upon the least untoward occurrence that makes this type of signaling so safe.

It is certainly true that one can place a block signal at danger by sitting in the middle of the track and connecting the two running rails together with a low resistance wire. Where the tracks have staggered polarity, it can be done easily by bridging the rails across an insulated, or "block," joint with a small piece of metal such as a splinter of rail, a piece of tinfoil or metal filings. If the signals are entirely automatic, they will only remain in the "on" position as long as the short circuit lasts. But where they are operated from a power signal cabin, they will remain fixed at "danger" after the short circuit is removed. This necessitates that the switch control lever be placed in "normal" position and repulled to "reverse."

I have been called out a number of times to examine track circuits in control of signals which have mysteriously assumed a danger position before the train has entered the track. As soon as one sees the plate layers in the vicinity the cause is obvious. Some of them have a habit of standing on the rails over a block joint, with the result that two adjacent tracks are bridged together through the irons on the soles of their boots.

Another time short-circuiting may be a result of jacking up the rails and omitting to place fiber packing between rail and jack. In this country the chance of any outsider interfering with the signaling equipment is remote, as the railways are too well protected by fences and walls. The district where I am stationed is built on arches with very few outlets to the streets below.

J. M.—Lee, London, England.

* * *

Rolling the Silk

Elsewhere in this issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is an article by John A. Thompson on railroading raw silk over the country. It is rather interesting then to have the following data from one of our readers:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

This was an article I clipped from a newspaper in the latter part of 1925:

> Five million dollars' worth of raw silk arrived in Seattle on the steamship Kaga Maru from the Orient on Friday, at 7 A.M.
>
> At 4 30 P.M. Great Northern Engine 2517 hauled the silk out of Seattle in a nineteen-car train, arriving at St. Paul Sunday night at 11.05, distance, 1,789 miles, running time, 52 hours and 35 minutes.
>
> At 9 05 the next morning, the same Engine 2517, hauling Great Northern mail train 27, the fastest long distance train in the world, left St. Paul for Seattle, and made the through run in 47 hours and 10 minutes, completing a round trip of 3,578 miles in 99 hours and 45 minutes between terminals, including stops for fuel and water, having twice

crossed two mountain ranges, a record run for a single locomotive.

Inasmuch as I worked for the Great Northern when it was only the St. Paul & Pacific, and later, when it changed its name to the St. P. M. & M., this interested me, and I wrote the general superintendent, inclosing a copy of the following item, which appeared in the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* of August 15, 1885:

The first trainload of tea from the cargo of the bark Isabel reached St. Paul at 9 25 A.M. yesterday. The train consisted of 16 cars equipped with the improved Westinghouse air brake, and profusely placarded and decorated. The train's total tonnage was 367,984 pounds, an average of 22,999 pounds, or between 11 and 12 tons to a car. The run from Tacoma to St. Paul, a distance of 2,017 miles, was made in 123 hours and 25 minutes, an average running time of 16½ miles an hour. (Do any of you old-timers remember when the time cards had printed on them in "box car" letters, The Speed of All Freight Trains Must Not Exceed Fifteen Miles Per Hour?) This includes two ferries and two transfers, one on the Pacific Division at Kalama, and the other on the O. R. & N., from Portland to Albina. Stops for changing engines and crews did not average more than three to five minutes. (I personally know that they changed at two division points without ever stopping the train.) The time made is but one day slower than passenger time.

Then on August 16, 1885, the following item:

The second tea train over the Northern Pacific will arrive at St. Paul at 3 A.M. today. It consists of 16 cars, and will be transferred immediately upon its arrival and go east over the Omaha

The first train, which reached St Paul at 9 25 A.M. Friday, arrived at Chicago at 8 30 A.M. yesterday, making the run from St. Paul in twenty-one and a half hours.

My letter was answered as follows:

Duluth, Minn., Feb. 1, 1926.

Mr. Geo. C. Haseltine,
Fort Stockton, Texas.

DEAR SIR:

I have your letter of January 19 and agree with you; there is considerable interest to be found in comparing the old time methods of railroading with the present, and the performances we are achieving now.

In connection with our record run of Engine 2517, beg to state that this engine, with eighteen cars of silk and an additional car for the train crew to ride in, left Seattle dock at 4.30 P.M. September 25, arriving at St Paul at 11.05 P.M. September 27, making the trip in 52 hours and 35 minutes, a distance of 1,789 miles, using 22,807 gallons of fuel oil

The data on the tonnage of this train I am listing below:

		Average per car
Wgt. of silk.....	757,311 lbs.	42,073 lbs.
Wgt. of cars.....	1,878,700 "	104,372 "
Wgt. of silk & cars	2,636,011 "	146,445 "
Wgt. coach for train crew	117,750 "	
Total wgt. of train	2,753,761 "	145,000 "

On the return trip this engine was used on regular mail train No. 27, leaving St. Paul at 9.05 A.M. September 28, and arriving at Seattle with seven cars at 6.15 A.M. September 30, making the trip in 47 hours and 10 minutes, using 15,731 gallons of fuel oil

This run has a mileage of 1,796, the difference of 7.16 miles between the two trips being accounted for by the fact that the silk train ran via the Casselton cut-off and the mail train via Fargo

There is some difference to be noted between the size and time of trains in 1885, as compared with 1925, but of course the lapse of forty years must be taken into consideration.

F. J. CAVIN,
General Superintendent,
Great Northern Railway Company.

* * *

POETS' CORNER

A reader, C. J. Lupinek of Chicago, complies with the request made in the August issue by F. R. G., Hamilton, Ontario.

Song of the Wrecker

You may be a mogul or switcher—
For status I care not a rap—
I'll lift you back to your place on the track
Or drag your bones to the scrap!

Get out of the way there, you flier!
Your place on the main track is mine!
Speed up for the siding, you freighter,
For trouble is loose on the line!

Somewhere there's a smashup that's calling—
You haven't a schedule at all;
Distress takes the speed out of schedules—
You wait while I answer the call!

I speed to the tap of the sounder,
A giant turned loose in my might,
And if you've gone wrong I'm the answer
To what's to be done for your plight!

The strength of my steel-banded sinews
No task of the road can appall,
So if you're in need of assistance
I'm ready to answer your call!

You may be a mogul or switcher—
For status I care not a rap—
I'll lift you back to your place on the track
Or drag your bones to the scrap!

We are glad to be able to fulfill the request of I. D., of Alhambra, California, in reprinting the following from the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE of fourteen years ago:

The Gila Monster Route

By L. F. Post and Glenn Norton

The lingering sunset across the plain,
Kissed the rear-end door of an eastbound train,
And shone on a passing track close by,
Where a dingbat sat on a rotten tie.
He was ditched by a shack and a cruel fate.
The con high-balled, and the manifest freight
Pulled out on the stem behind the mail,
And she hit the ball on a sanded rail.

As she pulled away in the falling night,
He could see the gleam of her red tail-light.
Then the moon arose and the stars came out—
He was ditched on the Gila Monster Route.
Nothing in sight but sand and space;
No chance for a gink to feed his face,
Not even a shack to beg for a lump,
Or a hen-house to frisk for a single gump.

As he gazed far out on the solitude,
He drooped his head and began to brood;
He thought of the time he lost his mate
In a hostile burg on the Nickel Plate.
They had mooched the stem and threw their feet,
And speared four-bits on which to eat;
But deprived themselves of their daily bread,
And sluffed their coin for "dago red."

Down by the track in the jungle's glade,
On the cool green grass, in the tules shade,
They shed their coats and ditched their shoes
And tanked up full of that colored booze.
Then they took a flop with their skins plumb full,
And they did not hear the harnessed bull,
Till he shook them out of their boozy nap,
With a husky voice and a loaded sap.

They were charged with "vag," for they had no kale,
And the judge said, "Sixty days in jail."
But the John had a "bindle"—a workers' plea—
So they gave him a floater and set him free.
They had turned him up, but ditched his mate,
So he grabbed the beams of an eastbound freight,
He slung his form on a rusty rod,
Till he heard the shack say, "Hit the sod!"

The John piled off, he was in the ditch,
With two switch lamps and a rusty switch,
A poor old seedy, half starved 'bo,
On a hostile pike, without a show.
From away off somewhere in the dark
Came the sharp, short note of a coyote's bark.
The 'bo looked round and quickly rose,
And shook the dust from his threadbare clothes.

Off in the west through the moonlit night,
He saw the gleam of a big headlight—
An eastbound stock train hummed the rail;
She was due at the switch to clear the mail.
As he drew up close, the head-end shack
Threw the switch to the passing track,
The stock rolled in and off the main,
And the line was clear for the westbound train.

When she hove in sight far up the track,
She was working steam, with her brake shoes slack.
She hollered once at the whistle post,
Then she flitted by like a frightened ghost.
He could hear the roar of the big six wheel,
And her drivers pound on the polished steel,
And the screech of her flanges on the rail,
As she beat it west o'er the desert trail.

The John got busy and took the risk,
He climbed aboard and began to frisk,
He reached up high and began to feel
For the end door pin—then he cracked the seal.
'Twas a doubledecked stock-car filled with sheep,
Old John crawled in and went to sleep.
She whistled twice and highballed out,
They were off down the Gila Monster Route.

* * *

THE COUPON

If you would like to have an original artist's drawing which illustrates some fiction story in this or any other issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, you may have it by clipping and filling out four coupons like the one below from four different issues. These pictures are mighty nice to have around.

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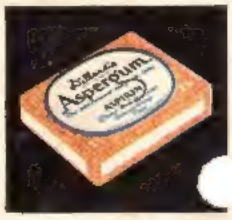

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